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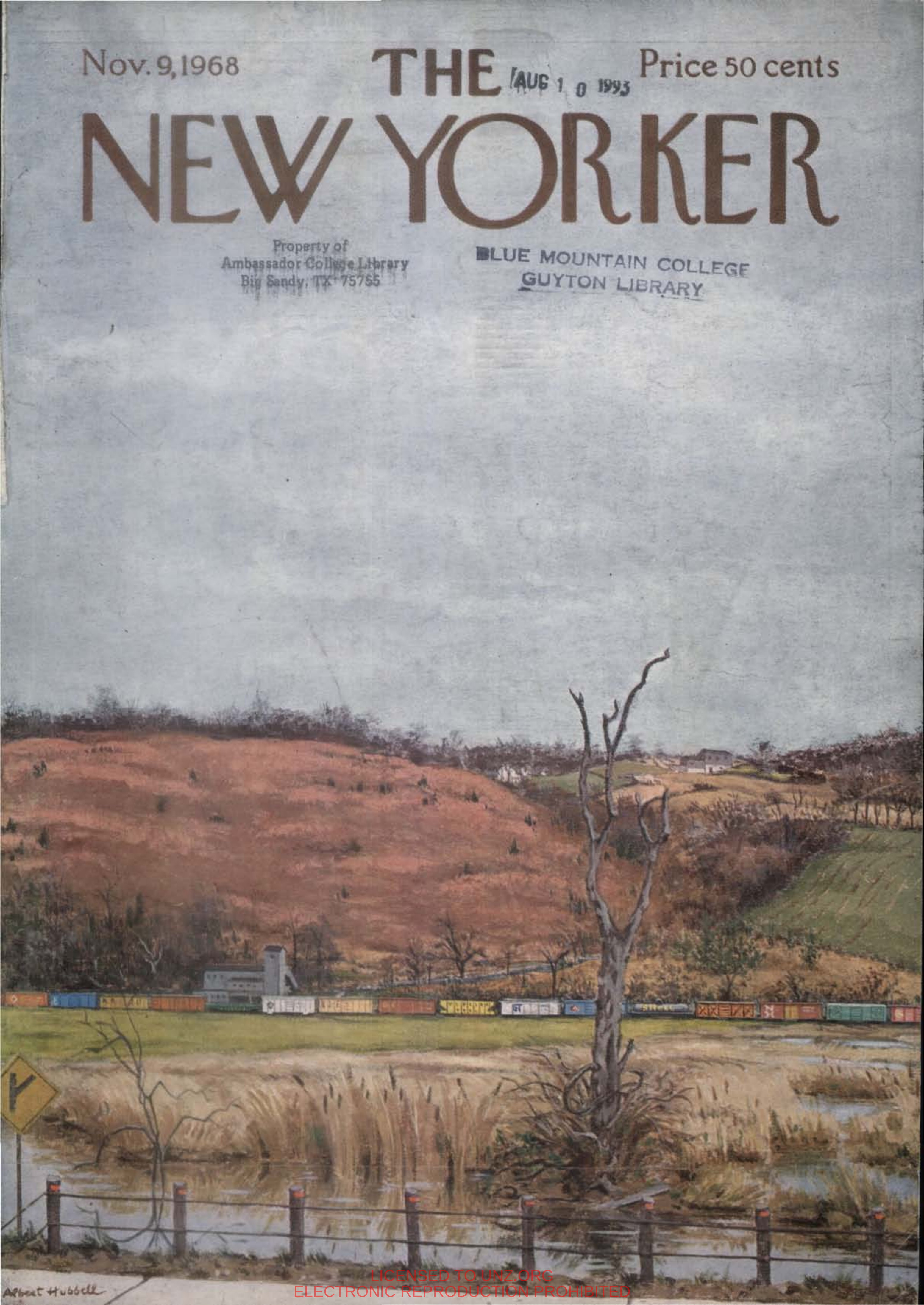

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—The current offering is T. S. Eliot's THE COCKTAIL PARTY. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cannibals—A play by George Tabori, with an all-male cast. Season subscribers (twenty or fifteen dollars) only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—Rochelle Owens' farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Grab Bag—Three one-act plays by Robert J. Thompson. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones gives a superb performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lovers—Two delightful one-act comedies about young people in love and middle-aged people out of love. Written by Brian Friel and acted by Peter Lind Hayes (who has just replaced Art Carney) and several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company, directed by Hilton Edwards. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

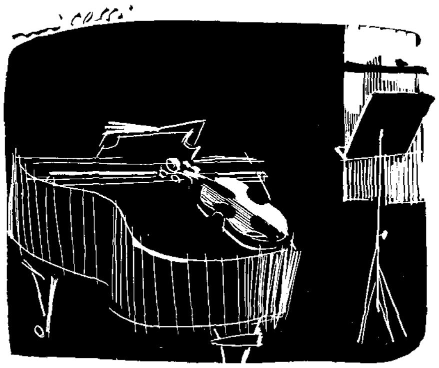
Lovers and Other Strangers—Four clumsy sketches that try hard to be funny and fail. The one crumb of comfort is that the cast is splendid. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The People vs. Ranchman—A noisy, confused, and angry exposé, perhaps of corruption in America, perhaps not. It is impossible to be sure. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Piraikon Theatron—A two-week repertory, in modern Greek, of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis" and "Hippolytus." The engagement opens on Tuesday, Nov. 12, and will end on Sunday, Nov. 24. A quick trip to Berlitz may be indicated: no earphone translations. IPHIGENIA IN AULIS will be presented through Sunday, Nov. 17. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

	Page
ANNALS OF FINANCE	160
BOOKS	223
THE CURRENT CINEMA	189
FOOTBALL	218
MUSICAL EVENTS	211
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	199
ABOUT THE HOUSE	205
THE THEATRE	115

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Plaza Suite—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The opening performances in this season's repertory of four plays. Shakespeare's KING LEAR, with Lee J. Cobb: Opens Thursday, Nov. 7, at 6:20. Other performances Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2; Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2. . . . ¶ William Gibson's A CRY OF PLAYERS, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Previews Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2; Sunday, Nov. 10, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 14, at 7:15. Other performances Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. Good performances by John Tillinger, David Ford, Valerie French, and June Emery. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

We Bombed in New Haven—An ambitious, unsuccessful play that makes a poorer case against war than war deserves. By Joseph Heller, and starring Jason Robards and Diana Sands. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—CACTUS FLOWER: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton are among those present. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . THE PRICE: Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. The playwright is Arthur Miller. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE: Zoe Caldwell in a comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . SCUBA DUBA: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING: A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Noël Coward's Sweet Potato—A cheerful hodgepodge of Cowardiana, proffered in the form of a revue and featuring George Grizzard, Mary Louise Wilson, Carole Shelley, and Arthur Mitchell. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—Final performances of a three-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30: **the pirates of penzance.** . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30: **iolanthe.** . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2:30 and 7:30: **the mikado.** . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 12-13, at 8:30: **patience.** . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: **h.m.s. pinafore.** . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30: **iolanthe.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:30 and 8:30: **the mikado.** . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2:30 and 7:30: **the pirates of penzance.** (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

George M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Steal an Election—This cheerful little revue about politics aims at satire and misses, but it provides some entertainment along the way. Oscar Brand's songs are especially lively. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Maggie Flynn—A musical about the Civil War draft riots here, full of good black orphans, wicked Confederates, drunken Irishmen, and forgettable songs. With Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy, who do splendidly. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Megilla of Itzik Manger—A tiny Israeli musical, mostly in Yiddish. If you don't know Yiddish, *oi!* (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cabaret:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **curley mcdimple:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** Stretch your arms away from your body, behind you, with your hands clasped. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fiddler on the roof:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **golden rainbow:** Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mame:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Janis Paige is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **man of la mancha:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **you're a good man, charlie brown:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **your own thing:** As this rock musical goes its way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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10	11	12	13	14	15	16

DANCE PROGRAMS

Anna Sokolow Dance Company—"Tribute," "Odes," "Memories" (première), and "Steps of Silence." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30, and Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: "Lords of Persia," "Geography of Noon," "Tightrope" (première), and "Agathlan Algebra" (première). . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30: "Lords of Persia," "Geography of Noon," "John Brown," and "Cantilever." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at 1:30: "Early Floating," "John Brown," "Lords of Persia," and "Agathlan Algebra." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

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MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 30.)

ANTA Program—Kim Hunter and Nicolas Coster in "Hello and Goodbye," a play by Atholl Fugard, presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the first program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Nov. 11, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 2.)

Candide—A single benefit performance of the Leonard Bernstein-Lillian Hellman musical, in concert form, with Alan Arkin, William Lewis, Madelaine Kahn, Irra Petina, and David Watson. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Currently, the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble is playing rock with a baroque touch. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, *echt.* Friday through Sunday, Nov. 8-10, Fever Tree plays rock. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, folk singers Ian and Sylvia will move in. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven. Closed Thursday, Nov. 7, and Monday, Nov. 11.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

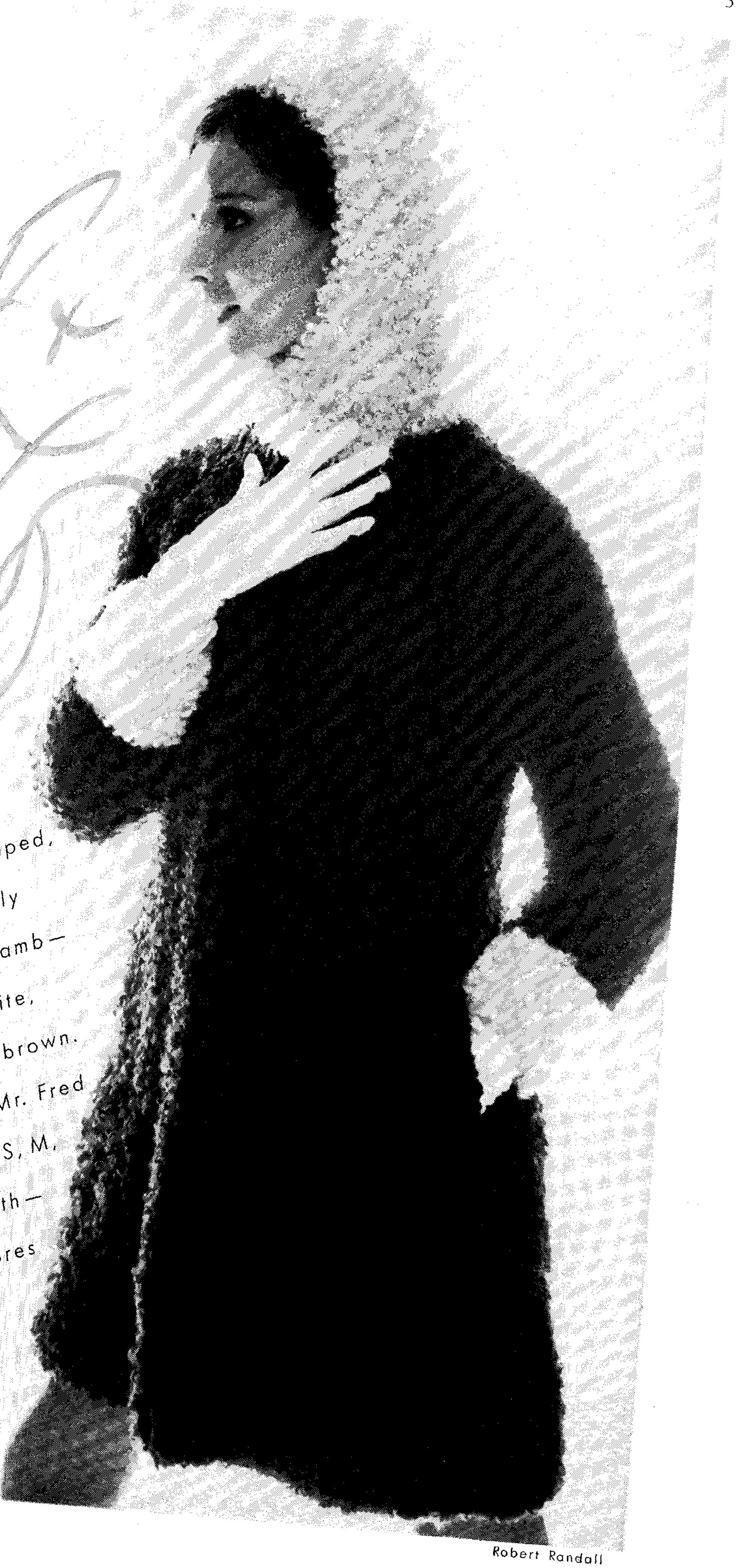
Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The Jake Hanna sextet, with Bill Berry on trumpet and Richie Kamuca on tenor, is on the bandstand (which is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor). On Tuesday, Nov. 12, the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet will succeed the sextet. Some Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keep walking—you'll get there eventually. It's a dark



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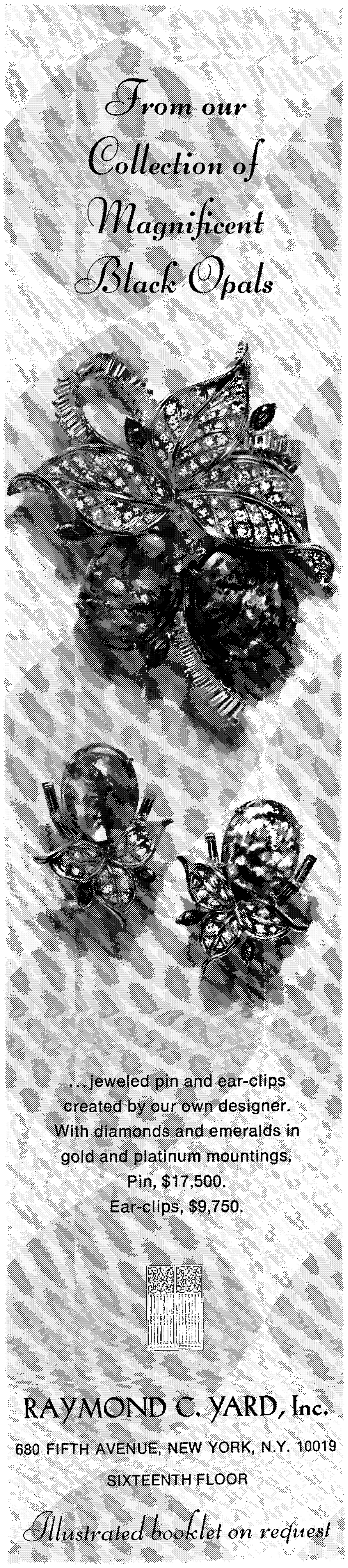

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and elemental hole whose clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Bobby Hutcherson quintet is playing nightly. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, the Pharoah Sanders quintet will take over. On Saturday, Nov. 9, from five to nine, the Al Shorter quartet will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, Nov. 10, McCoy Tyner's concert ensemble will do the same. Monday, Nov. 11, from nine to three, will be turned over to singer Muriel Winston.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the polished, often intricate sounds of the Bill Evans trio. Starting Tuesday, Nov. 12, Les McCann's trio will alternate with the pianist Toshiko. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, the Miles Davis quintet and the Jimmy Smith trio. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, the Davis quintet and comic Irwin Corey.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's worth a trip to this basement, where the Larry Coryell trio—Coryell on guitar, Miroslav Vitous on bass, and Bob Moses on drums—is making some vital sounds—both jazz and electrified. On Sunday, Nov. 10, the group will play a five-to-seven matinée before the evening session. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, Herbie Hancock's sextet will replace the trio. Mondays are reserved for the loud sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. At eight-thirty every night but Monday, the DMZ, an incisive political cabaret, precedes the music, which begins at about ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu, and sawdust is on the floor. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. When the musicians take a break, you can go to the jukebox and play "Down in the Boondocks."

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. Now and then, a girl sings songs of the past ("Button Up Your Overcoat," etc.). On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sound of Epitomé. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the customers groove on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys alternate with records over a potent system. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, Alive and Warm will join them. Fever Tree starts Tuesday, Nov. 12. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—The alter ego of the Penthouse Club, which at ten ceases to be a restaurant and becomes a discothèque, complete with a Day-Glo floor, strobe lights, and recorded music that owes much of its vitality to Stax-Volt. Snacks are served. The view is magnificent. Things run till three or four each night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, a singer named Billy Fellows can be heard. On Monday, Nov. 11, Los Vegas, a Mexican outfit, will replace Fellows. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from seven to three or four. It sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The Young Savages alternate with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

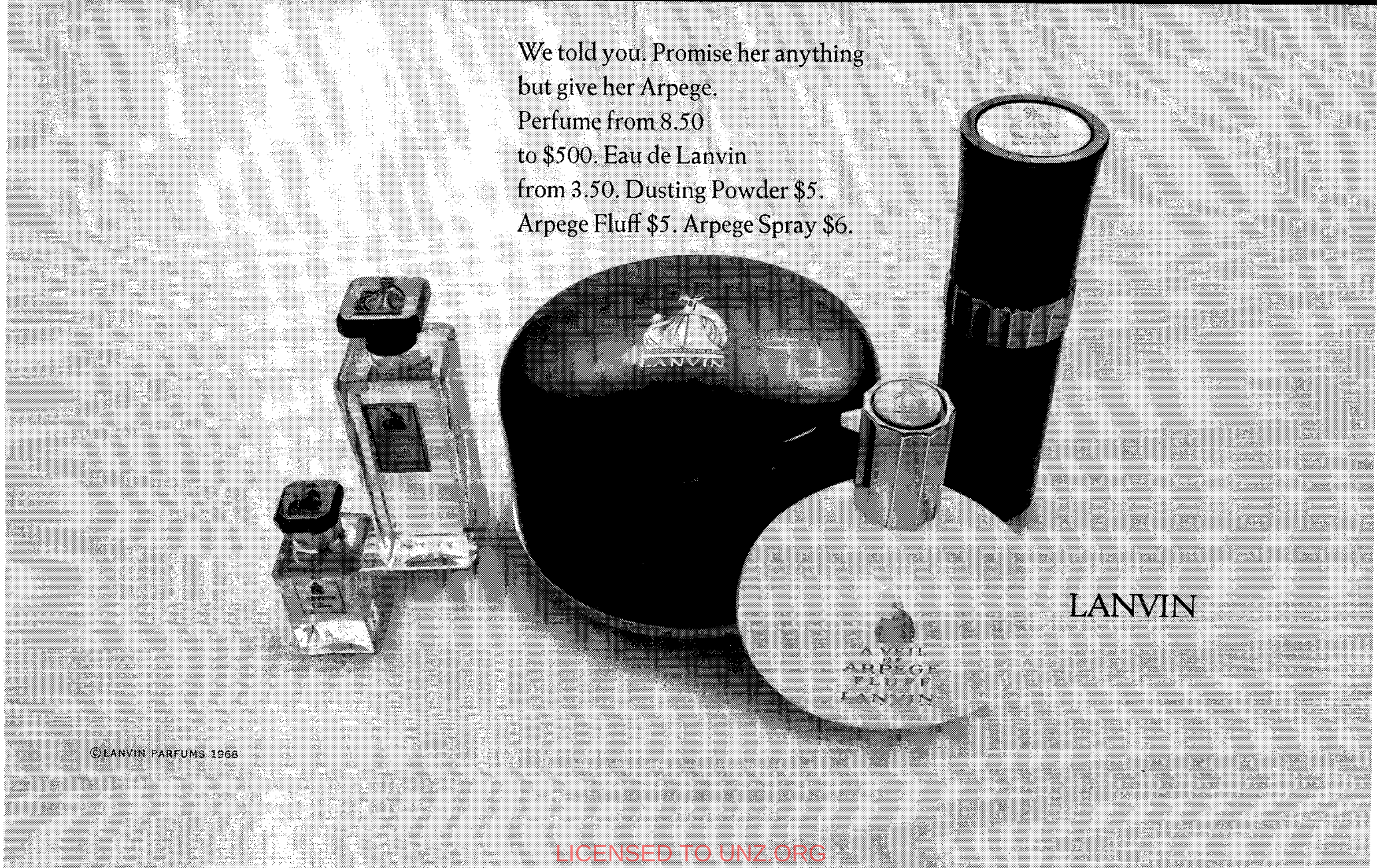
PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Here every bracket is upper, and up, too, is the music of the spheres—the social ones, of course—that goes on every single night in the Café Pierre. It comes from Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, from Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): We may have seen the last of the Mohicans, but this was where they lived, wined, dined, danced. The music plays on, of course, for auld lang syne—sometimes live, sometimes waxed. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The restaurant is paved with good intentions, such as a take-your-time menu, a workable expanse of parquet, and the resolute beat of the little band run by Ernie Warren, who has spent a night-lifetime at this sort of music. *Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays.* . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Modesty forbids nothing in the naming of the World's Greatest Jazz Band, but then look who's in the starting lineup: Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, and Morey Feld. They blow first at eight; other players arrive at six; all quiet arrives at one-thirty. No music Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Old Colonial artifacts like the foxtrot and the two-step have been in the family so long that someone has set up a big, comfortable *musée* for them and their practitioners. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at 3:30 P.M.; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary arrangements are thinning indeed.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Mabel Mercer, omsbudswoman to

He did it! He gave me Arpege.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

all who have ever played at love, sings—with both rue and wry humor—for them and for the rest of us; Ronny Graham, for whom the horns of elfland more than faintly blow, serves as *éminence grise*. Buddy Barnes is Miss Mercer's completely understanding accompanist. The whole lot departs on Wednesday, Nov. 13, and next evening Joan Rivers, who talks a blue (and often brilliant) streak, takes over. Sunday nights are off.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—The seacoast of the eastern Mediterranean is turned into the seacoast of Bohemia when the cast starts barking and bantering. That cast: Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, jokers; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; and a girl dancer with an undulant midriff. One may dine as the Israelis do. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay" is the name of the small boy-and-girl revue that takes place twice a night, except on Sunday. The cast exhibits unflagging zeal and uncertain technique; as for the skits, some are original thought and some are the sincerest form of flattery. Ronny Graham has, though, now been appointed head gardener, and there may soon be a harvest moon.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—No one ever told Jane Morgan, whose domicile is the Royal Box, that she doesn't have to make a big production out of everything, and that's the way she likes to sing. Dinner and supper is her diet; the estimable orchestra of Lee Evans is a phoenix much more frequent. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The Spanish mainspring here is Los Chavales de España, so romantic in song and story and instrumentation that it would be to die if they ever thought to take the thing at all seriously. The players' stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The voice of Nancy Wilson is forever blowing pretty bubbles in the air, and Dick Capri is telling jokes that are not cheaper by the dozen. . . . ¶ The street-level bar pulsates, after ten o'clock, to the slinky sight-and-sound you'd find in one of the more acceptable Vegas lounges.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—Back to the days of Latin Quarter yore and glory is where "Les Belles de Nuits," its new extravaganza, is going, bringing on not only *les girls* but the gracile ballet of François Szony and Nancy Claire and a dawn-patrol song recital by Billy Daniels. On Wednesday, Nov. 13, Mr. D. will give way to Stiller & Meara, whose husband-and-wife skits suggest that familiarity breeds discontent. Twice an evening, without cease, right up to Doomsnight.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Florence Henderson, who shows up in the Persian Room during dinner and supper, is a legitimate singer. (She comes, after all, from the legitimate theatre.) The orchestras of Burt Farber and of Mark Monte make the fall evenings even more cheerful. On Wednesday, Nov. 13, Miss H. will be succeeded by Vikki Carr, whose melodic line derives nothing from the assembly line. She will sing at ten that night, at dinner and supper thereafter. All quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz,** the Dukes of Dixieland put on a great show, even though their corn can be as high as an elephant's eye. Mousie Alexander leads a remarkably genteel dance crew, and Lurlean Hunter carols. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, all but the Alexanders will be replaced by, for one, Ahmad Jamal's threesome and its modern mystery play. Starter's gun at eight; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A pianoforte-and-fiddle crew commences its career in the Palm Court (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and then moves on to the Edwardian Room (except Sundays). And the Palm Court, ever a thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when, at eight, violin and piano lightly turn their thoughts to Vienna. (No dinner or supper here, though.) Except on Sunday and Monday nights, the violin is the possession of Sandu Marcu. Someone else fills in on Mondays, and no one shows up on Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The altitude has done Chris Connor a world of good, whether her soprano is being drive-and-jive or bill-and-coo. Her background is the foursome of Stan Getz, whose sax is frequently bill-and-coo, too, these nights, when his group is on its own. Dance tunes as early as seven, to supplement the Connor-Getz sessions, which occur at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. Curfew arrives around two. Closed Sundays.

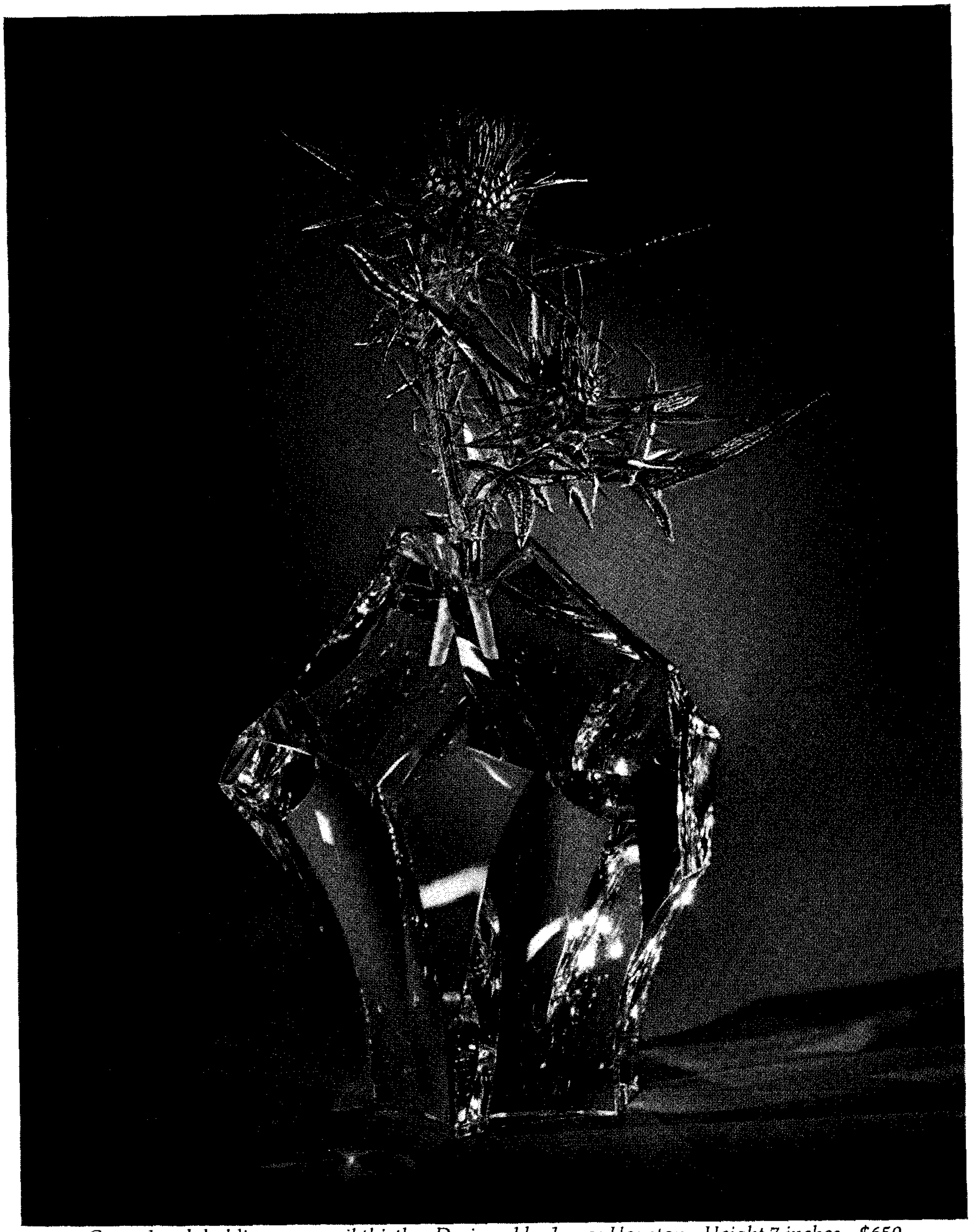
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—If there must be silver blondes, cast them in the image of Monique Van Vooren, the chief ornament of the Maisonette at dinner and supper. Her words and music operate on the valid suspicion that night life is rarely to be taken seriously, and welcome they are. George Cort and Quintero run the two orchestras that boom away the rest of the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the attributes of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The next voice you hear in the Empire Room will belong to Julie London, arriving on Friday, Nov. 8, and with a bang. She will be surrounded by the dance music, seven-thirty until two, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra and the Savages, whose rock can be as hard as their roll. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one, and dinner and supper is on the hob. This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The uptown branch of Louis Golson Hawkins' general store in Fort Deposit, Alabama. Southern comfort and Northern gossip are dispensed, along with piano that goes four-hand and furious around about midnight. Mr. H.'s aide in comforting and pianoing is, naturally, Wayne Sanders. Seven until four, if the shoppers are willing. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): For a stirrup cup, or a night Cap d'Antibes, there's always Bobby Short, that Riviera rover, and his Rover Boys (Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer). Mr. Short's piano and songs—in celebration of high life and in denigration of practically everything else—are probably unjust but forever *mot juste*. Closed Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Treasure Island as it is today, without pirates but still with a bottle of rum and some yo-ho-ho, this last accomplished by one or another perambulatory West Indian singer. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The fish-and-game laws are rigidly enforced, because many of the denizens are barely old enough to be out without their mothers. Dan Ruskin's piano makes the rest of the noise, which is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One must accept the fact that this is Casbah Country, and accept the fact that this grog shop is a piano bar. The rewards are Charles De Forest, singing ruefully or rhapsodically about the problems posed by the coexistence of man and woman. He stays home Sundays. . . . **Grenadier,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The Embankment a block away should be on the Thames, not the East River. Which would make an expatriate of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear, at her piano in the bar



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from nine until two, though never on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Lautrec may have designed Rita Dimitri, the franglaised soubrette à la grecque who sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on in her salon. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Not so much New York East as it is Europe East; that is, it could almost be mistaken for the pavilion of, say, the Royal Hotel in Budapest. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band is thoroughly Hungarian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti, yes, implies the sort of menu and wine card, but La Scala at audition time is the attitude of the irrepressible waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): The officers' quarters of this extremely well-done seashell (crab cakes Maryland and such) is outfitted with a bar and the piano of George Taylor, a night owl whose songs are Broadway and *boulevardier*. Nine until two, except Sundays, is his watch.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): There is (spiritually, at least) a welcome mat on the drawbridge, which is always down. Beyond the portcullis, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A retrospective show of New York in its Edith Wharton days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to midnight, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Music quite literally in the round. The chair of applied piano is occupied by a professor—Ray Hartley is the name—from an institution of quite high learning. He works out from five-thirty until one, though never on Sunday or Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Parking in *this* Roman plaza is restricted to the dining tables; the street is thus kept clear for Herman Honigsberg and his perambulatory rout of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Yes, Milord; yes, Milady. George Feyer, whose manner is pillar of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, is at the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): All the Talbot Brothers, from Alpha to Omega Talbot, prattle and chant from five to nine Sundays and from six to ten Mondays exactly as they have done ever since they invented Bermuda. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment, Joe Miles runs the piano from nine-thirty until one. He has Sundays and Mondays to himself.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MAURICIO AGUILAR—Heavily painted fruits and flowers; through Nov. 23. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Paintings and drawings by a leading European Expressionist who is frequently shown in New York; through Nov. 30. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILDRED TOMMY ATKIN AND ANN NORTON—Paintings, often of crowds, by the former, and figure sculptures in brass, bronze, and marble, and related drawings, by the latter; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Eight large Minimal paintings; through Nov. 28. (Elkon, 1003 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD BETTS—Paintings, gouaches, and collages, primarily of scenes in Maine; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY BLEIFELD—Bronzes in the traditionalist mode, including some of Biblical themes; through Nov. 23. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Twenty-two recent gouaches and twenty ink drawings (1930-32), plus early and late mobiles, in an exhibition celebrating the artist's seventieth birthday; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ANTHONY CARO—New works by a British sculptor who arranges machined sections of metal; through Thursday, Nov. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS (1894-1941)—Two showings of works by a much-admired American individualist often compared to the Douanier Rousseau—Oils, watercolors, and drawings; through Nov. 30. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Twenty-eight oils; through Nov. 30. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

DAN FLAVIN—New "sculptures" made of arrangements of fluorescent light tubes; through Nov. 27. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES FOSBURGH—Traditionalist paintings; through Nov. 23. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Landscapes and still-lifes, plus studies for the paintings; through Dec. 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI AND JEAN DUBUFFET—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Nov. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—Paintings and drawings of figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Characteristically ambiguous images of figures and seascapes; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HANS HOKANSON—Wood sculptures in irregular Abstract shapes; through Nov. 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

GUÉN INOKUMA—Oil paintings by a Japanese familiar to the New York art world; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ALEX KATZ—Cutout portraits on metal of the artist's friends in relaxed moods; through Thursday, Nov. 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID LEVINE—Romantic watercolors and unromantic caricatures by an illustrator known mainly through his magazine covers; through Friday, Nov. 15. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM LLOYD—Flashing light patterns using diffracting lenses; through Nov. 23. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARINO MARINI—Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and graphics, many of them on the artist's favorite theme of the horse and rider;

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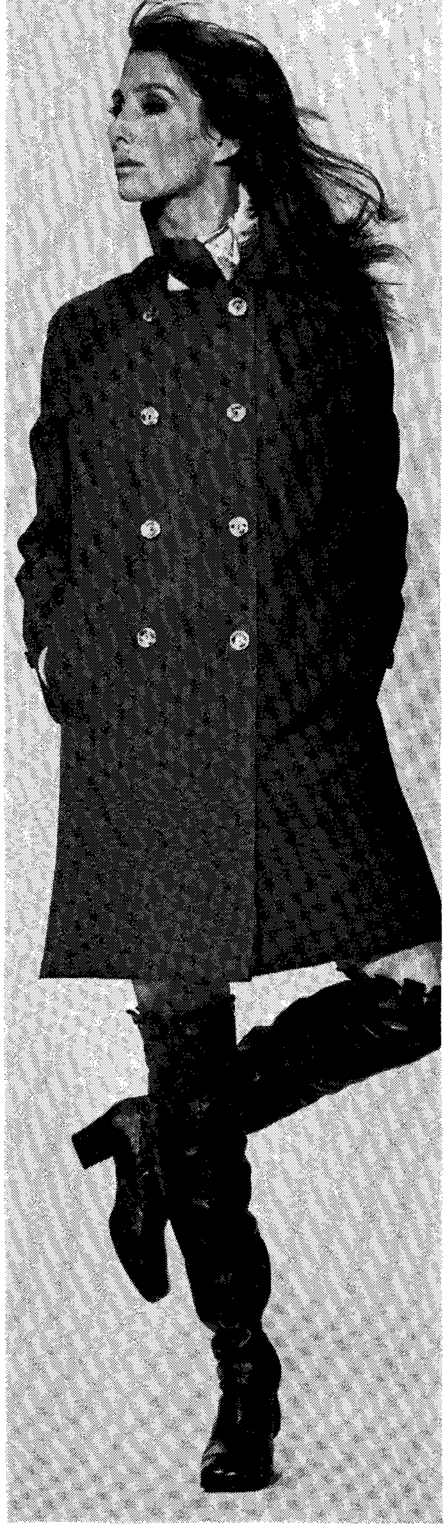


through Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John McClusky—Paintings and drawings of Connecticut landscapes, which feature the texture of wood, leaves, and stone, and some still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clement Meadmore—Sculptures by an artist who uses simple industrial forms painted black; through Wednesday, Nov. 13. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claude Monet—A dozen large paintings of cliff and sea; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Armando Morales—Abstract oils and collages; through Nov. 30. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irene Moss—Large Abstract heads composed of irregular oblongs of color; through Nov. 22. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rodrigo Moynihan—Abstract paintings with an effect of landscape; through Nov. 21. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Gouaches, oil paintings, and assemblages, from 1945-68; through Nov. 30. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Attilio Pierelli—Polished stainless-steel Abstract sculptures by an Italian artist who works in monumental forms; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Poons—Paintings by a prominent young artist concerned with mathematical and color relations; through Nov. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eduardo Ramirez—Geometric sculptures in translucent Plexiglas by a Colombian artist known for his architectural reliefs; through Dec. 1. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Alex Redein—Acrylic collages representing interiors and cityscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Norman Rockwell—A major exhibition of his paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Eighty drawings done since 1960, plus boxes, a mirrored stairway, and transformed objects; through Tuesday, Nov. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerald Scarfe—Life-size sculptures caricaturing current political candidates and related public figures—e.g., news commentators and cops—by a British cartoonist; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Watercolors and drawings by an Austrian artist of the early twentieth century; through Dec. 14. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes in oils, watercolors, and drawings, and a full-length portrait of Leonard Baskin; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Charles Shaw—Sharp-edged paintings of irregular shapes in strongly contrasting colors; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Paintings, collages, and works on paper by a prize-winning Spanish modernist; through Nov. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Toney—Landscape and figure paintings; through Nov. 23. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Christopher Wilmarth—Wood sculptures in massive simple forms; through Nov. 23. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Youngerman—Inks and watercolors of the artist's characteristic Abstract forms; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Zammitt—Constructions, laminations, and colored lithographs; through Nov. 21. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

The Art of the Goldsmith and the Jeweler—A benefit exhibition of about three hundred and fifty gold boxes, diamond jewelry, and works by Fabergé, from the sixteenth century to the last of the czars; starting Friday, Nov. 8. (A La Vieille Russie, 781 Fifth Ave., at 59th St. Weekdays, 11 to 4:30.)

Tapestries—Large-scale examples by American artists—Lindner, Warhol, Stamos, Trova, Vicente, Motherwell, Stella, and Lichtenstein, for instance; through Nov. 19. (Slatkin, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—At the **chalette**, 9 E. 88th St.: Pieces in many mediums emphasizing "structure" by seven artists, most of them former students of Josef Albers; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Items by such artists as Robert Morris, Nadelman, Oldenburg, and di Suvero; through Friday, Nov. 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: About a hundred original French bronzes, from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Nov. 27. . . . **sculptors guild**, Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: An annual exhibit by sixty-one members, who include Chaim Gross, de Creeft, Martinelli, and Meadmore; through Nov. 17. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Show—Prints by Americans born before 1900, among them Homer, Feininger, Hassam, Hopper, Marin, Davis, and Sheeler; through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—The third international miniature print competition exhibition of a hundred and seventy-six examples, none of which is larger than four square inches; through Nov. 23. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: A benefit exhibit of seventy rarely seen paintings by four masters of Impressionism—Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley; through Nov. 30. . . . **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by leading twentieth-century Europeans, such as Bonnard, Chagall, Klee, and Giacometti; through Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . **carus**, 243 E. 82nd St.: Drawings, watercolors, and prints by Middle European Expressionists; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: French figure drawings from Delacroix to Dubuffet, featuring thirty years of drawings by Giacometti; through Dec. 5. . . . **hammer**, 51 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings by Bonnard, Gauguin, Matisse, and Modigliani (to name a few); through Dec. 7. . . . **odyssia**, 41 E. 57th St.: Bacon, de Chirico, Giacometti, and Ipousteguy are a few of the artists represented in a showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Dec. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **samuels**, 18 E. 76th St.: Expressionists again—paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, for instance, Kirchner, Nolde, Beckmann, Klee, and Jawlensky; through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **seligmann**, 5 E. 57th St.: French and Italian drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; through Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **wally f. galleries**, 17 E. 57th St.: Paintings by French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters; through Wednesday, Nov. 13. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show, assembled by the Fogg Art Museum, of seventy masterpieces of the seventeenth century—by Rembrandt, Rubens, Poussin, Fragonard, Tiepolo, and others—many of them shown in New York for the first time, which interpret scenes and modes of classical antiquity; through Jan. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An impressive exhibition of seventy Italian frescoes detached from the walls of Tuscan churches and monasteries of the Middle Ages; in many cases, the original underdrawings accompany them. Some of the artists are Giotto, Paolo Uccello, Piero della Francesca, and Andrea del Castagno. Through Nov. 19. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5; Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A thirty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, four-and-a-half-foot deep Plexiglas panel construction by Robert Rauschenberg, in which arrangements of wooden chairs can be seen by the flicker of lights set off electronically in response to whatever sounds ("Wow!" "Jeepers!") emanate from the audience: through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings by Wassily Kandinsky taken from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Veterans Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A wide-ranging exhibit of the art of the thirties, emphasizing different trends, from American regionalism to social realism and various forms of Abstract art, and consisting of a hundred and six paintings and sculptures by eighty artists; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of the graphic art of Winslow Homer—etchings, lithographs, woodcuts—from the wood engravings done for *Harper's Weekly* in the late eighteen-fifties to the last etchings of 1889, plus paintings and drawings used as sources for prints; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Ninety-two paintings by Franz Kline, ranging from his early paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes and New York city subjects to the action paintings of his mature period; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Collages by Robert Motherwell, one of the original American Abstract Expressionists, who has worked in this medium since the beginning of his career; through Nov. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The sixteenth national print exhibition, consisting of two hundred works by a hundred and twenty-four artists, the majority of them well known; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by members of the Institute; through Dec. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

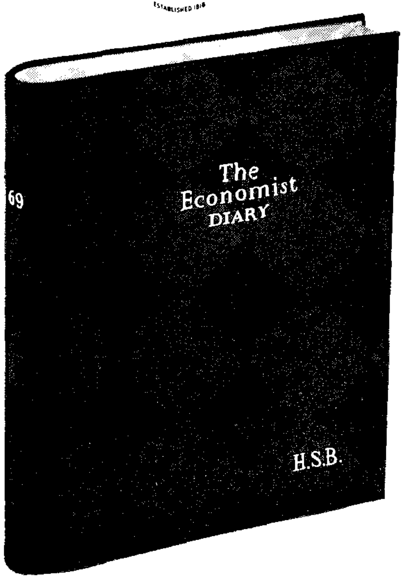
Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty Chinese ritual bronzes from collections in Europe and America, dating from prehistoric times to a few centuries before the Christian era; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from neolithic times through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Davis, Calder, Albers, Arp, and Nevelson, accompanied by documentation—e.g., sketches, photos, correspondence, bills of sale—of the kind that assists art historians and protects the investment of collectors; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ A hundred and thirty-three etchings by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and his son, Francesco, including the famous prison series of the elder Piranesi; through Nov. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two hundred and thirty ritual and ceremonial ob-



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jects, covering three thousand years, and ranging from a chalice of the time of Jeremiah to gold glass from the Roman catacombs and a shofar from Ethiopia, borrowed from public institutions in New York; through Jan. 3.... ¶ A "pond" by Robert Whitman contrived of sheets of plastic mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; through Jan 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—The largest and most representative exhibit of modern Persian paintings ever assembled in the United States, presented in connection with an international conference on contemporary Iran; through Dec. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 7.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Islamic Painting," a loan exhibition of a hundred miniatures and manuscripts showing the influence and place of the Herat school in the history of Islamic painting; through Jan. 4.... ¶ "Giovanni Mardersteig and the Officina Bodoni," a show of books designed and printed by Dr. Mardersteig.... ¶ Figure drawings from the fifteenth century to the twentieth; through Jan. 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—An album of eighty oil portraits by Ammi Phillips (1788-1865) of residents of the Hudson and Housatonic valleys; through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—An exhibition arranged under the ambitious title "The Humanist Tradition in Contemporary American Paintings," with examples by such artists as Lester Johnson, Leland Bell, Loren MacIver, Robert Beauchamp, Richard Diebenkorn, and Elmer Bischoff; through Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirty-second annual, consisting of sixty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the American Abstract Artists group, which includes such familiar figures as Albers, Lassaw, Hans Richter, Perle Fine, Will Barnet, Hyde Solomon; among several guest Abstractionists are Agostini, di Suvero, and Ralph Humphrey. Through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Teresa Berganza, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, Giorgio Tozzi, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Régine Crespin, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Martti Talvela.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Rita Orlandi, Shirley Verrett, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Martti Talvela.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Gianni Raimondi, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Monday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Milka Stojanovic, Bruno Prevedi, Cornell MacNeil, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Gianni Raimondi, Gabriel Bacquier, Raymond Michalski, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, George Shirley, John Reardon, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and Martti Talvela.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Gabriella Tucci, Bruno Prevedi, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Justino Diaz.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Teresa Berganza, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Frank Guarrera, Russell Christopher, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Barbara Blanchard, Norman Treigle, and Nico Castel.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Muriel Greenspon, Jerome LoMonaco, and David Clatworthy.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and William Ledbetter.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and Edward Pierson.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 10, at 1:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Salvador Novoa, Roy Samuelsen, and Michael Devlin.... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 10, at 7:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and Nico Castel.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Patricia Wise, Spiro Malas, and Enrico DiGiuseppe.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Jeannine Crader, Beverly Evans, Lino Savoldi, and Roberto Banuelas; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Timo Callio, Dominic Cossa, and Seymour Schwartzman.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Michele Molese, and Norman Treigle.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Brooks, Janet Winburn, Vincenzo Sardinero, and Tibor Kelen.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:15: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Timo Callio, Roy Samuelson, and Michael Devlin.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Colin Davis conducting—Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 8, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 11, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 15, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 18, at 7:30 (all with Stephen Bishop, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Seiji Ozawa conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting, with Janet Mandel, soprano. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 9-10, at 8:30, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; James Schwabacher, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass.... ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30, a benefit concert, with Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, pianos.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Erick Friedman, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting a program of French music. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Utterbach Concert Choir—Clinton Utterbach directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

RECITALS

The Romeros—A program of guitar music by Celedonio Romero and his sons, Celin, Pepe, and Angel. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Leonard Bernstein—Baritone and piano, in an all-Mahler benefit recital. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Lois Carole Pachucki—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—Franco Gulli, violin, and Enrica Cavallo, piano, in a sonata recital. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

IGOR OISTRAKH—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

I MADRIGALISTI DI VENEZIA—A program of vocal and instrumental Renaissance music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

BRUNO-LEONARDO GELBER—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3.)

ALEXANDER SLOBODYANIK—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grand Ballroom, Hotel Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3. For information about tickets, call TE 8-8000, Ext. 123.)

TERESA BERGANZA—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

BAROQUE ENSEMBLE OF THE SCHOLA CANTORUM BASILIENSIS—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

ALBERT FULLER—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8:45; and, with David Fuller, also harpsichord, on Monday, Nov. 11, at 8:45.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

BEVERIDGE WEBSTER—Piano, in the second in a series of three all-Debussy concerts. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

JEAN-CLAUDE VANDEN EYNDEN—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU—Baritone, in Brahms' "Die Schöne Magelone." The last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

HYMAN BRESS—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

RONALD HOLGATE—Bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

CHRISTA LUDWIG—Mezzo-soprano, in an all-Brahms recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

LILI KRAUS—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

MAURIZIO POLLINI—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

MELOS ENSEMBLE OF LONDON—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

GUARNERI STRING QUARTET—An all-Beethoven program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Brazilian String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 11, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

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STEPPENWOLF AND BUDDY RICH AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, at 8 and 11:30.

PAUL BUTTERFIELD'S BLUES BAND, ALBERT KING, AND ODETTA—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.

BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS AND JONI MITCHELL—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.

DAVE VAN RONK—Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.

LIONEL HAMPTON—Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.

ENRICO MACIAS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.

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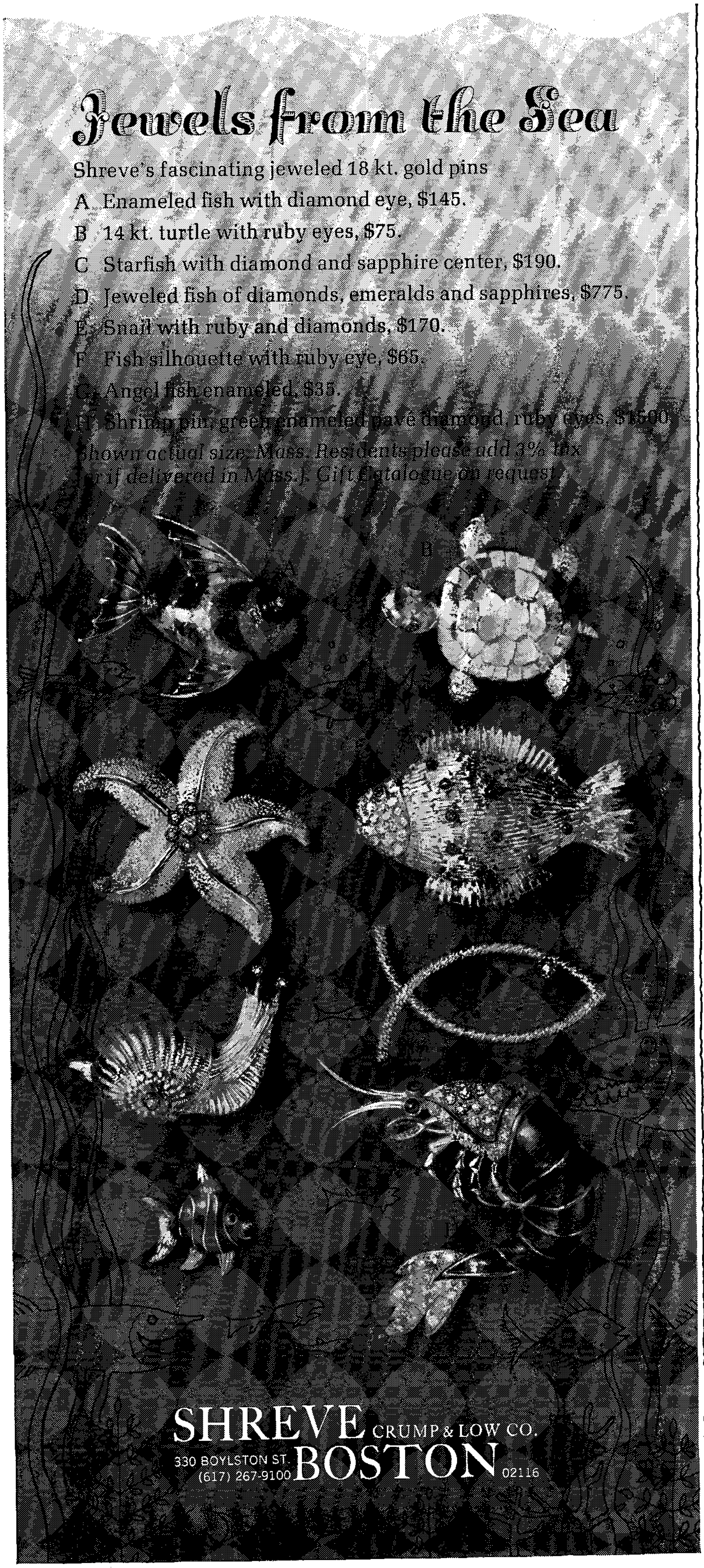

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SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Chicago.

Boxing—Ismael Laguna vs. Bunny Grant, lightweights, 10 rounds; Luis Rodriguez vs. Joe Shaw, middleweights, 10 rounds; and Dario Hidalgo vs. David Melendez, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 9: Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Gaelic Park (Broadway at 240th St.), at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Connecticut, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. William and Mary, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 16 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Holy Cross, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Houston Oilers. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 1:30.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. St. Louis. (Madison Square Garden Center. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 7:35.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden Center. Through Tuesday, Nov. 12. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 9.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, Dec. 10. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 9; the Ladies Handicap, Monday, Nov. 11; and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 16. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Nov. 18. The Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 9, and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 16. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. The Washington, D.C., International, Monday, Nov. 11 (for this day only, post time will be 12:20).

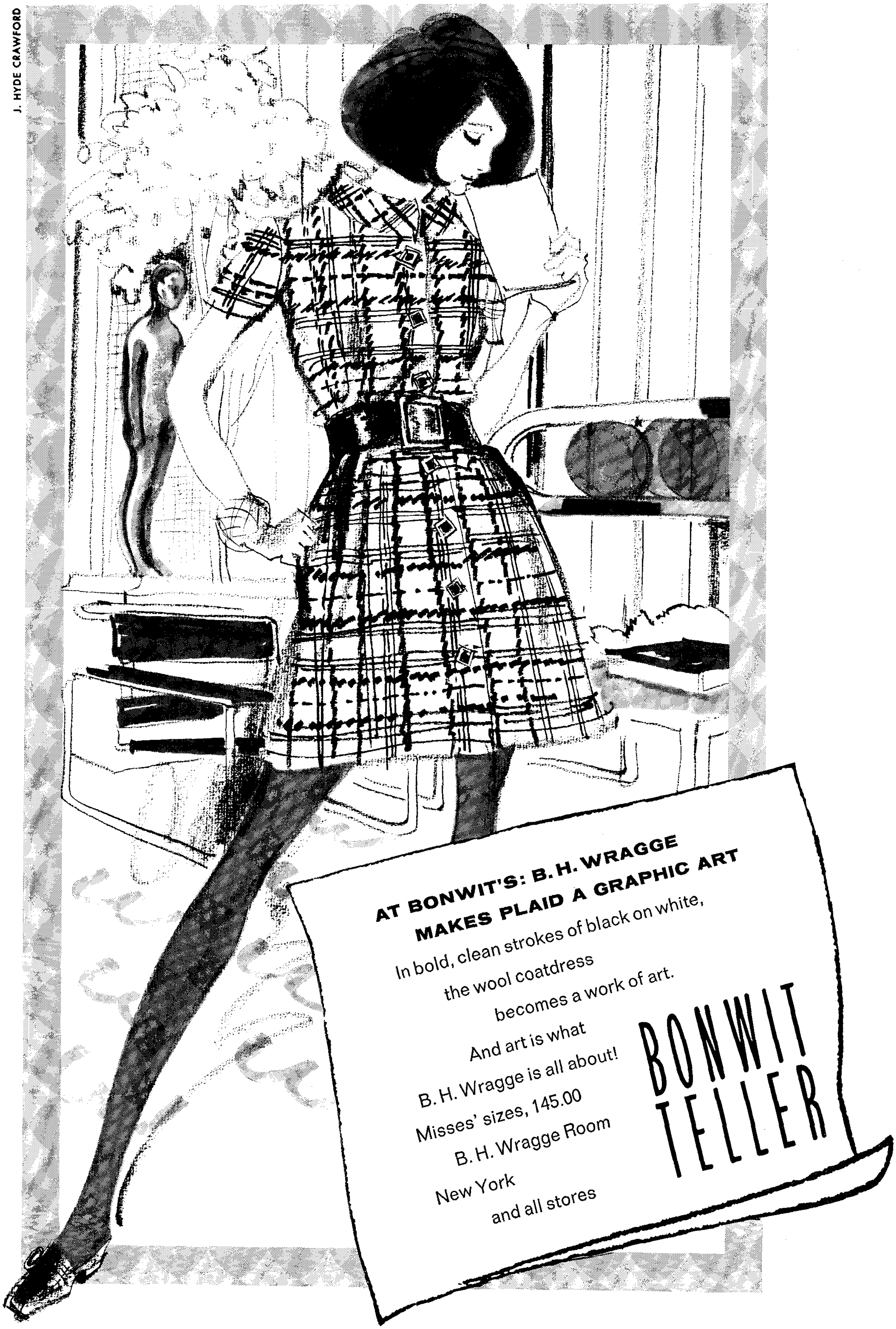
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Little Angels of Korea Dance Company—Presenting a program of folk dances of Korea. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "The Littlest Clown," Saturday, Nov. 9, at 1:30 and 3:30, and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2. . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots," Saturday, Nov. 16, at 1:30 and 3:30. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Snow White." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 11, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of vari-


J. HYDE CRAWFORD
BONWIT TELLER

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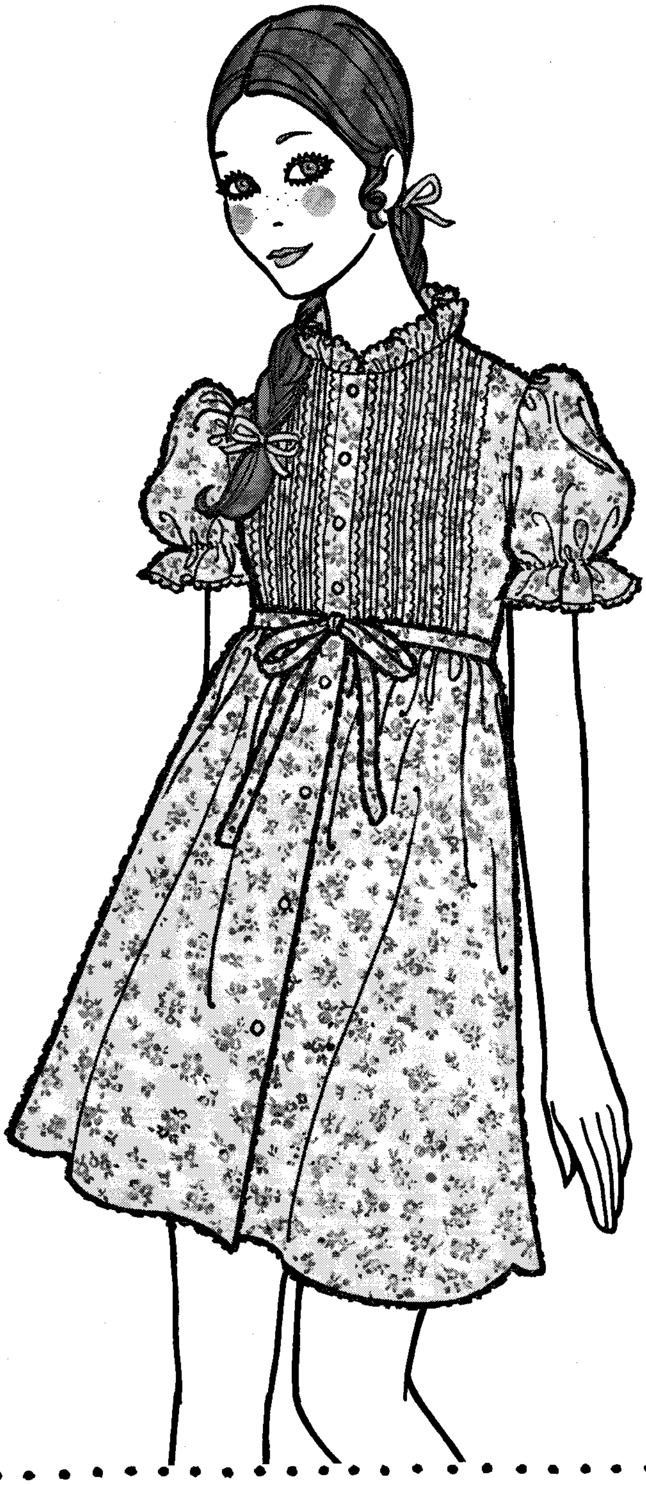

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ous mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is "The Legend of the Flying Horse." (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Veterans Day at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Veterans Day from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

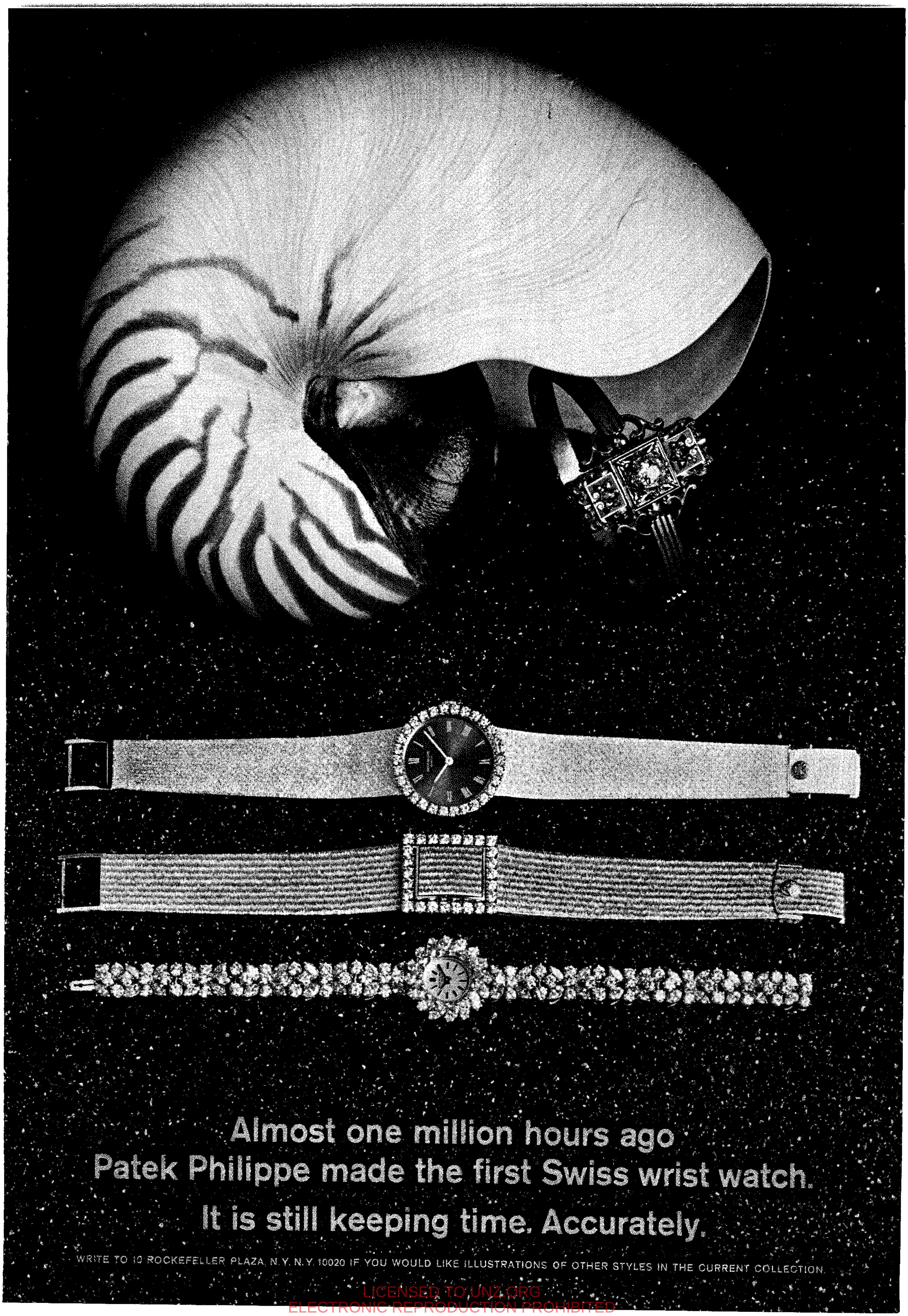
Poetry Readings—Joseph Ceravolo reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Louise Bogan reading from her own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Lectures—"The First Critics of Impressionism," by George Heard Hamilton, Thursday, Nov. 7, at 5:40.... ¶ "Manuscript Illumination in Renaissance Flanders: The Flemish *Kalendar*," by Jethro Hurt, Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 3, and Thursday, Nov. 14, at 5:40. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Admission is free.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 7, at 10:15 and 1:45: Oriental art; from a number of collections.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian and American Indian art, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century French and other furniture and decorations; from various owners.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 10:15 and 1:45: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints; from many sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 10:15: Historical, literary, and musical manuscripts; from various collections.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 1:45: Medieval, Renaissance, and eighteenth-century works of art, which were formerly in the inventory of French & Co. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 9.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Six programs in a series of films directed by Ernst Lubitsch: Nov. 7 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Forbidden Paradise" (1924); Nov. 8 at 2 and 5:30, "So This Is Paris" (1926); Nov. 9 at 3 and 5:30, "The Love Parade" (1929); Nov. 10 at 2 and 5:30, "Eternal Love" (1929); Nov. 11 at 2 and 5:30, "The Student Prince" (1927); Nov. 12 at 2 and 5:30, "Monte Carlo" (1930).... ¶ Nov. 9 at 11:30: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1927), a French film, directed by Carl Dreyer.... ¶ Nov. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "High and Dizzy" (1920), with Harold Lloyd. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)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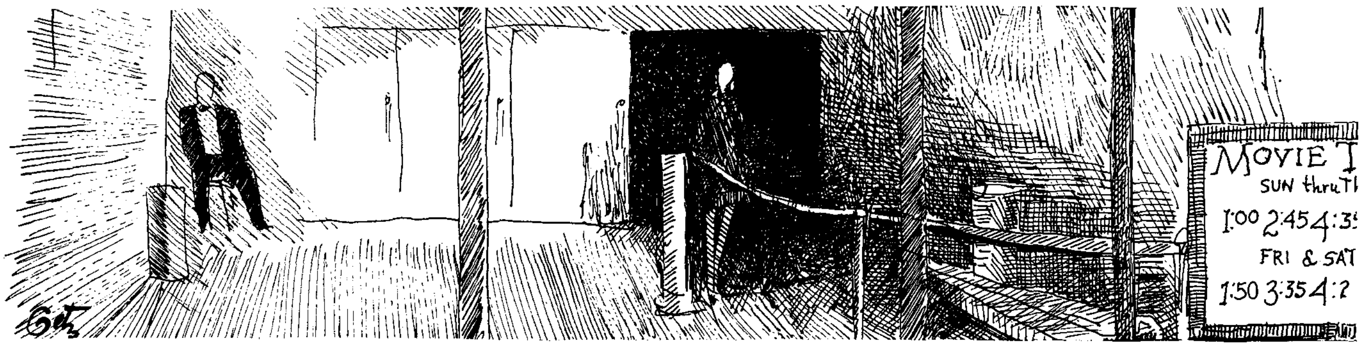

Barbarella—Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip stumbles along, but Jane Fonda may be the sexiest funny girl since Mae West. With David Hemmings. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves Saint Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; starting Nov. 13.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—A comedy by Jean Renoir, made in Paris and starring Michel Simon. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 12.)

Bullitt—A well-directed (by Peter Yates) but vacuous police melodrama, starring San Francisco and Steve McQueen. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Les Carabiniers—Jean-Luc Godard's fable about the imbecility of war, turned around so that it is demonstrated by the imbecility of the people who engage in war. Like some severe nursery rhyme by Beckett. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 13.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on Victorian folly and the horrors of war is mostly intelligent and often witty, but it's also rather cold and unsatisfying. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, witty political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, made in 1967, and one of his best. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 13.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting Nov. 13.)

Le Départ—Jerzy Skolimowski, a Pole working in French, has made a prankish, interesting, almost defiantly retarded film about a hairdresser's assistant who wants to be a racing driver. The hero—Jean-Pierre Léaud, the boy from "The 400 Blows"—is very beautifully directed, no more visibly than if he were a stranger in a newsreel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Nov. 12.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 7.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan on a concert tour of England, recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 8.)

Finian's Rainbow—This pastiche isn't totally bad, and granted the material and the overly familiar score, that's something of a triumph. Petula Clark and Al Freeman, Jr., are some of its redeeming features. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans Day at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Veterans Day at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Trivial but entertaining. The flavor of the script, the light directorial attitude of Hy Averback, and the tidy comic performances of Peter Sellers and Joyce Van Patten save this from the ugliness and sourness that threaten at every moment (and sometimes take over). (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Luv (1967)—Clive Donner's version of Murray Schisgal's Broadway play, with Jack Lemmon, Peter Falk, and Elaine May. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 12.)

Le Million (1931)—A René Clair farce, with Annabella. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 11-13.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's funny play, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. There is a brilliantly mopey performance by Walter Matthau as the card-playing divorced husband driven mad by a male crony who comes out in housewifeliness like measles. Jack Lemmon is the fusspot. Gene Saks directs. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. A French film with an English narration. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 10.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 11-13.)

The Producers—A farce about Broadway. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn are intermittently funny but in dire need of better material than writer-director Mel Brooks has given them. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 12.)

Rachel, Rachel—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Servant (1963)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption abovestairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 8.)

Star!—Fourteen million dollars and only a few dim sparks of life. With Julie Andrews as Gertrude Lawrence—if only she were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thunderball (1965)—James Bond fighting and making love on land and sea, and even under the sea. Starring Sean Connery, of course. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own screenplay (in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Veterans Day at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

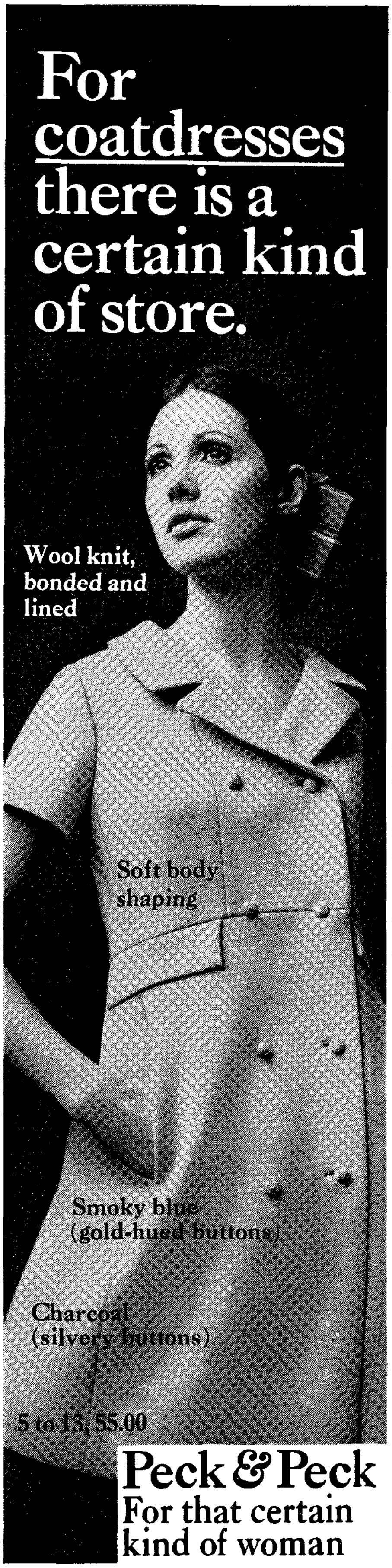
Wait Until Dark (1967)—Audrey Hepburn, blind and alone in a Village apartment, pits herself against three murderous crooks. Terence Young directed. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting Nov. 13.)

The War Game (1966)—A tract against the Third World War, directed by Peter Watkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 7.)

Warrendale—A record of time spent observing a progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, made with stirring comprehension of their spirits by Allan King. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most complex, powerfully charged, and deeply flawed film is an extraordinary poetic satire on modern life. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Nov. 10.)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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 12: "Beyond the Law," a Norman Mailer film.
From Nov. 13: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French).

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WARRENDALE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 12: "The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant; and "Up the Junction," Suzy Kendall.
From Nov. 13: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 12: "Shalako," Sean Connery, Brigitte Bardot. (Saturday through Monday afternoons, Nov. 9-11, the film "Clown and the Kids," will be shown instead.)
From Nov. 13: **COOL HAND LUKE**; and **WAIT UNTIL DARK.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Legendary Champions," a documentary on boxing.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
BARBARELLA.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Marriage Came Tumbling Down" (in French), Michel Simon.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Les Biches" (in French).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Nov. 12: "The Split," Jim Brown, Diahann Carroll.
From Nov. 13: "Yellow Submarine," a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
WEEKEND (in French).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 12: "Shalako," Sean Connery, Brigitte Bardot.
From Nov. 13: To be announced.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
BARBARELLA.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
THUNDERBALL; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Nov. 12: **LE DÉPART** and **BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING** (both in French).
From Nov. 13: **LES CARABINIERS** and **LA CHINOISE** (both in French).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 12: **THE PRODUCERS**; and **LUV.**
From Nov. 13: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through Nov. 12: "The Split," Jim Brown, Diahann Carroll.
From Nov. 13: "Duffy," James Coburn, James Mason.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Head," the Monkees.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 12: "Shalako," Sean Connery, Brigitte Bardot.
From Nov. 13: **COOL HAND LUKE**; and **WAIT UNTIL DARK.**

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

PENTHOUSE, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
STAR!

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BULLITT.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Birds in Peru" (in French), Jean Seberg.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"You Are What You Eat," a rock film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Head," the Monkees.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 12: "The Oldest Profession" (in French), a film composed of six episodes.
From Nov. 13: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 10: **THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC**; and **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** (in French).
Nov. 11-13: **PORT OF SHADOWS** and **LE MILLION** (both in French).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 12: "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway; and "Inspector Clouseau," Alan Arkin.
From Nov. 13: "Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve; and "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 7: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian); and **THE WAR GAME.**
From Nov. 8: **THE SERVANT**; and **DON'T LOOK BACK.**

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

Harry Pesin

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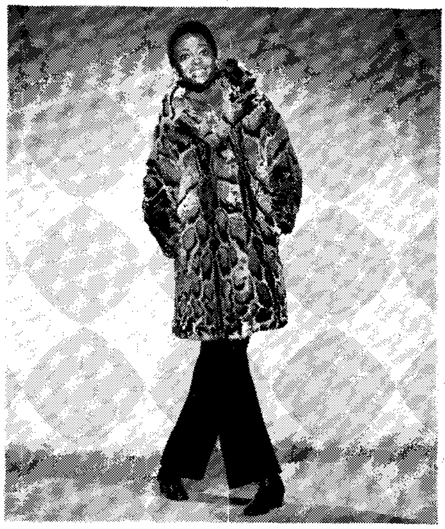

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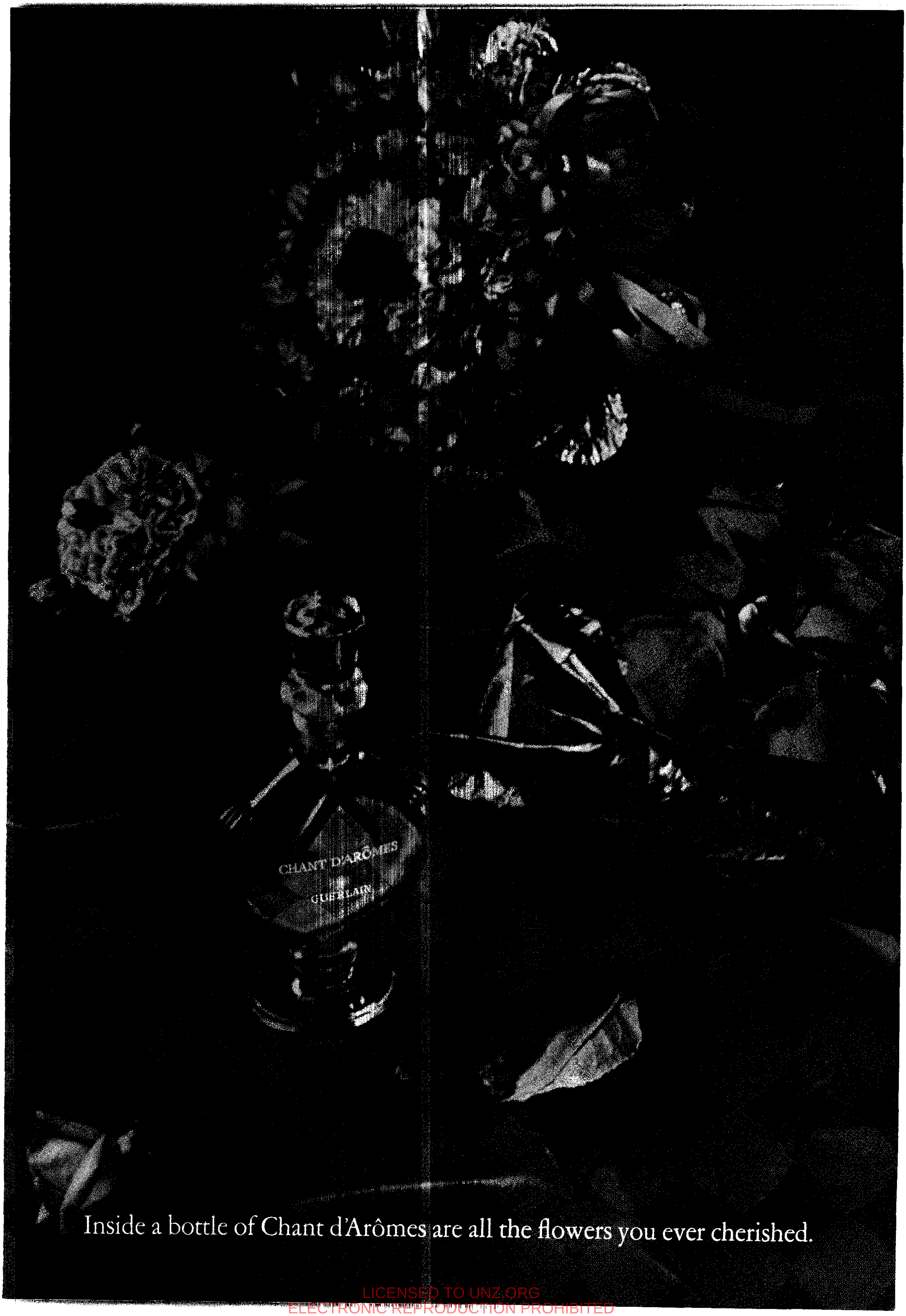
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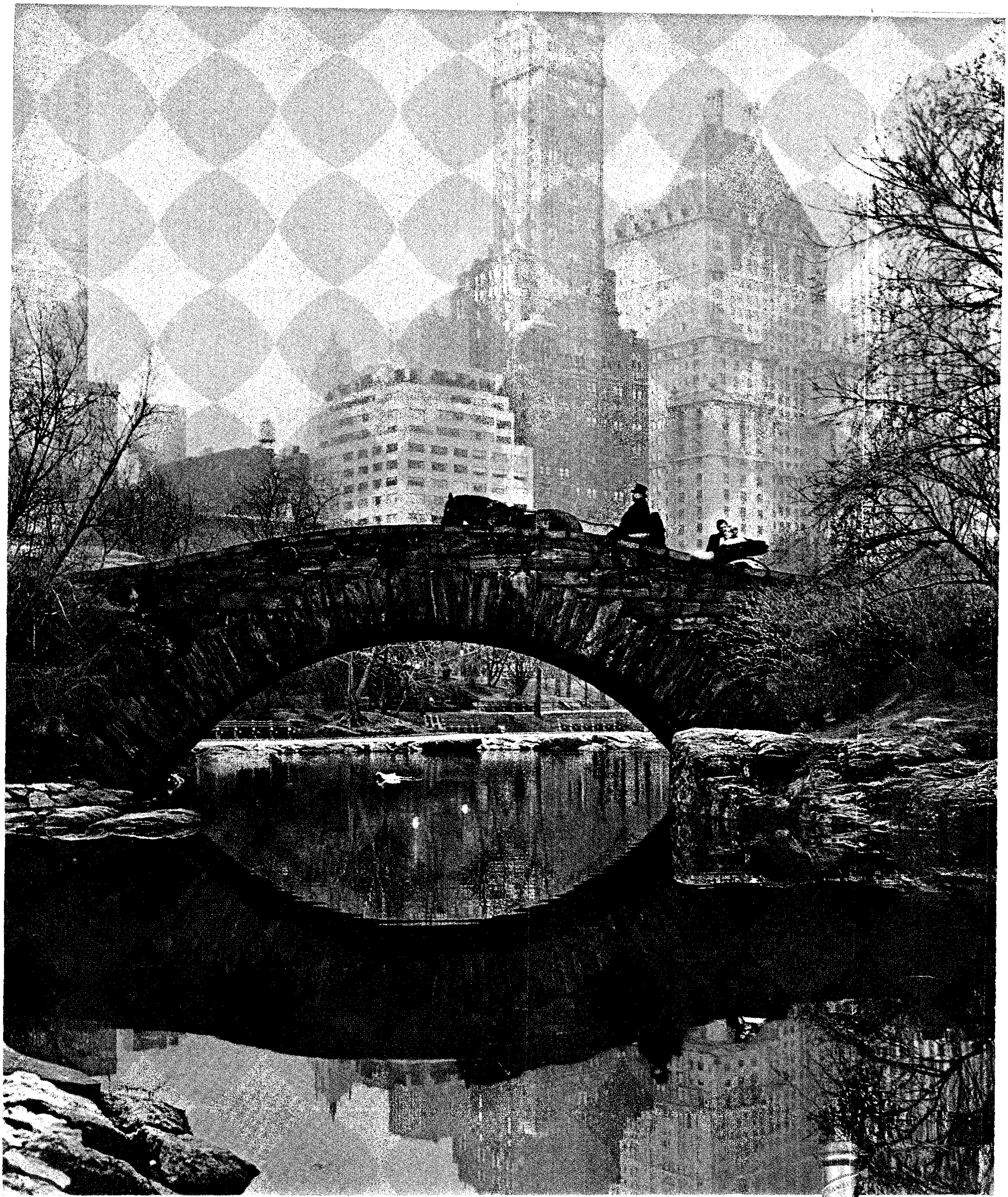

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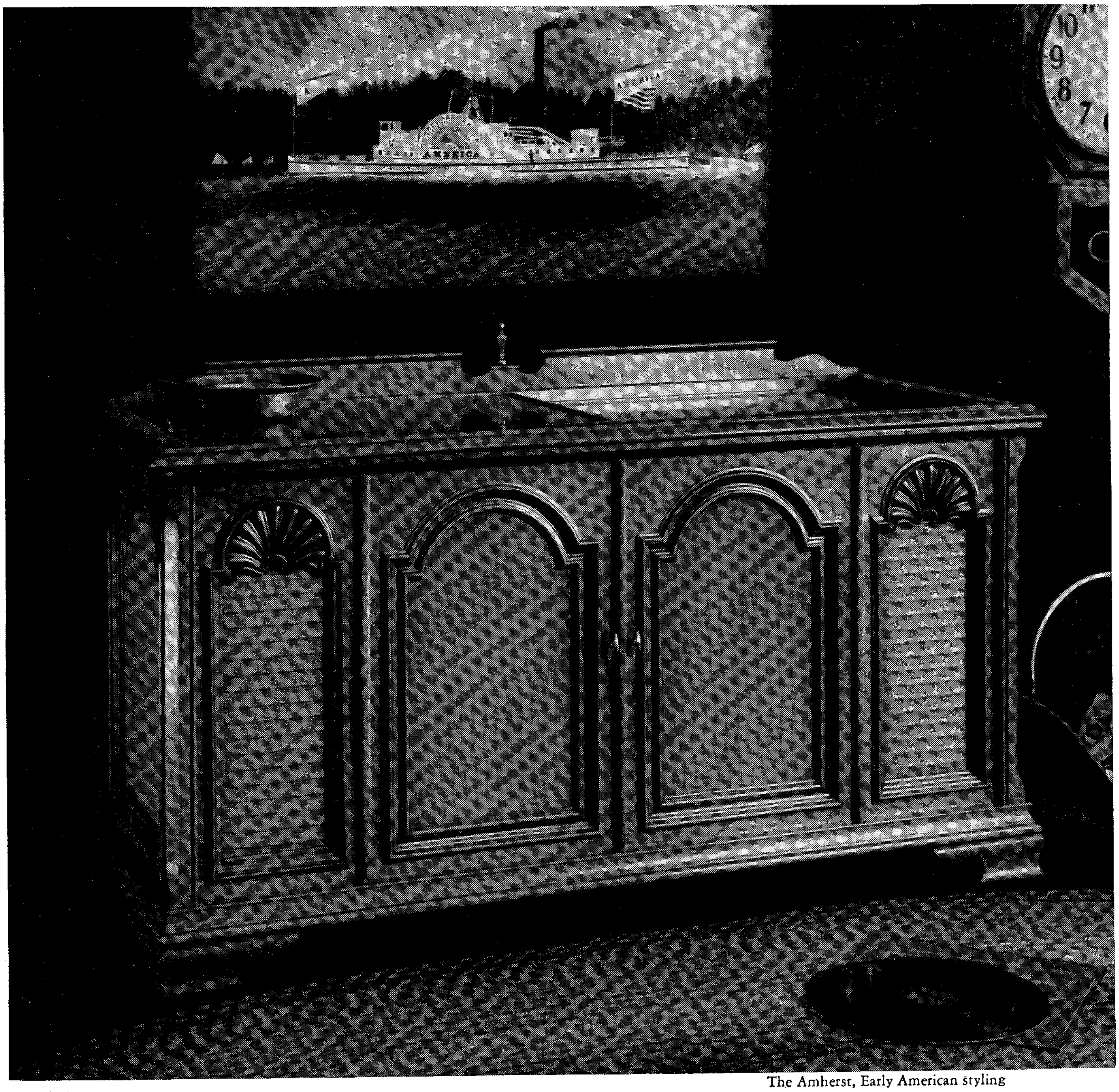
so often include **DRAMBUIE**
the cordial with the scotch whisky base

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF

Who's this famous couple?

Meet "The Ballantynes", the most famous cashmere sweaters in the world. Made in Peebles, Scotland and available for ladies and gentlemen at Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin, Neiman-Marcus, Holt Renfrew or write Ballantyne, 40 East 34th Street, New York. **BALLANTYNE**

Magnavox is the largest selling stereo console for two reasons: beautiful music, beautiful furniture.



The Amherst, Early American styling

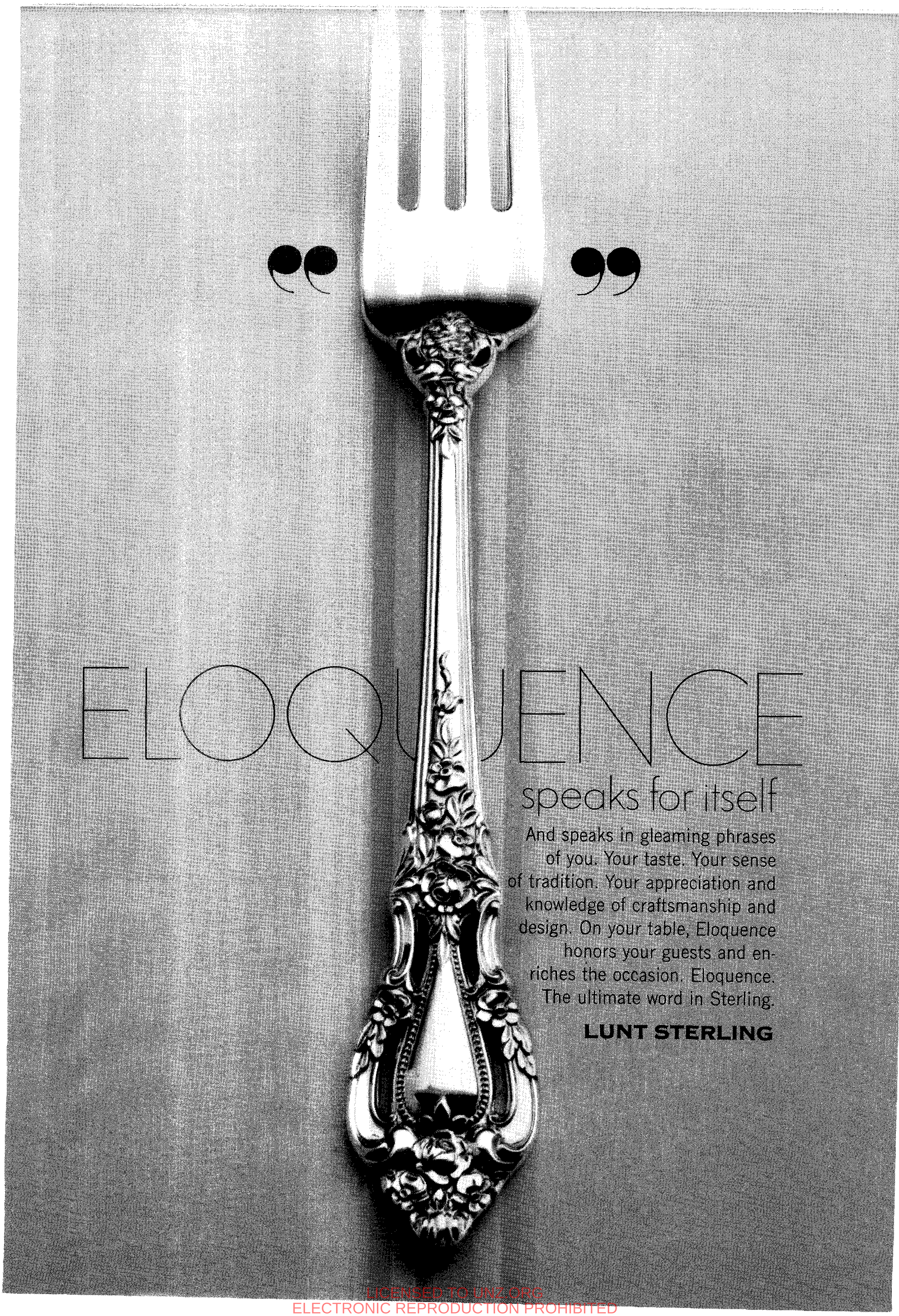
At Magnavox, fine cabinetry and flawless re-creation of music are long-standing traditions. Nothing comes close to Magnavox in achieving the full beauty of music from records, stereo FM/AM radio or tape. Our solid-state components provide exceptional purity of tone, as well as lasting reliability. The high-precision record player assures perfect fidelity. Magnavox speaker systems project music from front and sides, for unmatched stereo realism.

And every Magnavox console is superb living room furniture, with styles and finishes to enrich any décor.

Magnavox is sold through selected dealers (see Yellow Pages). Console prices start at $159.50 Magnavox stereo... *beautifully made, inside and out.*

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York, New York 10017

The Chairside: Stereo FM/AM radio-phonograph in end table design.


"ELOQUENCE"
speaks for itself

And speaks in gleaming phrases of you. Your taste. Your sense of tradition. Your appreciation and knowledge of craftsmanship and design. On your table, Eloquence honors your guests and enriches the occasion. Eloquence. The ultimate word in Sterling.

LUNT STERLING

EVEN THOUGH ROYAL CROWN DERBY BONE CHINA DINNERWARE IS SO "DAMNABLY EXPENSIVE," DON'T YOU THINK YOU OWE YOURSELF SUCH A DAMNABLY CHOICE GIFT THIS HOLIDAY SEASON?

Royal Crown Derby Bone China Dinnerware and Giftware may be seen nationally at **Tiffany & Co.** in New York, Chicago, Houston, Beverly Hills and San Francisco and at the following selected establishments throughout the United States:

ARIZONA
Phoenix............**Rosenzweig's**

CALIFORNIA
Beverly Hills....**Geary's**
Beverly Hills....**David Orgell**
Burlingame......**Rorke's**
Los Angeles......**Bullock's Wilshire**
Los Angeles.......**Thomas Ingersoll**
Newport Beach **B. D. Howes & Son**
Oakland...........**Cobb's Lakeshore**
Pasadena........**B. D. Howes and Son**
San Francisco..**Frederick's**
San Francisco..**Gump's**
San Francisco...**Ronald James**
San Francisco..**Shreve & Company**
Santa Barbara..**B. D. Howes and Son**

COLORADO
Colorado Spgs. **Bryan and Scott**
Denver..............**International Villa**

CONNECTICUT
Darien..............**Shop for Good Living**
Hartford............**Lux, Bond, Green, Stevens**

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington.......**Julius Garfinckel and Co.**
Washington.......**R. Harris and Co.**

FLORIDA
Miami Beach....**Nessa Gaulois, Inc.**
Palm Beach......**The Modern Shop of Douglas Lorie**
Sarasota...........**The English Shop**

GEORGIA
Atlanta..............**Arthur Cobb, Inc.**
Atlanta..............**Charles Willis, Inc.**

ILLINOIS
Chicago...........**C. D. Peacock, Inc.**
Chicago...........**Spaulding & Company**
Rockford..........**Flowers by Connie**

KENTUCKY
Lexington..........**Lafayette Galleries**
Louisville..........**Dolfinger's**
Louisville...........**C. H. R. Lyon, Inc.**

LOUISIANA
New Orleans.....**Coleman E. Adler and Sons, Inc.**

MAINE
Portland.............**Carter Brothers Co.**

MARYLAND
Baltimore..........**A. H. Fetting Co.**
Pikesville..........**Gallery 1330**

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston..............**Cooley's, Inc.**
Boston..............**Shreve, Crump, and Low**
Brookline..........**Marion Ruth**

MICHIGAN
Grand Rapids ..**E. A. Rood and Co.**
Grosse Pointe ..**The League Shop, Inc.**
Petoskey...........**Renick's Gifts**

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis.....**Anderson's**
Wayzata...........**Marion Nellermoe**

MISSISSIPPI
Jackson............**Fridge's Fireside Shop**

MISSOURI
Kansas City.......**Constance Leiter, Inc.**
St. Louis............**Byron Cade, Inc.**

NEW JERSEY
East Orange......**Windsor Gift Shop**
Newark.............**Wiss Jewelers**
South Orange....**Harriet Eisenberg**
Westfield...........**Jane Smith**

NEW YORK
Bronxville........**Interiors by Joan**
Garden City......**Hempstead China**
Great Neck......**Four Seasons**
New Rochelle...**Anne's Art Corner**
New York..........**The Royal Crown Derby Room at Plummer McCutcheon**
New York..........**B. Altman & Co.**
New York..........**Cardel, Ltd.**
New York..........**Carole Stupell Salon**

NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte...........**Elizabeth Bruns, Inc.**

OHIO
Akron................**Shulan's Fairlawn Jewelers**
Cincinnati.......**A. B. Closson, Jr. Co.**
Cleveland.........**H. M. Bailey, Inc.**
Youngstown......**Raymond Brenner**

OREGON
Portland............**Zell Bros.**

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown........**W. H. Appel Jewelers**
Philadelphia.....**The Bailey, Banks and Biddle, Co.**
Philadelphia.....**Dangave, Ltd.**
Philadelphia.....**Frazier and Frazier**
Pittsburgh........**Riezenstein's**
Sewickley..........**The Gift Corner**

SOUTH CAROLINA
Greenville.........**Smithwick Jewelers**

TEXAS
Corpus Christi...**Taylor Bros. Jewelers**
Dallas...............**Evan's**
Houston............**The Carlton House**

VIRGINIA
McLean.............**The Bailey, Banks and Biddle, Co.**
Richmond.........**Schwarzchild Bros., Inc.**

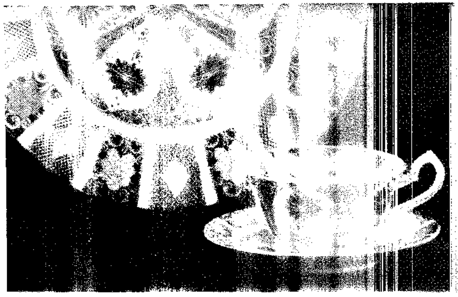
WASHINGTON
Seattle...............**Friedlander and Son**

WISCONSIN
La Crosse.........**William Doerflinger Company**
Milwaukee........**George Watts and Son**

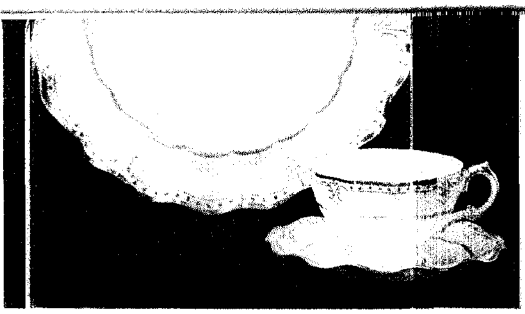
PUERTO RICO
Santurce...........**Porcelaine Boutique**

ROYAL CROWN DERBY

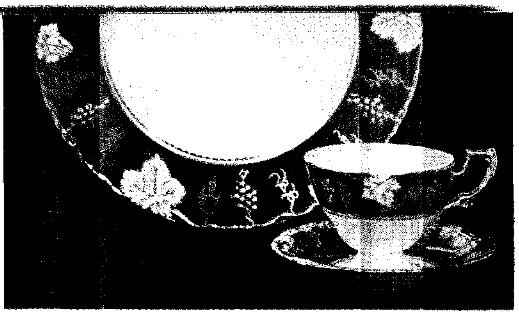
If you are unable to visit any of the foregoing, a brochure illustrating Royal Crown Derby dinnerware is available for twenty-five cents. Please address all inquiries to Royal Crown Derby, 280 Summer Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02210.



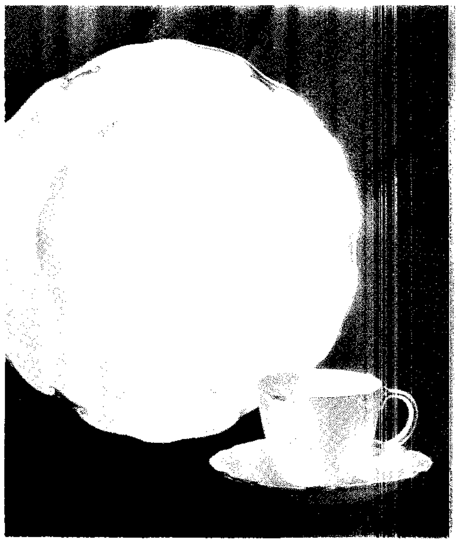
OLD IM[illegible]



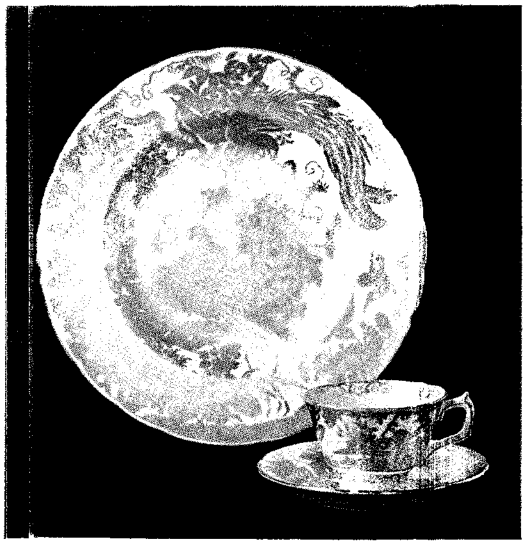
LOMBARDY, 5 PC. SET $78.50



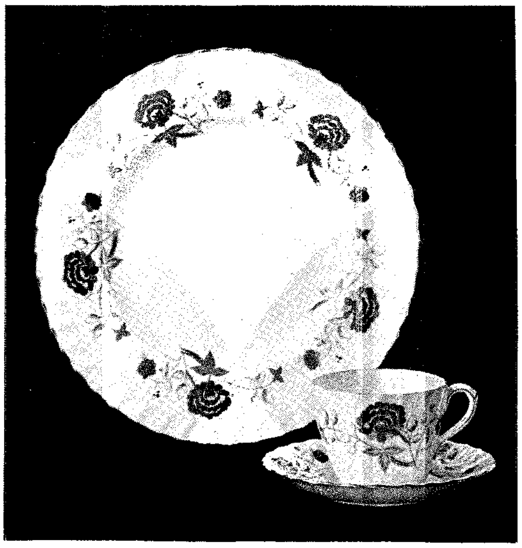
VINE/COBALT, 5 PC. SET $97.50



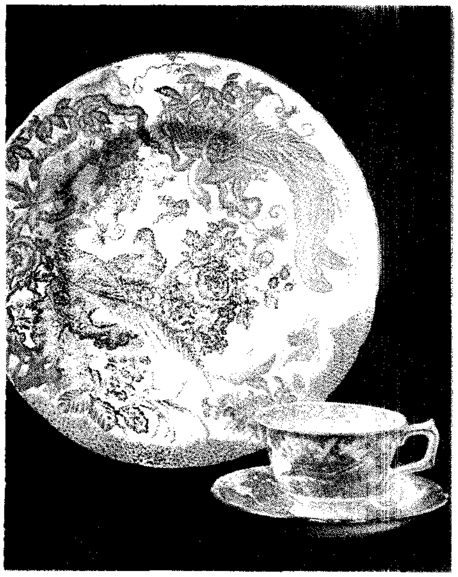
REGENCY, 5 PC. SET $29.[illegible]



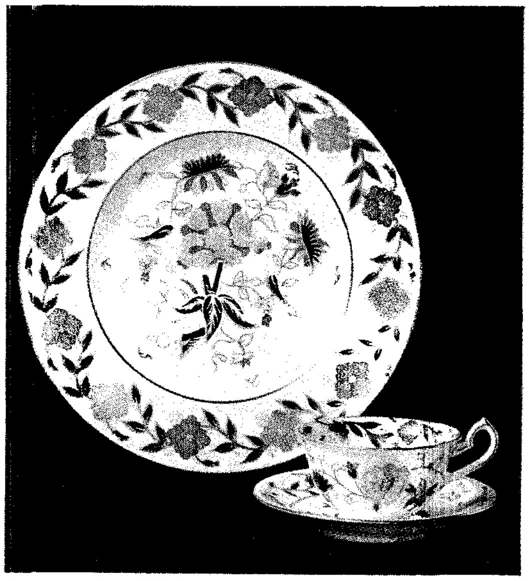
GOLD AVES, 5 PC. SET $72.50



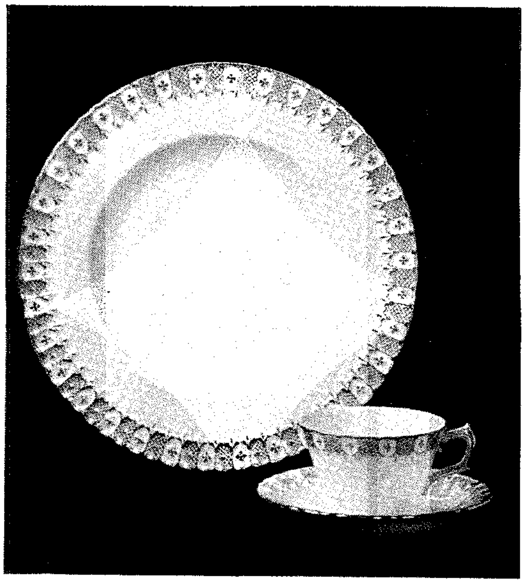
BALI, 5 PC. SET $38.50



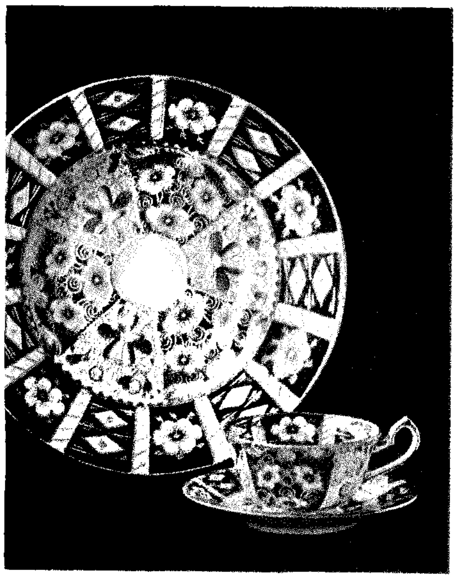
RED AVES, 5 PC. SET $35.00



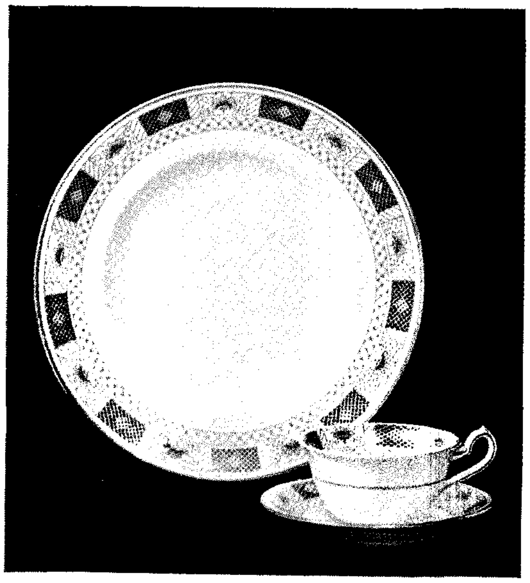
ASIAN ROSE, 5 PC. SET $97.50



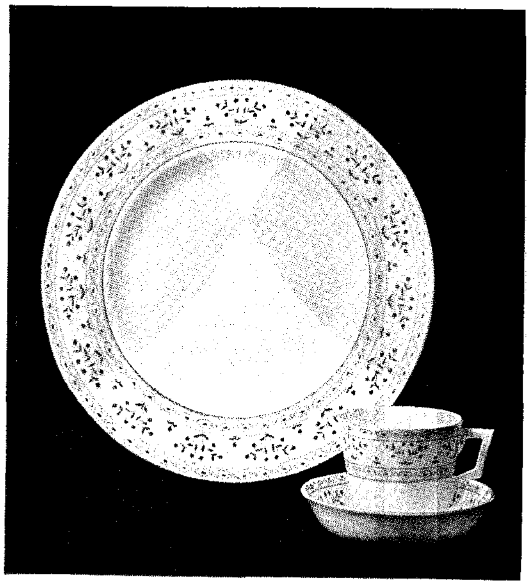
GOLDEN HERALDIC, 5 PC. SET $52.50



TRADITIONAL IMARI, 5 PC. SET $120.00



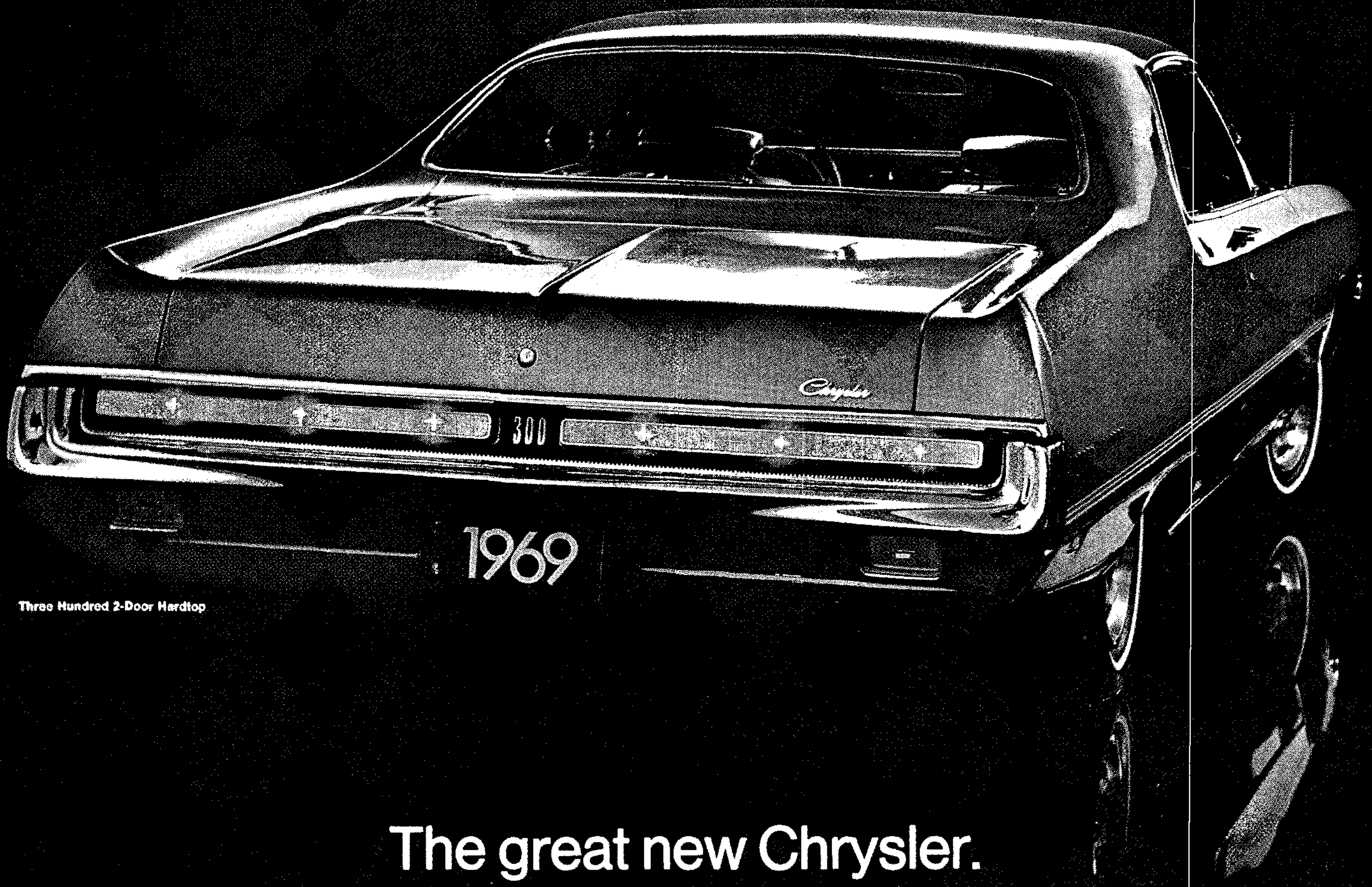
DERBY BORDER, 5 PC. SET $42.50



BRITTANY, 5 PC. SET $38.50

Announcing your next car:

It can surround you with a fuselage. A sweeping new design where body and frame are one.



Three Hundred 2-Door Hardtop

The great new Chrysler.

Your next car can have a fuselage-frame that curves up and around you in one fluid line. Close the window and the arc is complete. From under the doors to over the cockpit.

Inside your next car, a cool, quiet room of curved glass and tempered steel. Soft, contoured seats and easy-to-read gauges. A controlled environment for you and each individual passenger.

Your next car can have no protruding chrome, bumps, knobs, gargoyles, or wasted space. It can be an extension of your own exhilaration of movement.

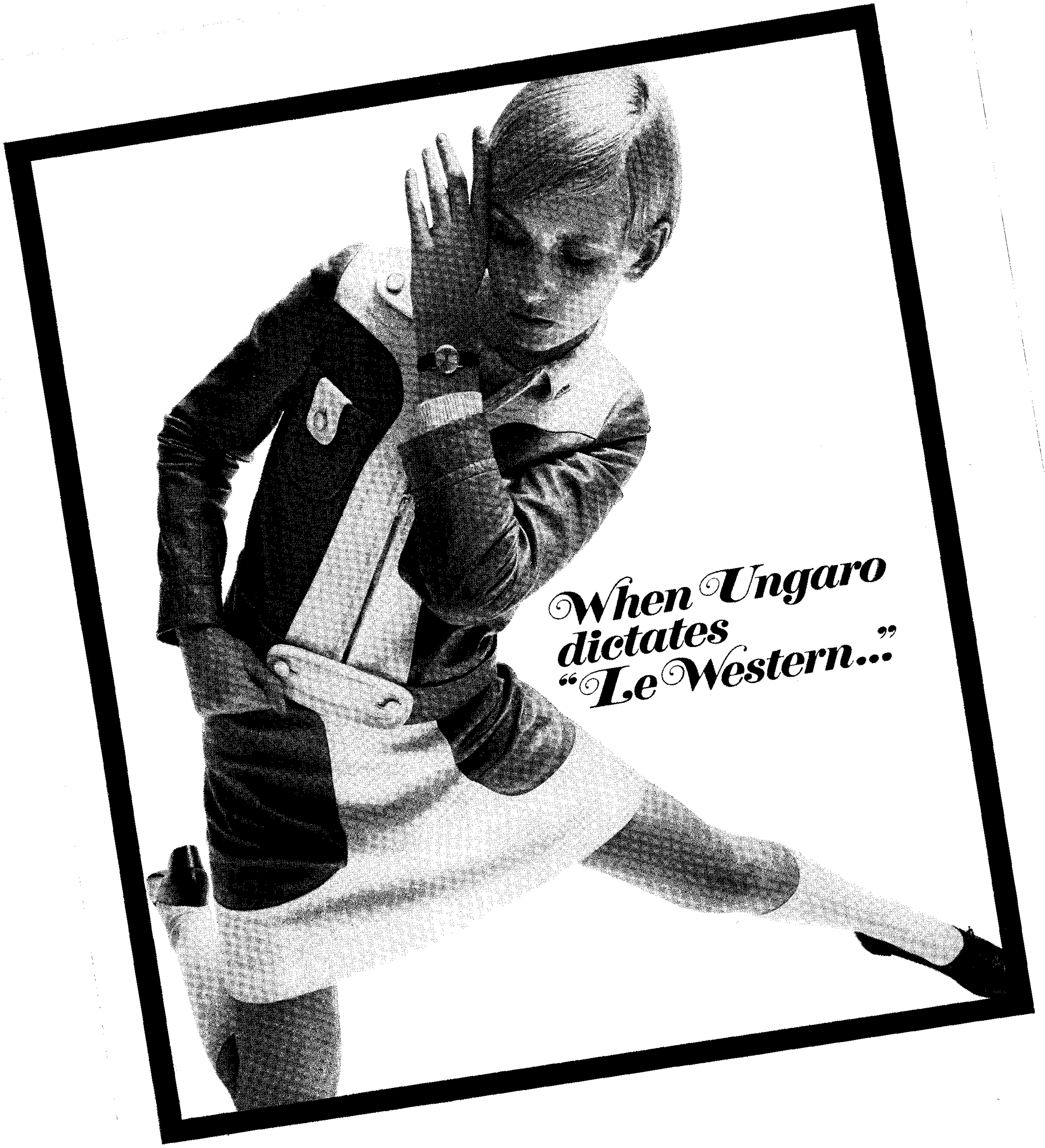
Your next car can be a car you can move up to. Without effort.

Your next car is here. Today.

The great new Chrysler for 1969.

CHRYSLER

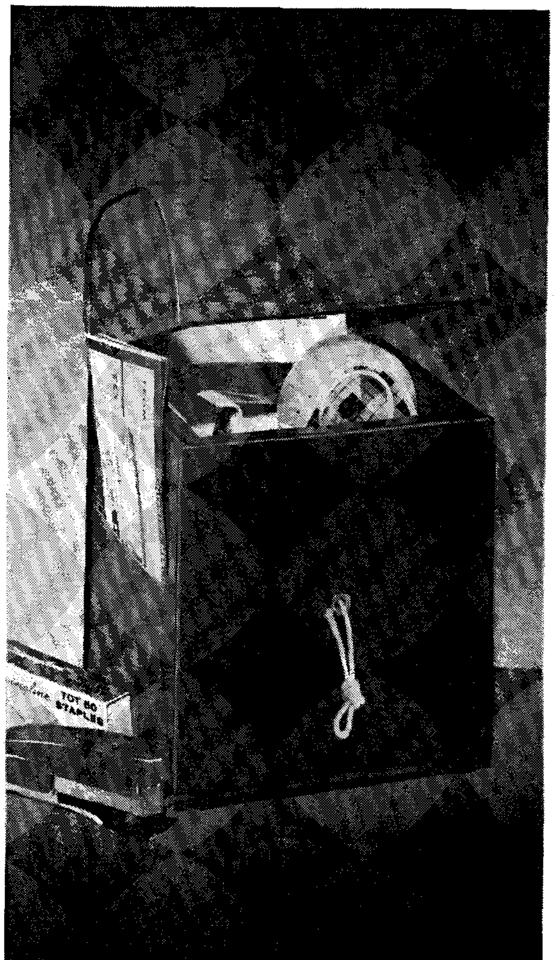
CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION



is it chic to ride with a Rolex?

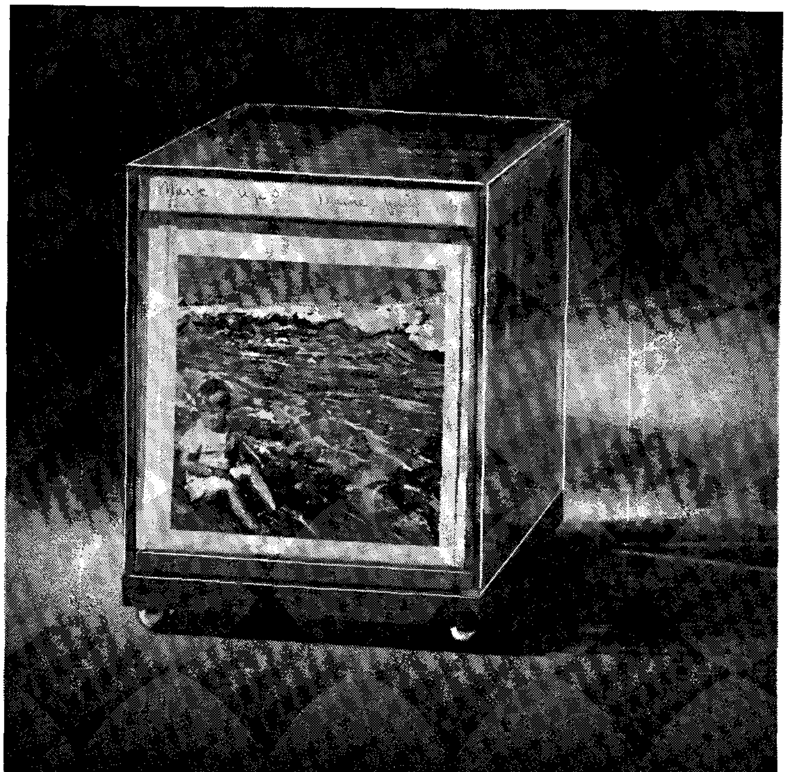
Mais oui! Now's the time to strap on a bold-faced Rolex and conquer new frontiers. East or west—north or south—Rolex leads with flair. Admittedly extravagant like Ungaro's leather suit, Rolex is the watch every other watch is trying to be. This 17-jewel 14 kt. gold thoroughbred with alligator band, $210, from our Haute Couture Collection. Of course—all our ladies watches are as carefully made in Geneva as our famous watches for men. Isn't it high time you sported a Rolex? Choose from more than 150 striking styles. If you like we'll send you a full-color brochure.

American Rolex Watch Corporation • 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036 • Also available in Canada



PERSONAL POST OFFICE

Red and blue mini-mailbox of simulated leather, holds Scotch tape, marking pen, handy knife, stapler and twine. Sides hold address labels and stickers. 6" x 4". $13.50. Postage and handling, 75c

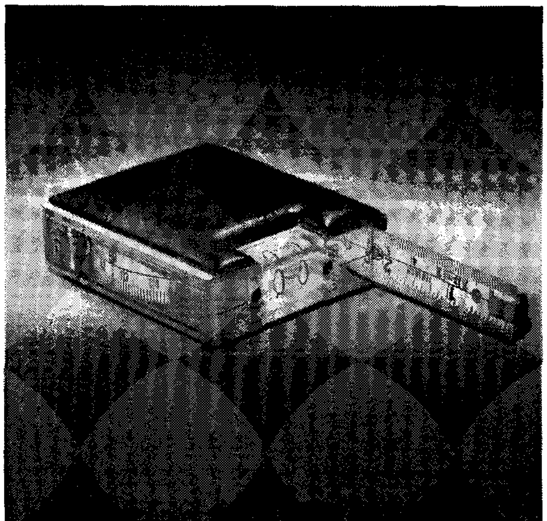


SHOWCASE FOR FAVORITE PHOTOS

Clear Lucite cube covers double-faced acetate holders with space for titles on up to 50 photos, 3½" x 3½", in a slotted Brazilian rosewood base. $12.50. Postage and handling, 75c

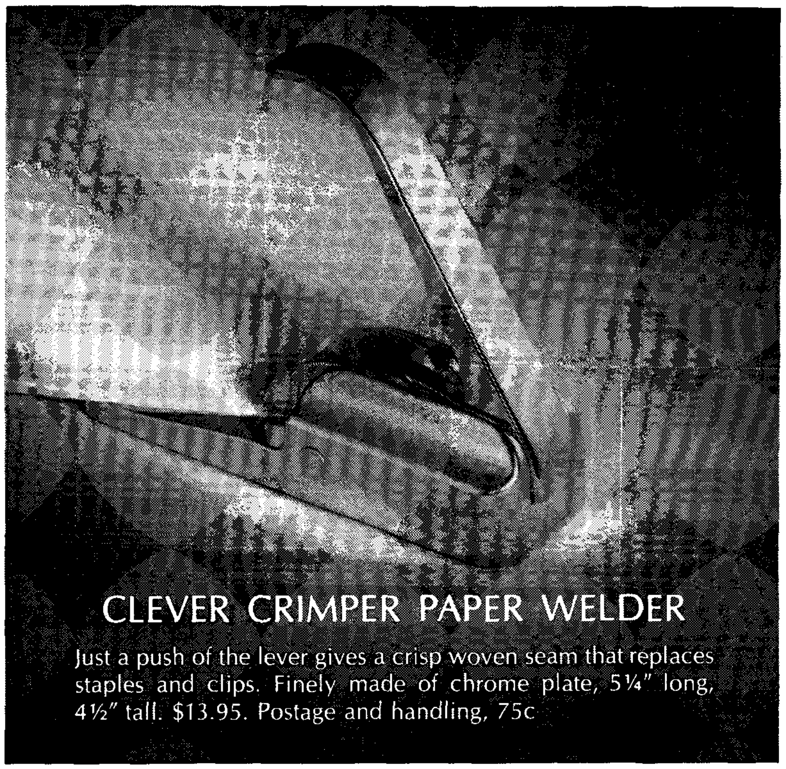
Halls

1114 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri 64106
Ask for our catalog, "An Adventure in Shopping"



TOPS FOR MEASURING

Tempered steel device from France that measures, levels, scribes. Die-cast body, leather sides. 118" tape with locking brake. Lucite window. 2⅝" x 2⅞" x ¾". $10.00. Postage and handling, 50c



CLEVER CRIMPER PAPER WELDER

Just a push of the lever gives a crisp woven seam that replaces staples and clips. Finely made of chrome plate, 5¼" long, 4½" tall. $13.95. Postage and handling, 75c

© 1968 Estée Lauder, Inc.

Estée Lauder gives her Re-Nutriv make-up a rich new glow with palest pales and deepest darks.

Four New Shades of Re-Nutriv Creme Foundation—Two pales and two deep tones now complete a fashion-perfected range of 10 shades. The hand-blended formula, enriched with Estée Lauder's creme of creams, gives every complexion complete coverage, intense glow, magnificent finish.

Two New Shades of Re-Nutriv Face Powder—A muted pale and a deep dark now give you a choice of 5 sheer shades. Each is hand-sifted for a radiant long-lasting finish that helps hide tiny lines and flaws.

Estée Lauder

Sony announces the dawn of a new Sun Set.

It may seem a small thing—7 inches measured diagonally—but it isn't every day we improve a Sun Set and watch the price go down.

It has the dark screen that gives you sharp contrast in sunlight (or any light).

But now it's tilted up.

So you and your Sony need not sit eyeball-to-eyeball.

It's got more transistors and diodes than ever. The latest in all-solid state circuitry for nifty reception.

It's got a sleek new look, racy but elegant in jet black and gleaming chrome.

Yet you can walk out of a store tomorrow with a new 720U for just $109.95.*

With an optional rechargeable battery pack, you can even watch TV all the way home.

(A less luxe version, the 710U, is $99.95.*)

It's the best all-around portable we've ever made. It just costs a little less.

Creeping deflation.

SONY
SOLID STATE

*Mfrs. suggested retail price. ©1968 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

7,200 yards of unremitting challenge. Long, lean fairways. Dog-legs carved through rough and tree. Greens jealously guarded by sand and water. And, test of tests, swirling gusts of wind. It could be St. Andrews.

But it's the Desert Inn, Las Vegas. One of the world's truly abundant resort-hotels. Where pleasures are limited only by time.

Among them, horseback riding through the painted desert. Swimming. Tennis. Mountain climbing. Hunting. Fishing.

On stage: A Desert Inn spectacular that will out-Broadway Broadway. You'll find yourself entertained like you've never been entertained before.

Plus continuous dusk to dawn performances in the Lounge.

And four triumphant restaurants, including the resplendent Monte Carlo. Where gourmets rejoice.

Come. Join the beautiful people at the Desert Inn. It's St. Andrews. And more.

DESERT INN

Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada

St. Andrews, U.S.A.

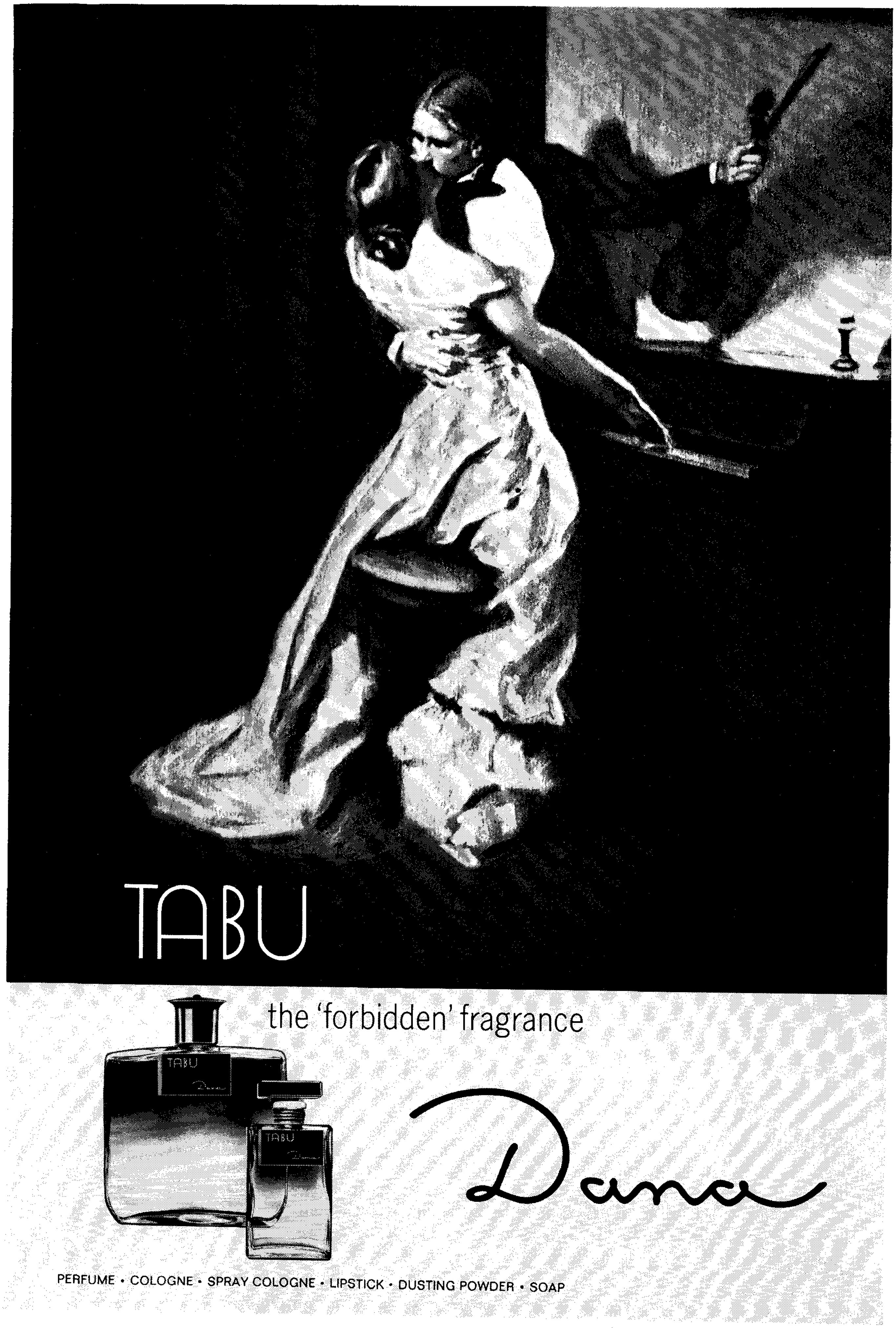
John Meyer of Norwich

© JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH, INC.

For a country Christmas—presents neatly tied and eagerly opened—a shining punchbowl—a canter on a favorite pony—the welcome presence of colors like Apple Jade, Winter Cherry, Dove Grey, Jonquil, Azure Blue and Amber livening the scene. Shown here in young-idea clothes tailored with traditional John Meyer finesse. At stores that understand today.

Stock-tie Shirt	$10
Cable-knit Cardigan	$21
Poaching-pocket Skirt	$19
Shaker Jerkin	$14
Pleat-front Shirt	$15
Newport Skirt	$21
Bloomer PJ's	$12
Pinafore Gown	$10
Yoke Short Shift	$11
Double-knit Sweater	$16
Welted Dirndl	$17
Paisley Scarf	$5
Cable Turtleneck	$19
Glen-plaid Suit	$50
The equestrienne wears: Shetland Wool Jacket	$50
Tweed Slacks	$21

All prices are about.


TABU
the 'forbidden' fragrance
TABU
Dana
TABU
Dana
Dana
PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP

Chances are, driven part of an

Have you ever driven a Cadillac Eldorado? Or an Oldsmobile Toronado? Down some mucky road or up a snowy driveway? Know the way the front wheel drive barreled you right through that muck and slop?

You'll find front wheel drive on the Austin America.

Have you ever shifted a Mustang? Imagine being able to shift a car *both* automatically and manually off the same 4-speed gearbox!

Likewise, for the Austin America.

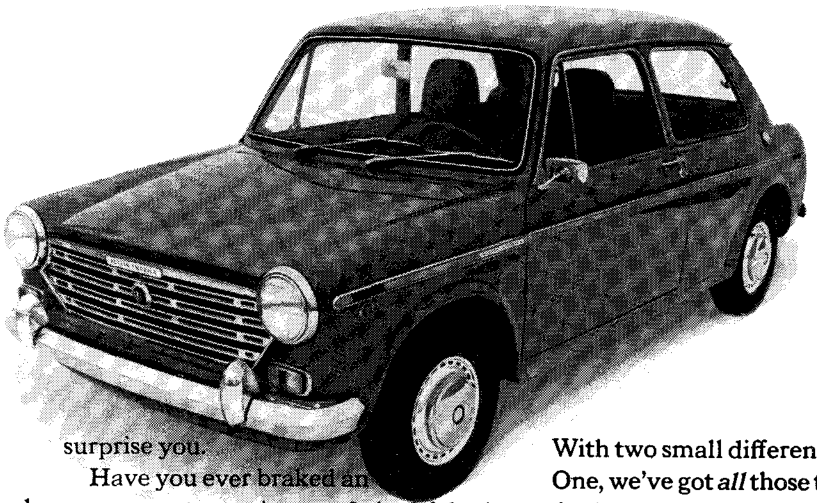
Have you ever driven a Volkswagen up to a gas pump and gotten a dirty look?

You'll get the same dirty look in an Austin America.

Have you ever sat in the back seat of a Lincoln Continental? Remember how your knees didn't crunch up against the back of the front seat?

*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE P.O.E. N.Y. ALSO AVAILABLE WITH MANUAL TRANSMISSION $1765 P.O.E. N.Y. FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE DEPT. A-Y119, BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., RIDGEFIELD, N.J. 07657.

you've already Austin America.



They won't in an Austin America, either.

Have you ever seen the world through the windows of a trans-continental bus? Remember how it was, discovering that trunks have trees and lawns have houses?

Then the Austin America shouldn't surprise you.

Have you ever braked an XK-E Jag in a rainstorm? And felt the grab of its disc brakes?

Ditto for Austin America.

Fact is, the Austin America has a lot of things other cars have.

With two small differences.

One, we've got *all* those things in *one* car.

And two, we've got it for less than any four-speed automatic you can buy.

$1899*.

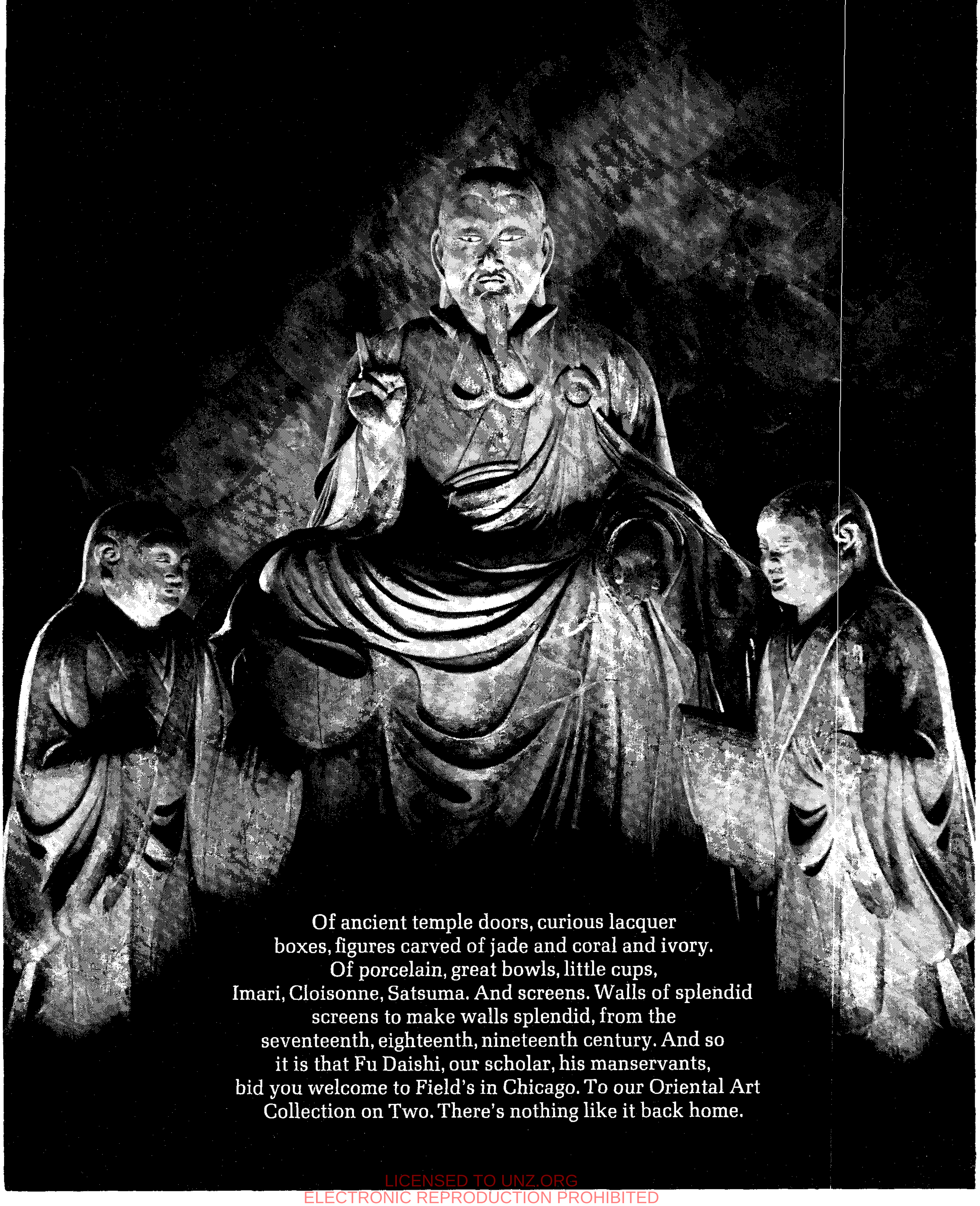
Ah, but that's a whole ad in itself.

The 1969 Austin America.

At MG / Austin Healey dealers

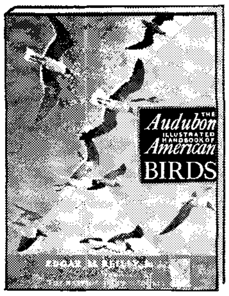
A Chinese Scholar out of a gracious time and age bids you welcome to the happiness of our Oriental Art Collection.

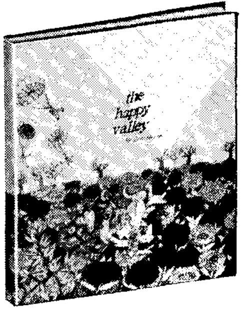
Marshall Field & Company

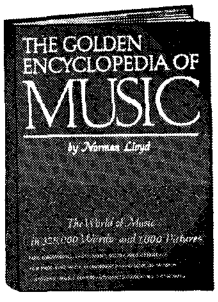


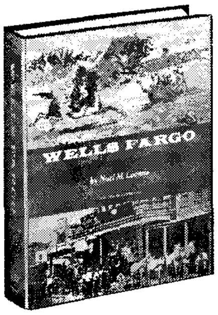
Of ancient temple doors, curious lacquer
boxes, figures carved of jade and coral and ivory.
Of porcelain, great bowls, little cups,
Imari, Cloisonne, Satsuma. And screens. Walls of splendid
screens to make walls splendid, from the
seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth century. And so
it is that Fu Daishi, our scholar, his manservants,
bid you welcome to Field's in Chicago. To our Oriental Art
Collection on Two. There's nothing like it back home.

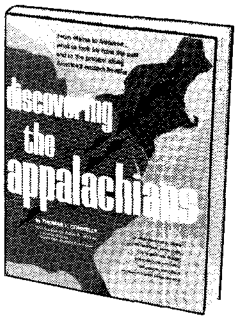
Fiction, fantasy, how-to, cooking,

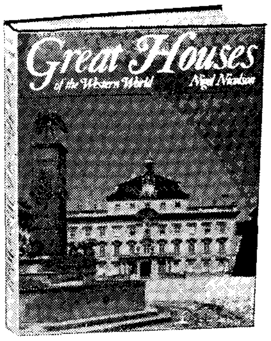

The Audubon Illustrated Handbook of American Birds
Edgar M. Reilly, Jr.


the happy valley


THE GOLDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC
by Norman Lloyd


WELLS FARGO


discovering the appalachians


Great Houses of the Western World
Nigel Nicolson

15J. THE AUDUBON ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN BIRDS. *Edgar M. Reilly, Jr.* Solidly written, definitive volume on North American birds—the habits and life history of 875 different species. Over 500 illus. McGraw. After 1/1/69, $25; now $19.95

35L. THE HAPPY VALLEY. *Eric Berne. Illus.: Sylvie Selig.* The author of *Games People Play* tells a story for young people of a valley where everyone is polite and happy and does what he likes best—and still manages to satisfy his conscience. 7 x 10. Grove. $4.95

27D. THE GOLDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC. *Norman Lloyd. Illus.: Harry McNaught & Charles J. Berger.* This definitive volume includes lively, authoritative text with clear musical examples. Lavishly illus., incl. 24 pp. in color. Index. 8½ x 10⅞. Golden. $12.95

24C. WELLS FARGO: An Illustrated History. *Noel M. Loomis.* A detailed, incisive history with over 300 illus., this book tells the story of Wells Fargo with all the flavor and excitement of the West. 8 x 10. C. N. Potter. $12.50

9J. DISCOVERING THE APPALACHIANS. *Thomas L. Connelly.* Travel-tour-history guide to help you see and understand these great Eastern mountains—their explorer trails, Indian and pioneer sites, folklore, great peaks, and scenic views. Illus. Stackpole. $7.95

9K. GREAT HOUSES OF THE WESTERN WORLD. *Nigel Nicholson.* A stunning study of 500 years of gracious living, showcasing 36 magnificent houses, their interiors and surroundings. Over 400 illus., 40 in color. 10 x 12½. Putnam. After 1/1/69, $25; now $20.95

28L. THE SEAN O'CASEY READER. *Ed.: Brooks Atkinson.* A marvelous selection of nine plays, nine essays, articles, and selections from O'Casey's autobiographical volumes, plus a long and perceptive introduction by Mr. Atkinson. St. Martin's Press. $12.50

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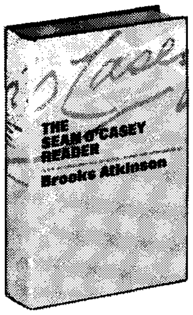
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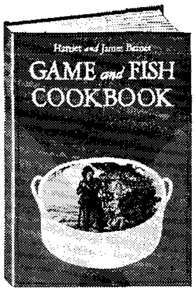
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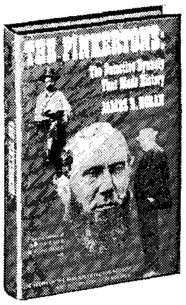
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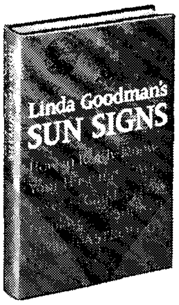
we shall live in peace: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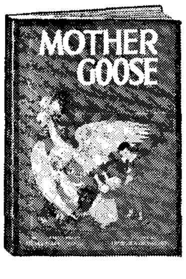
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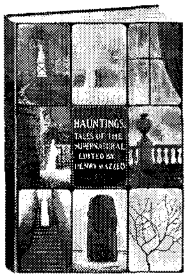

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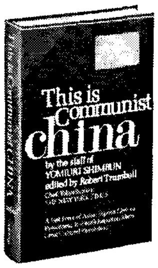
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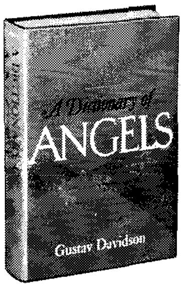
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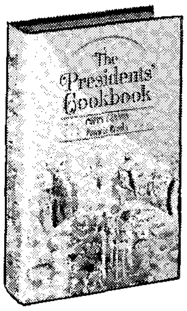
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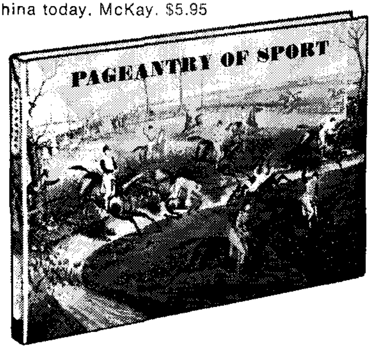
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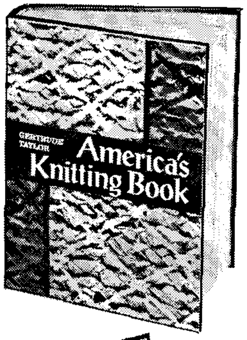
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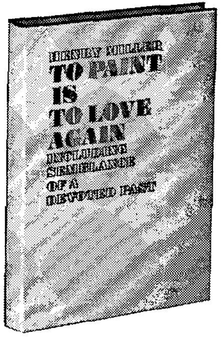
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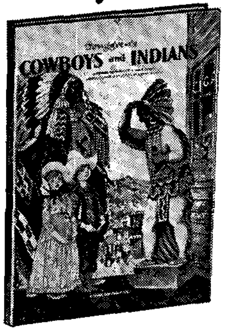
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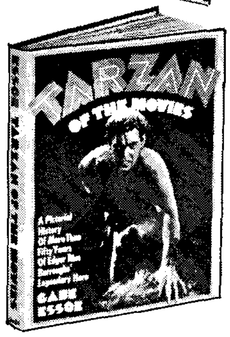
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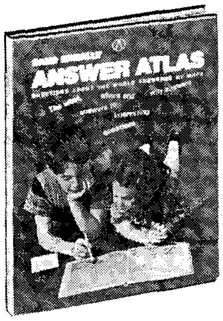
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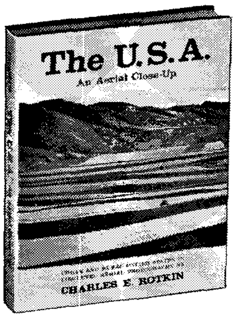
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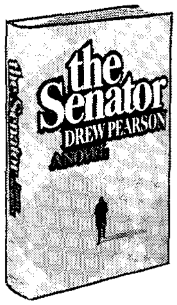
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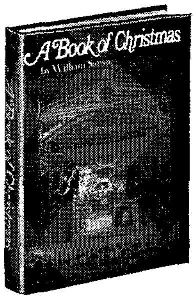
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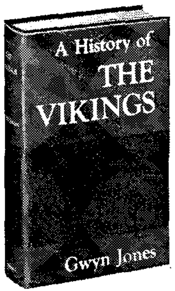
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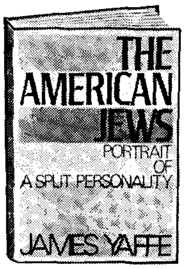
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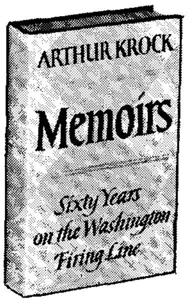
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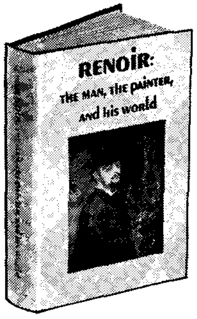
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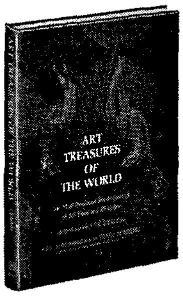
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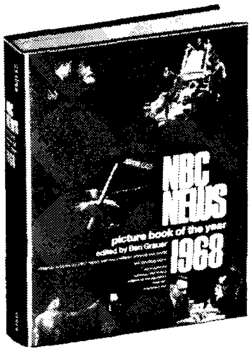
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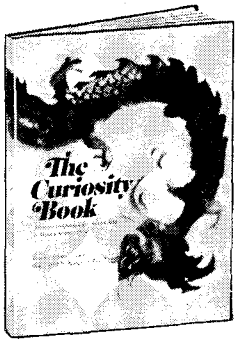
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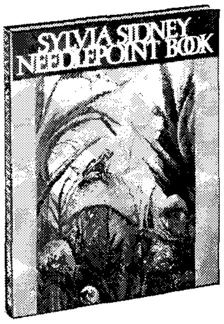
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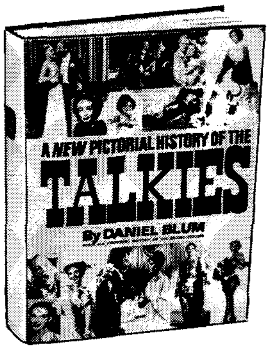
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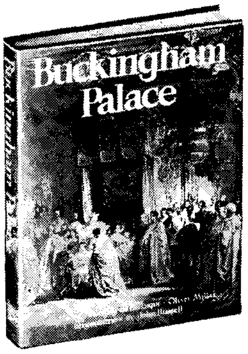
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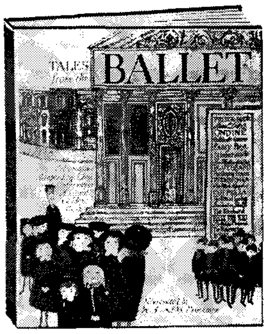
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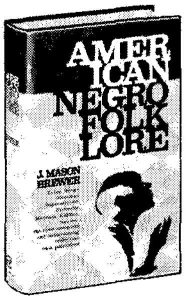
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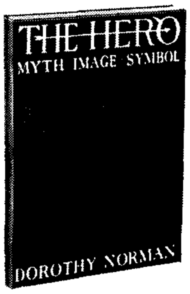
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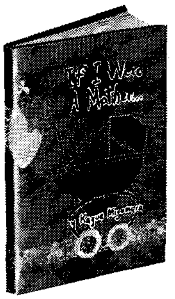
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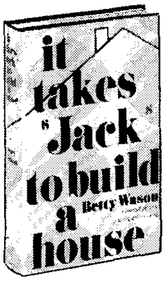
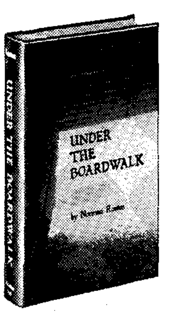

it takes "Jack" to build a house
Betty Wason

Pamela Mason
Marriage is the first step toward divorce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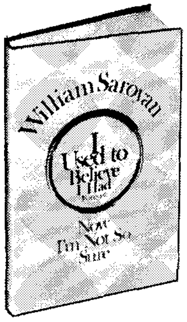
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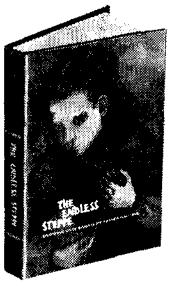
Now I'm Not So Sure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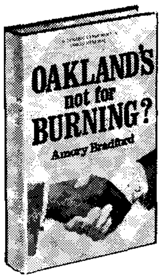
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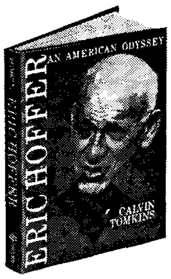
Amory Bradford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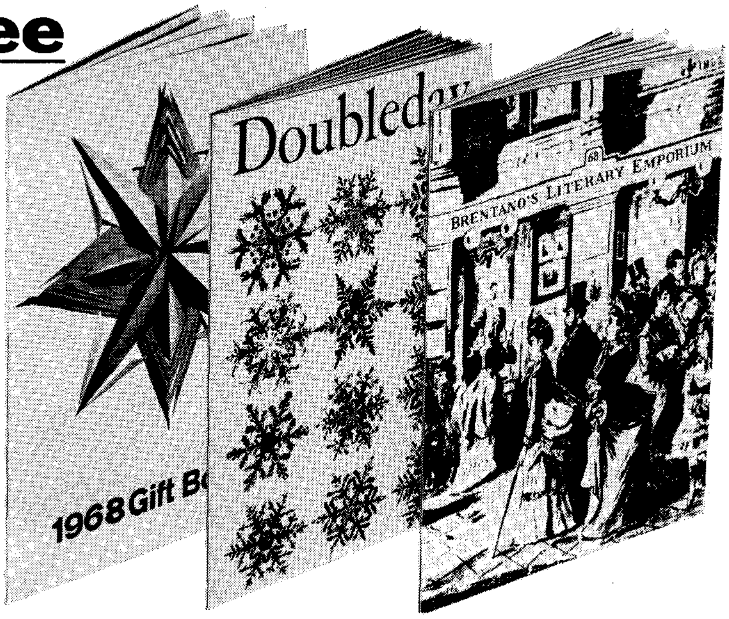

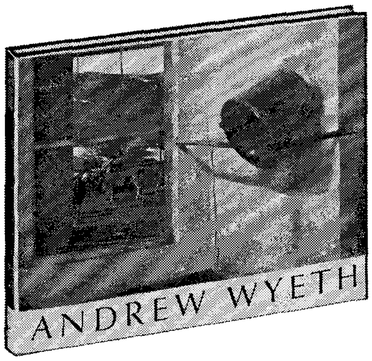

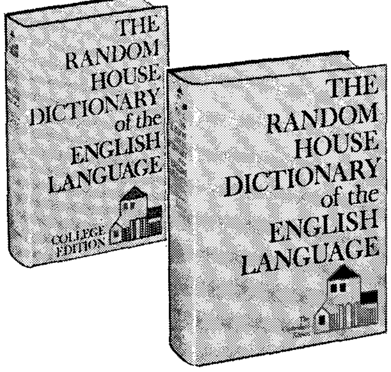
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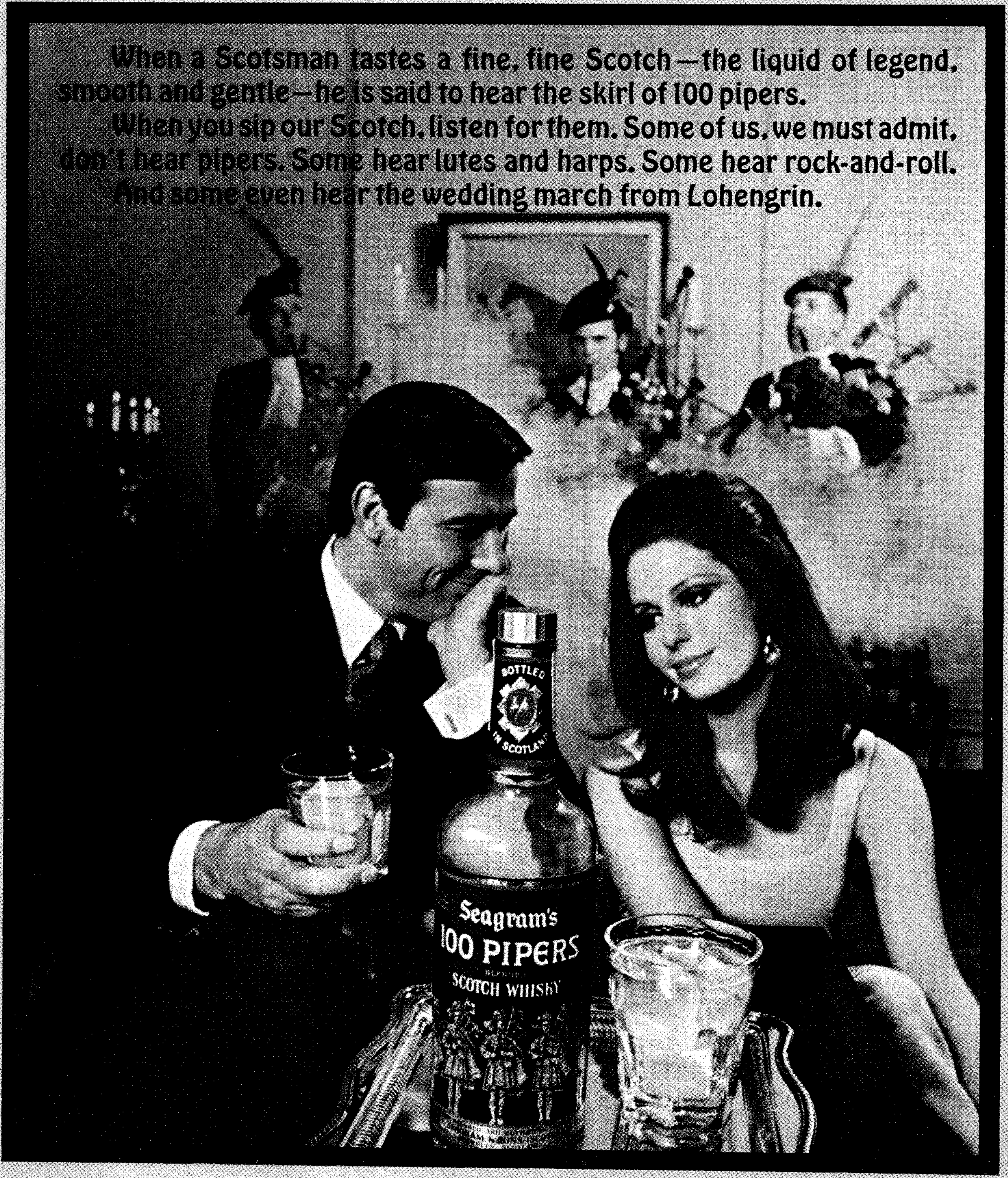
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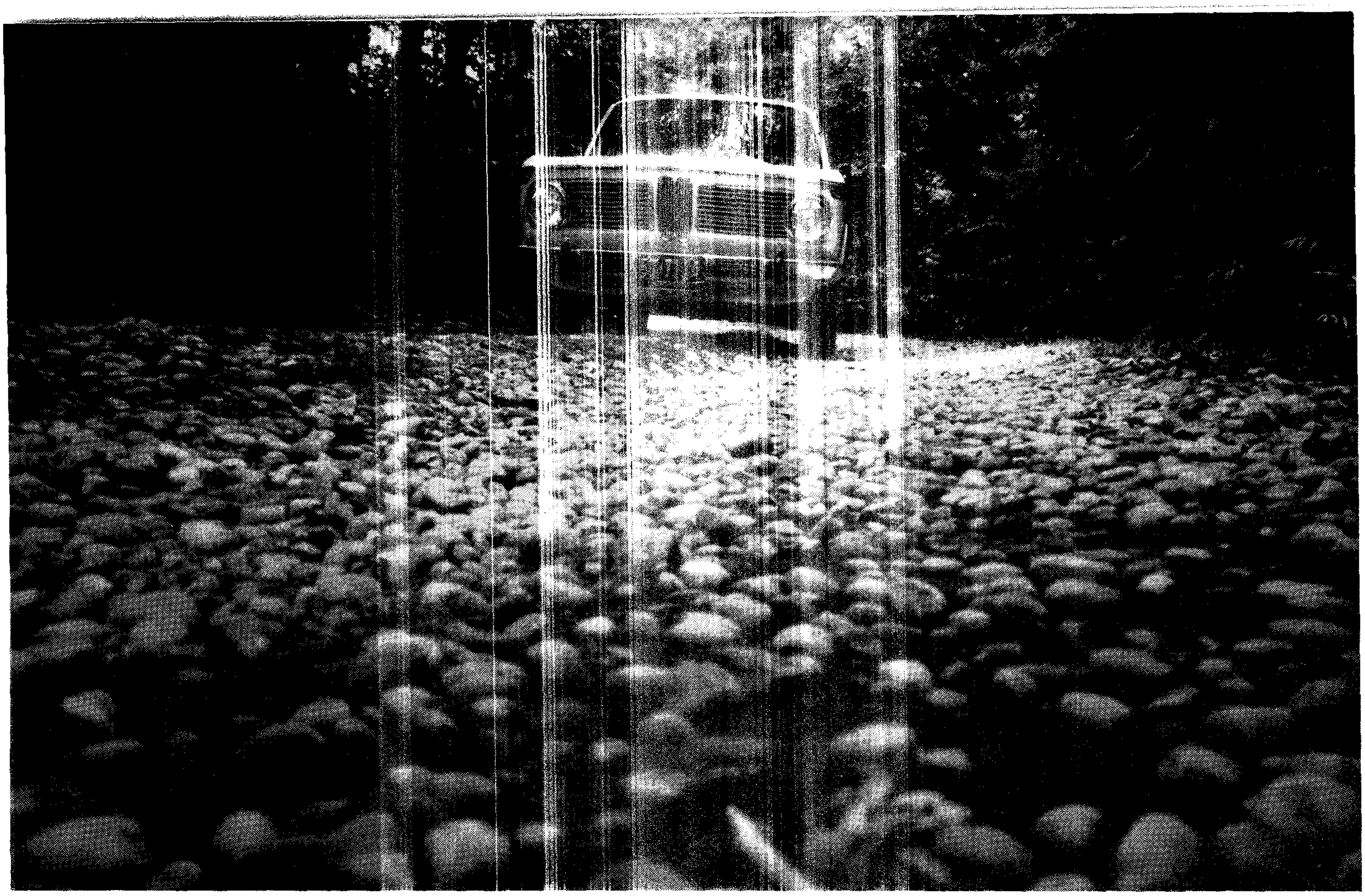

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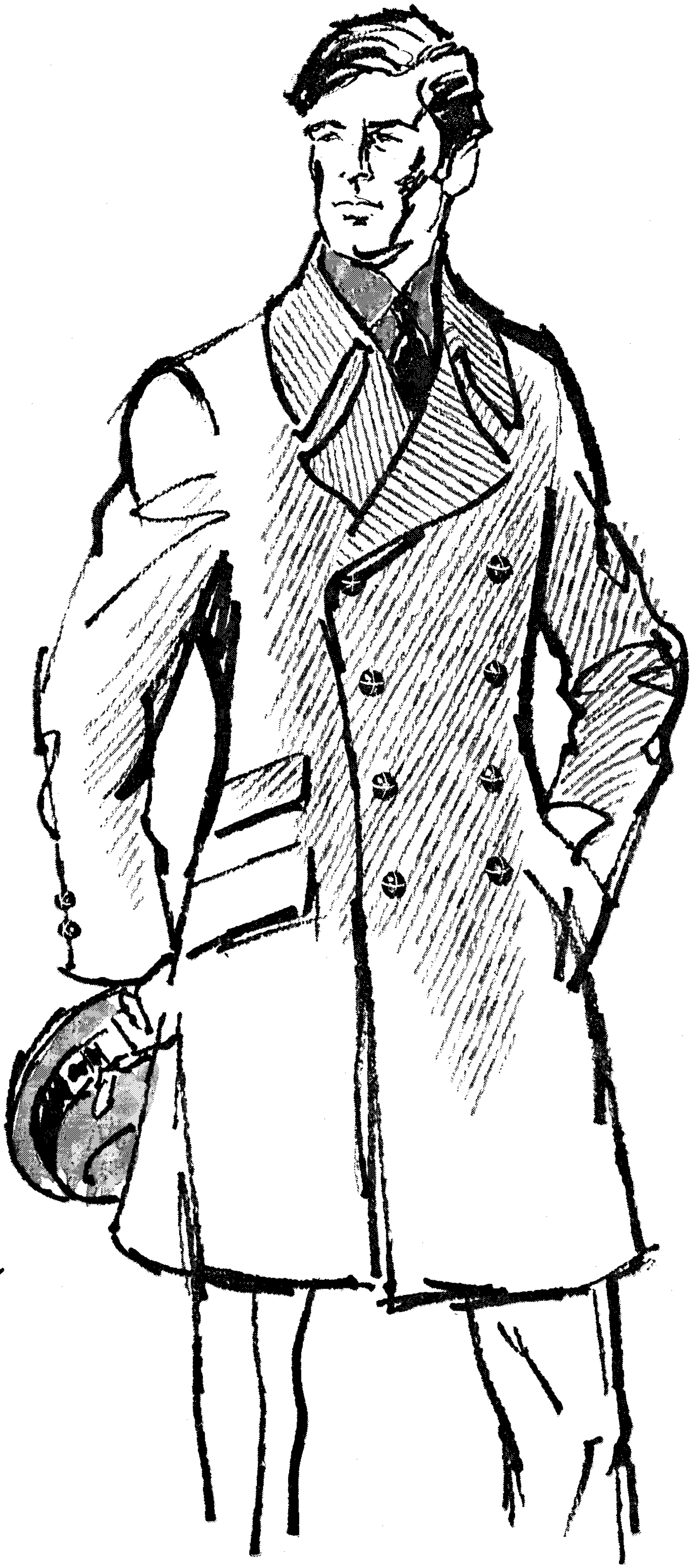
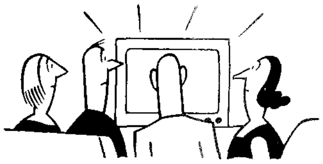


THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

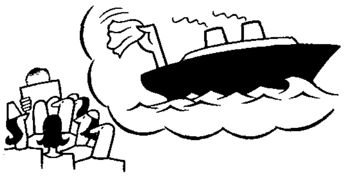
PROBABLY no one will be surprised to learn that the most remarkable linguistic feat of the last few months was performed outside the political ring. The verbal timidity that marked the campaign was a big disappointment to listeners whose hopes had been raised during the summer by Mr. Humphrey's invention of "Nixiecrats" and by the beefing up of two old technical terms, "electable" and "slippage" (denoting disparate prospects of professional success). In September, Senator Mark Hatfield tried out a new verb when he denied being disappointed over his failure to become a Vice-Presidential nominee, saying, "I have no regrets, because I wasn't 'candidating' for it." He was disqualified, however, by the quotation marks around the word when it appeared in print, for they indicated a lack of commitment in the Senator's tone. The contest was clearly over an hour or so before Mr. Nixon tangled with reporters on "Face the Nation." The winner, we declare, is the C.B.S. radio sports announcer who recited the football scores that afternoon. "Browns extinct Atlanta," the man said, resurrecting an obsolete verb with an aplomb and imagination unmatched by any other public speaker this year. Announcer extincts politicians.

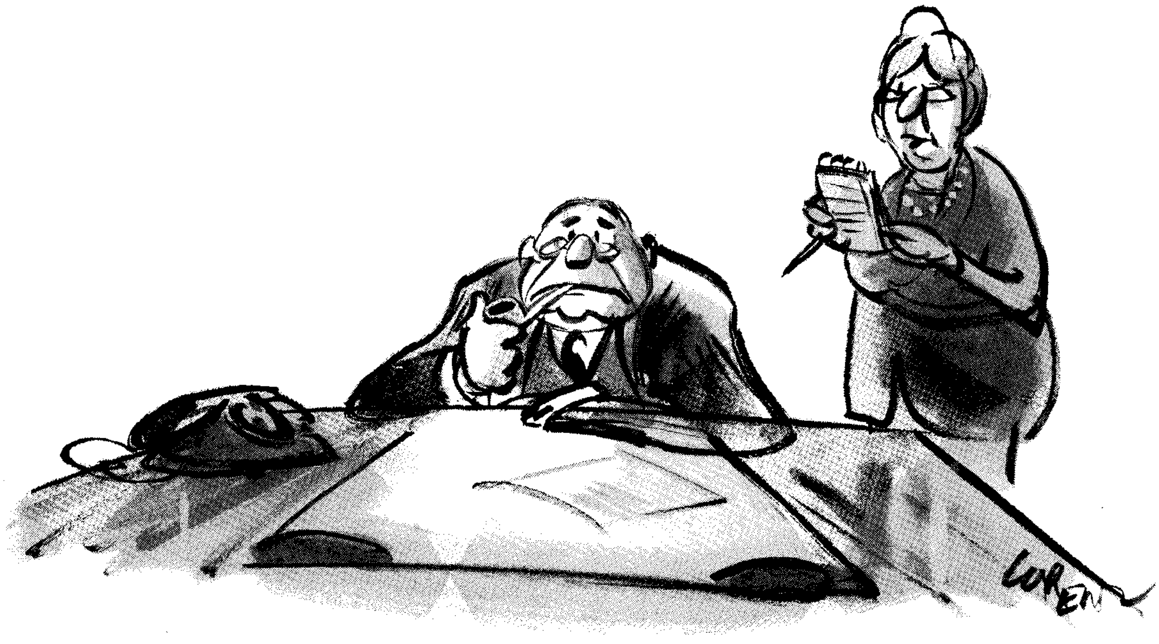


Queen

LAST week, we watched the departure of the Queen Elizabeth from her pier at the end of West Fifty-second Street. After more than twenty years of passenger service across the Atlantic, she was sailing from New York for the last time. Her retirement was announced last winter by the Cunard Line, and in a few months she will go to Port Everglades, Florida, where she will remain, shorebound, to serve as a hotel and convention hall. She is the largest passenger liner ever built, and her replacement, the Queen Elizabeth 2, will set no new record. We arrived at the pier a few hours before the abdicating Queen was to sail, a little after noon. A thin but steady stream of visitors and passengers was moving through the doors of the pier, and a clump of red-vested porters stood just inside, waiting for work. There were fifteen hundred names on the passenger list, which had averaged under a thousand in recent sailings (she can take 2,082), and there were 1,180 in the crew. Inside, the pier echoed with voices as people hurried back and forth talking excitedly, the way people always do at sailings. Somewhere in the distance, a piper played a congested-sounding bagpipe. We went aboard the Queen and wandered around the decks. Near one gangway, a woman passenger was eliciting detailed instructions from a smiling young steward on where to watch the ship leave the dock. From the sun deck, we saw on the pier a rusty old sign, half obliterated, saying "Queen Elizabeth." Flanking it were two spotless new ones—"QE2" and "France." When the new Queen is in service, these two ships will take turns making weekly sailings to Europe, as the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth used to do. The signs will guide the pilots when they are docking the ships. Farewell parties were in progress in practically all the public rooms. (As we passed one party, we heard a man say, "Last year, on the Queen Mary—" but he was talked down by a companion, who said, "I'd like to go on the maiden voyage.") A band was preparing to play, and in the theatre some Scottish countryside was on the screen. There were parties in many of the cabins, too. Even so, most people aboard were walking about looking at the ship.

A few minutes before eleven, we went to a small dining room aft, where there were to be some farewell ceremonies. Mayor Lindsay and Commodore Geoffrey Thrippleton Marr, the master of the Queen Elizabeth, stood under bright lights waiting while microphones, cameras, and more lights were set up. The Mayor looked relaxed, and winked at somebody at one side of the room. The Commodore was talking with a small group of men nearby. Then the Mayor read a speech and presented to Cunard the city's Bronze Medallion and a plaque from the Department of Defense. He said, "Today, a great Queen sails to glory. . . . We shall see her here no more. We shall miss her. But she will not be forgotten. . . . We shall never see her likes again. . . . In passing, it is interesting to note that the Queen Elizabeth is nearly three times as long as the Apollo 8. . . . It is fitting that we take time to say hail and farewell to the Queen Elizabeth. It's because we New Yorkers love thoroughbreds; we love champions; we love beauty; we love style. . . . Unlike the other great transatlantic liners that received spectacular, enthusiastic welcomes arriving here on their maiden voyages, the Queen Elizabeth did not. There may be a few here who remember how the Queen Elizabeth arrived in New York for the first time. It was an overcast day—March 7, 1940. . . . Dunkerque and Pearl Harbor were yet to come. The Queen Elizabeth, camouflaged in grim gray, carrying no passengers and only a skeleton crew, had made a secret voyage from Clydebank to New York. . . . The Queen Elizabeth and the Queen Mary carried nearly two million men to war and home again. . . . It has been said that between them the Queen ships shortened the war by a year. . . . That's





"You have a confrontation with the trustees scheduled for ten o'clock. At eleven you have a confrontation with the Student Council, and at twelve you have a confrontation with the faculty."

• •

why so many New Yorkers will take time . . . to give the Queen Elizabeth a grand farewell—to make up for the solemn, little-noticed welcome twenty-eight years ago."

Commodore Marr then presented one of the ship's goblets to the Mayor. Some newsmen asked the Mayor to repeat part of his speech, and he did.

"I don't look forward to retiring at the moment," the Commodore said to a reporter afterward. Though he is under retirement age, he does not have a job on the new ship, and he is thinking of staying with the old one. "I hope I shall still have a career with her there in Florida. It will be like bringing one of the stately homes of England to America. The Florida hotels will have a hard time matching her. But I'd have liked her to stay at sea a little longer."

We headed for the main gangway, passing, en route, through an empty dining room at one end of which a long table was set with glazed joints of meat. In the center of the table was a large cake, on which the cooks had inscribed a poem in icing:

> With her record for war or peace unsurpassed,
> Meeting her duty to the last,
> When she retires from the Atlantic at the end of the year,
> She'll still be the Queen with a new career.

In the writing room, a young man was enthusiastically photographing the desks. Longshoremen were hustling people off the ship, shouting "Last call!" It was eleven-seventeen. One of the ticket-sellers at the foot of the gangway told us there had been twice the usual number of visitors. The piper on the pier had been joined by three others.

We made our way to a Circle Liner to join several hundred members of the World Ship Society, who had arranged to have the boat follow the Queen down the harbor. Here, too, there were pipers. The boat presently got under way, only to stop in the river off the Elizabeth's stern. Immediately, it began to list heavily toward the ship as people tried for a better view of her. From loudspeakers around the boat came the voice of Mr. John S. Rogers, an admiralty lawyer, who is chairman of the Society. "You'll soon hear her whistle, keyed to the note A, when she is ready to back into the river," he said. "The ensign at her stern, the blue duster, will be lowered when the last line is let go from the pier, and hoisted again from the after mast." Six tugs were clustered at the end of the pier; code flags fluttered gaily on two of them—and on the Elizabeth as well—and parties were in progress on all of them. On one were two more pipers. We heard a scornful mutter from one of the Ship Society pipers: "Donegal!"

"In her day, the world's largest moving object," Mr. Rogers was saying. "On her foremast is the blue-and-white signal flag for the letter 'P,' signifying 'Sailing today'—the blue peter." People packed the end of the pier. Flags flew. More tugs hovered in the river near the ship, along with motor yachts and two police boats. Helicopters swooped out of the sky. A line of chefs stood at the ship's stern. From one of the funnels came a puff of steam; the whistle rumbled. "She's moving!" people said. "It's slack tide," Mr. Rogers said. It was half past twelve. The ship moved slowly astern into the river. The blue ensign went up the mast. Below it, a long streamer started to unfurl. "That's the homeward-bound pennant," Mr. Rogers said. "She's on her last voyage home." The ship moved past the Circle Liner, which then tilted the other way. Tugs began to turn the ship's bow downriver; the tugs doing the work were joined by a spectator tug from a rival company. The Elizabeth whistled three times, thunderously, and the tugs tooted a reply. The Elizabeth answered once, then headed downriver under her own power. The homeward-bound pennant, as it unfolded, revealed first red, then white, and finally blue, and, in the west wind, it streamed nearly three hundred feet off the Elizabeth's port side, above the flotilla of accompanying tugs. At Fourteenth Street, a fireboat was waiting, making fountains. A Statue of Liberty ferry steamed up to meet the ship. The pipers broke into "Will Ye No Come Back Again?" At the Battery, a second fireboat joined the flotilla, sending up sprays of water like ostrich feathers. The Queen Elizabeth steamed down the harbor with seven tugs to port and four to starboard. People waved from the Battery. Below, in the bay, the Circle Liner was slowly left behind. A man stood in its bow waving after the Elizabeth. One by one, the fleet of onlookers peeled off, and at last the Queen steamed alone under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and started down the empty channel to the sea.

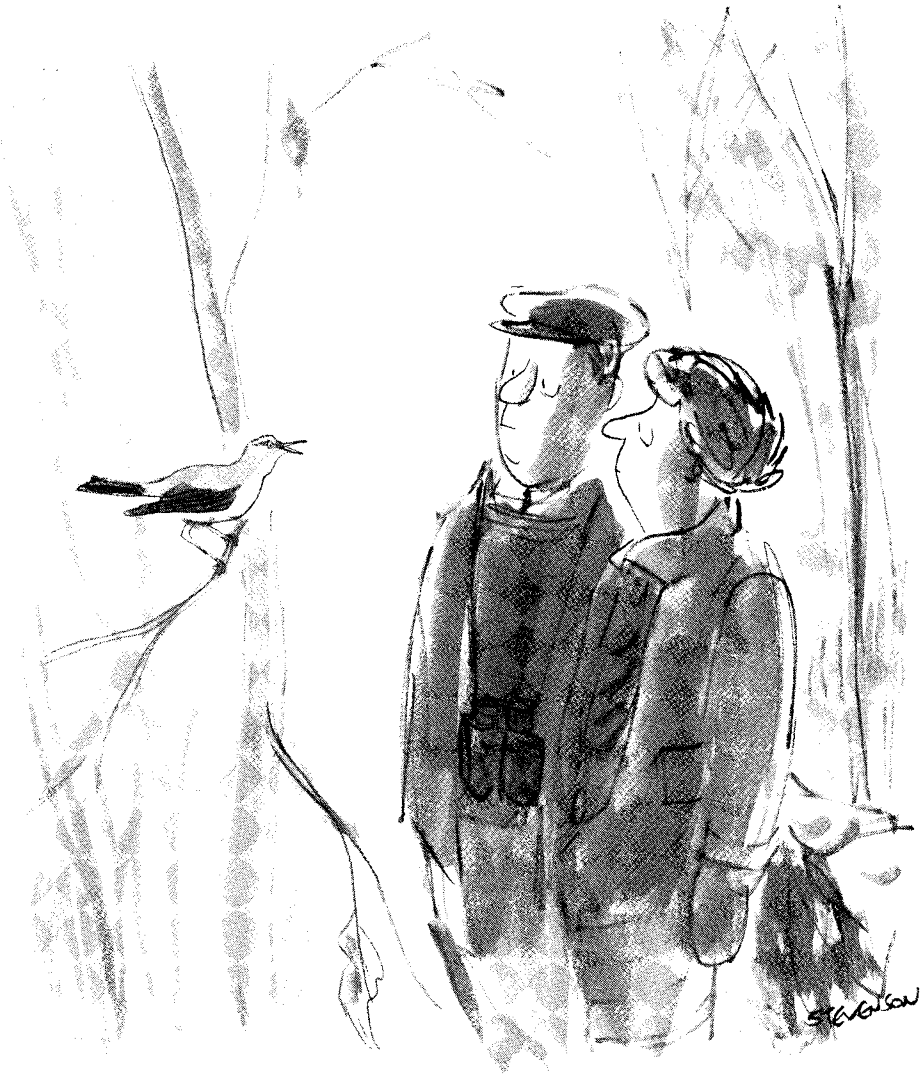
Keeping Things Cool

BDA-BOOM! *Bda-bda-boom!* A powerful sound of drumming—rapid, complex rhythms—came from a downstairs room of the Museum of Primitive Art, at 15 West Fifty-fourth Street, one evening recently, and we hurried down the stairs in pursuit of the sound. Upstairs, we'd been looking at a striking exhibition called "African and Afro-American Art: The Trans-atlantic Tradition"—"the first exhibition to establish direct links between the traditional arts of five major West African civilizations and Negro art in the New World," according to a program note. As we descended, and the percussion grew more compelling, a tall man dashed past us, exclaiming apologetically but exuberantly, "They're playing my song!" By the time we reached the source of the sounds—a room where five men in African dress were beating on a variety of drums for an enthusiastic audience—the tall man was dancing joyfully at the back of the room and hailing friends in various languages as he danced. Someone told us that he was Robert F. Thompson, a Yale assistant professor of art history, and that he had organized the show, and, sensing that this was not the ordinary run of academician, we went over and said hello (in English).

Thompson, a very genial white man in his early thirties, with black hair, a black mustache, and glasses, said hello back, and then, as the room shivered to the pounding drums, he called out, "This song is for Yé-my-yah, the Yoruba goddess of the sea! The drums are reproducing the waves, as the surf gets wilder and wilder!" He cried "*Alafia!*" to a white-robed newcomer and gave him a sweeping handshake. What with the wild surf and the salutations ("*Alafia*" means "peace" in Arabic, we discovered later), it was difficult to get very far with any talk, so we vibrated to the music for a while and caught up with Thompson upstairs later on.

When we congratulated him on the beauty of the assembled art, he looked very pleased, but he said, "I have a horror that when people see these things they won't realize how much moral force is harnessed in them. A major strength of African art is its moral power. How dare we call these people primitive? Ethics is so important to them! Whites think of the great black religions as simply sex and superstition; that's as if we wrote a history of Christianity with only the Inquisition and the witches of Salem as examples. Every word like 'idol' or 'fetish' sets us back; it's like anti-Semitism squared. The Yoruba religion is a world religion; twenty-five million people in Brazil follow it, and so do a lot of people in the Caribbean, and at least twenty gods of the Yoruba are served today in the black barrios of Brooklyn and Harlem. In Africa, art is a way of keeping things cool. If you should want to tell somebody in West Africa that you hate his guts, you might compose a little song rather than humiliate him directly. It's so artful. If a man beats his wife, the villagers might come to his house and sing a song about the frog of the forest who has a wife whose skin is bleeding. The song of allusion can make people who are misbehaving literally face the music. A portrait, to the West Africans, is a poem of praise. It notices you. They like the cool, shining, rounded portrayal of the face; as long as it's generalized, no one's feelings are hurt. A wart is too real; that's hot—an invitation to argument. They believe in *idogba*—symmetry and balance. A portrait of an elder would be a mid-point depiction. Not too young, not too old—praising the wisdom of the aged but fusing it with the beauty of the young. It's coolest to depict people ideally."

Mr. Thompson called our attention to a carved pot lid from the mouth of the Congo. "Here's an example of the visual song of allusion—for when there's been a social rupture," he said. "This was carved by a wife, and the ideograms mean 'Beat me, and my ear hears it; it's going into my memory, and you'll pay for it.' Then she serves her husband dinner in the pot, and he sees it. This food stirrer from Surinam is a love letter from a man. The plaited handle represents everlasting ties, the circular device means 'Turn your heart in my direction,' the stylized depiction of the coffin means 'I'll love you till I die,' the triangles in a circle represent kisses, and at the bottom there's a circle with grooves that resembles a washboard—that means, 'But you have to promise to be a good housekeeper.' The straight line with a curvy line over it represents truth versus mendacity—truth is shorter, better. The beauty of a non-alphabetic language is that you get nuances at will." He then showed us some examples of chalk calligraphy from eastern Nigeria, explaining that



"Pardon me. Have I reached Florida?"

these were antecedents of carved signs found in Surinam and Cuba. "The most exciting symbol of all is three circles," he said. "They represent the absolute minimum of support—the tripod. And that means morality—the idea that without an essential morality to hold up the world we'd all fall through. Contrast that with the nineteenth-century idea of Africans' simply worshipping idols. The Africans believe that your character is your fate, but that by honoring powerful forces you disarm them. Ogun, the Yoruba god of iron, loves you to sing to him, to whittle his name, and to dance. With Ogun, you have to put yourself into it; then there's nothing he won't do for you. Compare this with those Western preachers who speak only fearful pronunciamentos of doom—but, of course, no Yoruba would ever make a slighting comparison like that."

Thompson talked about how slavery brought African art to the Western Hemisphere. "The British and Dutch preferred slaves from Ghana—that's why you'll find a drum that was made in Virginia before 1753 embellished in the same manner as drums of the Ashanti in Ghana, and why the Uncle Remus stories of the South turn out to be old Ghanaian folk tales. The last slaves to enter this country were smuggled into coastal Georgia in 1858. In cemeteries south of Savannah, you find shards of pottery around Negro graves—this is a custom in Ghana. There were at least eight fine black sculptors working in the Savannah area as late as 1939." He pointed to a very handsome cane and a beautiful sculpture of a frog. "These were both done by William Rogers, one of the greatest sculptors of Afro-American art. The people of Savannah are very proud of their Regency architecture, but they're largely unaware of this other great tradition." He indicated two more canes. "This exquisite cane was carved in Missouri in 1863 by a Negro blacksmith named Henry Gudgell for his master, a Colonel Bryan, who had just been shot in the knee at the Battle of Wilson's Creek. The sloping-block motif, the tortoise, the lizard entwined, the man seen frontally are all elements that are also seen in *this* walking stick"—he pointed to the second cane—"which is from the Congo basin. In this country, the slaves came up *against the Puritan ethic*—no dancing, no saints to merge their gods with—but in Latin America they entered a Latin-Catholic environment. It provided saints on which the Yoruba and others could hang their gods."

We asked Thompson how he had become interested in African and Afro-American art, and he replied that it had been a roundabout trip. "When I was seven, living in El Paso, my parents were considering buying a record player," he said. "The test record was a heavily Westernized Afro-Cuban song called 'Jungle Drums.' I didn't know, of course, that it was derived from the *canto karabali*—the Nigerian cult of costumes—but it got to me. And around that time Desi Arnaz was singing 'Babaloo'—and I didn't know *that* was from the Yoruba '*baba-oloo-a-ya*,' which means 'Yoruba master of the entire world.' Anyway, they were fragments of the great tradition. So music was the start. Another factor was that El Paso is a border city, across from Juarez. The idea of another *country*, man! An alternative always there. I loved it. And I associated an alternative culture with people who were brown. Well, that and my increasing taste for African-influenced music set me up for the kill. I was in Mexico City in 1950, and it was the Perez Prado mambo period. '*Mambo*' means 'talk' in Yoruba. Mambo came to Mexico the way jazz came to the States. The country was vibrating to this Afro-Cuban takeover. I went to Yale, and spent my whole career in Puerto Rican dance halls in New York, watching the mambo—I didn't realize it was plugged into the Yoruba—and listening to people chanting. Gradually, I realized I was not just interested in mambo—I saw some African art by accident on television—and I decided I wanted to carry it all back as far as it goes. Thank God, I entered African art history the wrong way—through musicology. Unless you do this, something gets lost. In Italy, you must know that an equestrian statue belongs in the park; in Africa, you should know that the sculpture goes in the dance. But, anyway, the love of mambo led to all this."

After an abortive spell in law school (he thought he might become a lawyer practicing in Africa), Thompson went to Yale Graduate School, studied the history of art, and then went to Africa, with his wife and year-old daughter, to do his doctorate on the interaction between Yoruba dances and sculpture. "I was an aesthetic dolt when I entered Yoruba land," he said. "They trained me. I asked people in two hundred villages to criticize their own art, and then I tabulated their answers." Thompson speaks Yoruba fluently, along with French, Spanish, Portuguese, "Italian in the present tense, a little Arabic, and greetings in Dan." He also plays various African musical instruments, including the finger piano—a gourd with keys that are made, he says, from the metal stays of missionaries' umbrellas. It produces a gentle sound not unlike the steel-drum music of the Caribbean. "Art scholars used to think that Africans could create these beautiful things without knowing what they were doing," he said. "That's ridiculous. Sensitivity is based on constant exposure. Every day of his life, the average Yoruba, as he gets up in the morning, will be face to face with perhaps two pieces of first-class sculpture. By contrast, the average American sees one statue in the park once a week. We would go to a village, and our helper—a young man named Reuben—would say to the chief, 'We would like to see your art.' The chief would say, 'Impossible. We cannot be bothered. Besides, we are all Christians here. We do not have idols.' Then I would say, in Yoruba, 'But I have seen your images along the road.' The chief would exclaim '*Áià!*' That's pleased astonishment. He would establish a fee. The Yoruba are practical, down-to-earth people, and they don't like to waste time. Everyone works. Then we'd go to a house to see some sculpture. When you greet someone, incidentally, you don't just say hello. It's more personal than that. If he is sitting down, you say, 'I greet you for sitting down.' Or 'We greet you for your work,' if he is working. It's so beautiful; you are taking notice of a person. The Yoruba feel that white skin is unfortunate, but they are very polite, so if they happened to have an albino child, they would bring it out, to put you at your ease by showing that it could happen to anyone. Then they'd bring out a piece of sculpture. I'd ask, 'Who carved it?' 'He's dead.' 'How many years ago was it carved?' 'About sixteen years ago.' I finally realized that sixteen was the classic put-on number. I didn't understand then that a date by itself is not interesting to them; they are more interested in people than

"I could kill that Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics course!"

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in things. It's better to ask, 'Who here was born the year that sculpture came into the compound?' When you go into a village, they naturally hold back. But why should they tell me anything? I could be a tax collector, or a missionary. But when you come a second time, a year or two later, they greet you warmly: 'You are no longer a stranger here. *This* time, we will tell you the truth!'" Thompson laughed, and turned to a brass fan with engraving on it. "This fan is from Ejesha, an important city in Yoruba land. No one would tell me who made it. A couple of ladies told me, 'He may be around somewhere,' and two men who were playing a kind of checkers said that he was dead. But they admitted that the man's son might be alive. They thought he lived on a farm. Where? Oh, the farm was too far away. Well, the farm got nearer the more I asked. Finally, it was arranged that I would go to a certain place the next day at 2 P.M., and when I got there, all the people I'd questioned were there. They were all members of the artist's family. The man was dead, but the son was there, and he was a fine artist himself, as well as a spectacular informant. They showed me a list of their family going back twelve generations. Can you imagine having that kind of history?"

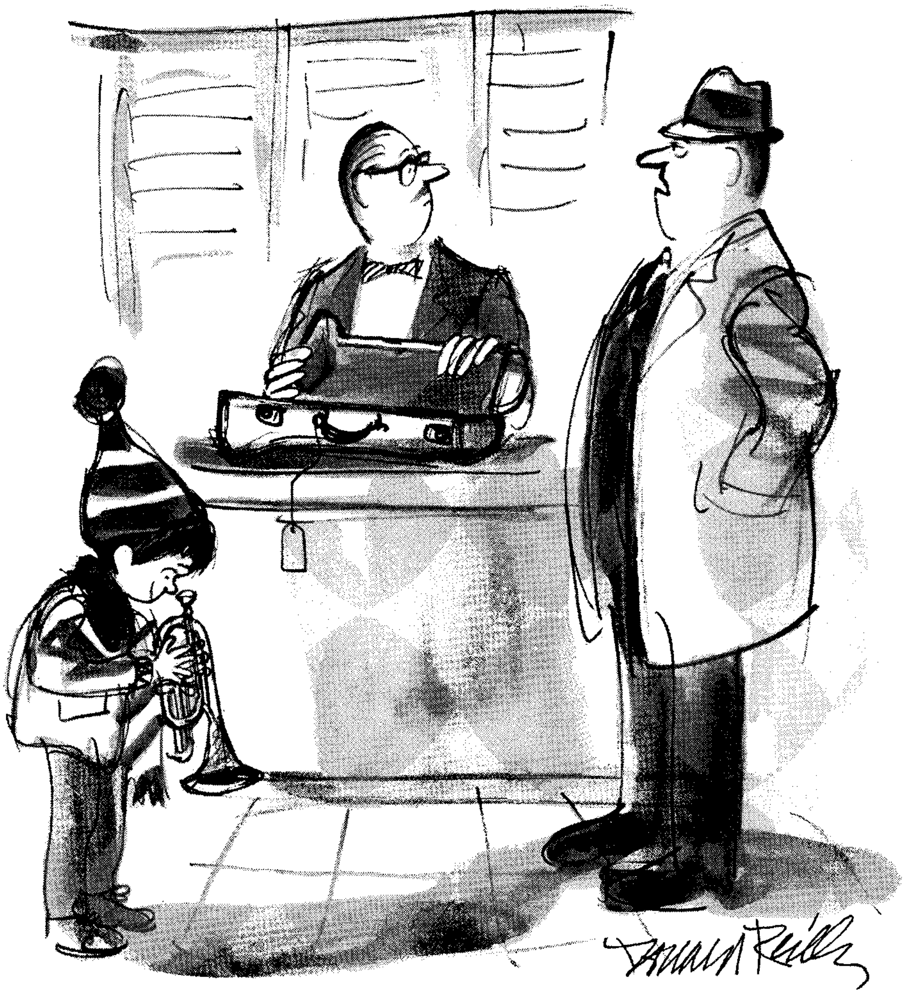
Thompson shook his head, and went on, "We stayed for a while in Butuo, a village of the Dan culture, to make movies of the masked dancers. There are no roads to Butuo; it's in the rain forest of Nigeria. You can get there only by means of a Piper Cub flown by a missionary who prays aloud on take-off, 'Dear Lord, we are about to fly to the village of Butuo. We pray that we do not crash and burn. Amen.' You land on a postage stamp—bomp, bomp, bomp, *thud*. Then the missionary departs. You wake up at four in the morning to the sound of the town crier: 'The weeds are getting terrible around here! I want to see the weeds cleared today!' Or 'Let's get these roofs in order!' We'd get up and open the shutter, and it was like theatre-in-the-round: the whole village would be sitting on the ground waiting to see the white man brush his teeth. You never knew when the masked dancer would come. Once, he came in the middle of the night. The moon was shining, and it was beautiful. There was incredible singing—each man was assigned one or two repeating notes, in various rhythms, and when they sang together it was like a train with pistons moving in different ways; it's called 'hockating.' They played slit gongs—brnng! brnng!—and the masked dancer responded to each syllable of the music as if he were being pulled by strings. The masked dancer comes to settle serious disputes; he's like the Supreme Court. He is a man, but the mask—with slitted eyes—is a female face, so he has the strength of a man but he can also judge women. The totality of human experience is in his mind; the collective moral wisdom and wrath of the ancestors are embodied in him. His costume is bizarre, and he speaks in an eerie, high-pitched, staccato scream—all this is a dissolution of ordinary aesthetic rules, emphasizing the extraordinary qualities needed to overcome an extraordinary rupture. The Yoruba are as symbolic about their judges as we are, and as deeply concerned about the proprieties. A trial can go on and on and on, until the opposing sides have been woven together. The idea of winning absolutely is abhorrent to people who must depend on each other for the harvest. Take wrestling. In the West, we *pin*. In African wrestling, the loser is merely thrown off balance. And the loser *dances* out." Thompson smiled. "Winning is a luxury of the urban West," he said.

DRIFTWOOD

IT is rock-bottom axiomatic that if you gaze from a deep chair into an open fire you are going to have trains of thought, and when I found myself so placed one evening not long ago I eventually followed one of mine across ten years to a Mrs. Robinson Cowan (as I will call her), who lived in a big old house on the outskirts of Louisville, and to *Mon*roe, her anxious middle-aged son. It was a predictable reverie, on the face of it; earlier that day I had got a note from Lyman Flanders, a paying guest in that house at that time, as I was. (Little Major Flanders, the toy major from Wisconsin, five feet four, slight in build, deep bass voice, as hopeful of being liked as a cocker spaniel.) But there was more to the train of thought than idle recollection. There was a connection I wanted made between Mrs.—Miz—Cowan and myself, and between the fire that often burned in her small sitting room off the front hall and the driftwood fire now flickering in front of me.

The house I was in was also an old house, and for the time being I was alone there. It was a borrowed one on the South Shore of Long Island, offered to my wife and me by friends who had gone to Europe. I was there for a week or so between a stint in a hospital and a return to real—to daily—life. That was part of what was tapping at me that night; life at the moment was not exactly real. It was pleasantly suspended. I seemed to be in a state of unfamiliar harmony, I couldn't say with what. Owing to recent illness, no doubt, but I felt there were other factors. Solitude, perhaps—my wife had been commuting to her work, and that night she was delayed. But I had already been aware of it when she was present. Full moon? First frost? The nearness of the sea? Then I began to think it had somehow to do with closer surroundings.

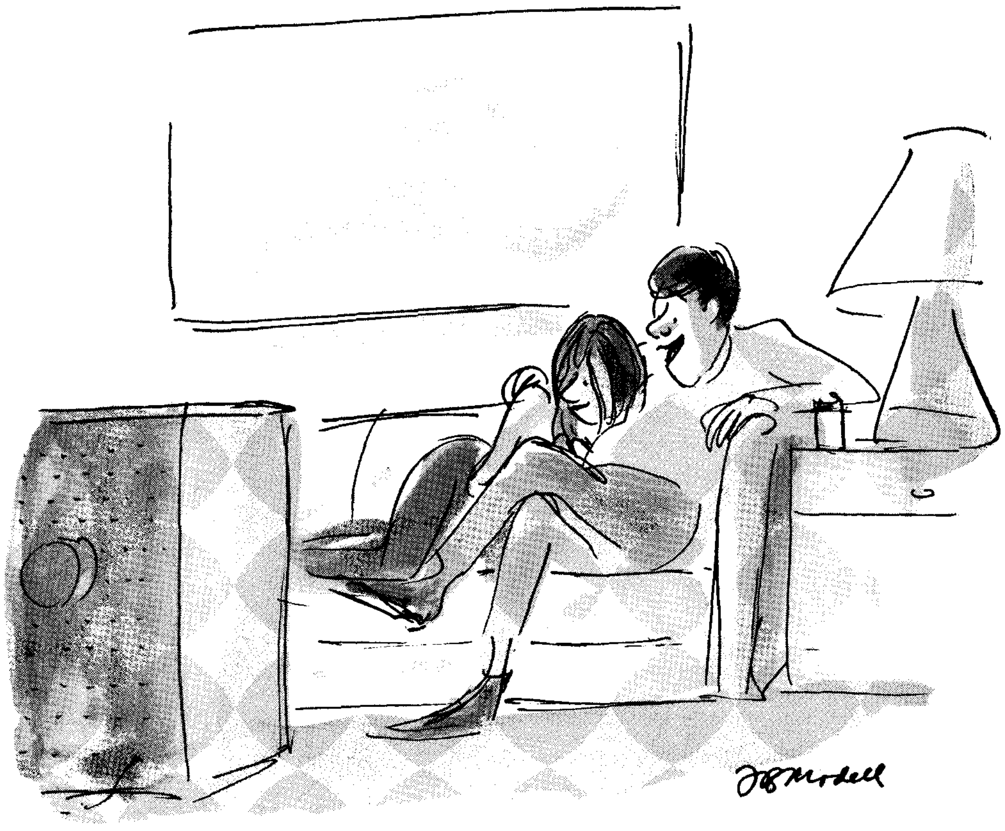
One's own chairs and tables, one's own lamps and pictures, bedroom curtains, kitchen utensils, dishes and knives and forks, highball glasses, doorknobs—these seldom assert themselves, or intrude into mind-meandering. They are barely nodded to in passing, being almost part of one's physical makeup; they are among the facts of daily life. But here all such things were strangers, not quite real because not ours, and yet more real because one *saw* them, *touched* them. And then I began to suspect that I was merely trying to hang on out there, reluctant to go back to day-to-day life and to what I saw from my vantage point as the snide imprisonment of routine. Oppressive, I thought. Facts. Things. But (I told myself) I am comfort-loving, and can have no quarrel with things. And vouched-for facts are surely useful. A straight line *is* the shortest distance—but then you start to wonder about the points. A little illness, a little detachment, a little fire, and you get to fooling with minor heresies. And, meanwhile, my mind kept tugging me back to Mrs. Cowan, though what she might have to do with it all I was not yet prepared to say.



"How much does your average cornettist pull down per year?"

She was tall—an angular woman, Virginia-born, with hair that had once been carroty red but by then was a dusty saffron. Her memory for trifles and remote family imbroglios and great deeds was prodigious, equalled only by her spirited interest in all the funerary customs of the world. She wore pince-nez, which she took off with a small flourish to convey an armory of responses. When she was angry, which was rare indeed, the gesture seemed to be a meeting of her adversary head on. When she was merely annoyed—when, that is, someone had lost his mind—it appeared the simplest means of cutting a fool from her sight; she had fine, dark, astigmatic eyes. And she always took her glasses off when she had to deal seriously with a man. She held that men were undeniably a work of God, but what God had been thinking of only He could say. This was pure pose; she liked most men immensely. She was rich enough (and old enough, and queer-looking enough, she said) to dress as she pleased. Her paying guests, one or two at a time, were certainly not taken in for need; she refused to leave her house for any form of protective custody, and her son, who was married, and who hovered politely in her sitting room for exactly an hour each afternoon on his way home from work, was happy to have reliable people staying there. He wanted her to harbor only guests with the highest credentials, but if she liked a person's looks and thought he might sometimes sit and talk to her—by which she meant sit and be talked to—he was elected.

So there she was, I thought—a talkative, elderly, upper-South lady, a stalwart of her church and of her book and garden clubs, typical, all but archetypal. A tiny light-blue flame rippled back and



"What a cast! William Powell, Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels, Conway Tearle . . ."

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forth over a crack in the top piece of driftwood; a handful of embers fell from the chunk beneath and scattered and died along the sides of a hill of ashes. Pompeii. Herculaneum. . . . Mind-wandering for fair, I thought. Get on with Mrs. Cowan. Surely she was only an amiable and close to comic memory. But I wanted to recall something more than just her looks and ways, and her own open fires and falling embers (in which she, too, now and then saw distant landscapes). It had to do with a bottle of champagne and Monroe's diary.

At the time I went to live in Mrs. Cowan's house, I was about to make a good-sized stay in Louisville, and a room in a well-polished manse among oaks and elms was more tempting than one in a hotel. I went recommended by a former guest. Mrs. Cowan talked to me for a while (mostly about Chinese funerals in which the mourners wore *white* robes and paper flowers, and some of them blew horns ten feet long that little boys had to hold up for them, they were so heavy, and how the whole sight would have looked disrespectful if she had ever happened to see it), and I passed. Perhaps that is the wrong word. In Mrs. Cowan's terminology, when a person passed he was dead. I was accepted. Major Lyman Flanders was already snugly installed. He was on some kind of Army-liaison assignment at an industrial plant in the area. I met him that same day—a Saturday. He had just finished mowing the lawn.

Mrs. Cowan had had her yardman for over forty years, so, though he was getting creaky, she kept him on, and whenever he didn't appear Lyman, I learned, took over. He loved to trim the hedge and mow, and he wanted no help. He often sang as he mowed, his voice booming among the gnarled trees, his little legs working like pistons back of the machine. He was a ruddy young man, who grew ruddier with either exercise or pleasure, and so, after his chores, he was still always of high color when he joined Mrs. Cowan for tea in her sitting room. There, for an hour or more, she entertained him. It was a narrow room, with bookshelves on all sides, filled partly with books and partly with an astonishing variety of souvenirs—a population of figurines human and animal, a flower under glass, a piece of uncut jade, a miniature hand-tooled "Rubáiyát" from which quotation flowed, a small compass, a dagger with an inlaid sheath (no edge by now, she said; wouldn't hurt a two-month child), a stuffed owl, and many more. And on the mantel, between two raging cast-iron horses' heads, was a row of photograph albums. They held the likenesses of, among others, the many donors of the keepsakes, and so her talks about them were fully illustrated. Most of the donors were defunct by then. ("The Moving Finger writes . . .")

I was told to stop by for a chat whenever I liked, but at first I hesitated; she and Lyman seemed so well established in there, so complete. Still, I was inquisitive about the books, among which she had said I might browse, and one day I did go into the sitting room, thinking that I should at least pay a call before taking up the offer. Lyman was there, the fire was burning low and peacefully, and Mrs. Cowan was finishing a story about her great-uncle Spencer and the dagger. An album on Lyman's lap lay open to the appropriate photograph. I admired it—the handsomely posed subject was wearing a Confederate uniform—and had a cup of tea. "He was a truly noble man," Mrs. Cowan said. "He gave his horse to General Jeb Stuart in the heat of battle. The General's horse was shot from under him. Uncle Spencer was right there handy. He didn't think twice."

Later, outside my room, I asked Lyman to fill me in on the story of the dagger. He just grinned at first, and then he said, "Ho! You mean the story today?" A bass sound—a sort of laugh overlaid with affection—issued from him. "Why, today he swapped a turquoise ring for it in a bazaar in Algiers. Last week, he took it away from a religious fanatic in Calcutta. Uncle Spencer wasn't just noble. He was well travelled. I love her." He went off to his own room, rumbling with love and amusement, and I decided I would drop in for tea again.

I took another piece of wood from a basket by the hearth (in the present, in the house near the sea), thinking how Mrs. Cowan was held in only the lightest bondage to facts and things. Outside, the wind had risen. I could hear the surf. The wood in my hand was scoured and drained, but it had been part of a man-made object. It was flat and seemed to be panelled. I imagined I could make out the print of a hinge. A cabinet door, perhaps. I put it on the fire. The blaze spurted up in a hissing counterpoint to the low thudding of the water, and for a minute I sat trying to guess where the little door, if it was a door, had come from. A ship? A cottage a few steps down the beach? A house in Delaware or in Wales? Who had made it, who had opened and closed it, how had it got into the sea, and how long had it been out there, or buried in sand? A quirky path, whatever it *had* been, to an unforeseeable finish. And then I thought that if it had been Mrs. Cowan's piece of driftwood she would have known how to tell its story.

It may be incorrect to suggest that she was not in some bondage to things, but I hardly believe so, for though she did care for them she made free with the surrounding facts. She was devoted to all the furnishings of her house—cloth or porcelain, mahogany or silver—as well as to her dust catchers, and she could and did offer sprightly variations on how she had come by them. She had a woman who cleaned twice a week (which Monroe claimed was enough for a house with three clean people living in it), but Mrs. Cowan spent a part of each day burnishing the place some more. She would tie a cloth around her head to ward off the clouds of dust, put on a pair of her late husband's many carpet slippers, and set to. Once, I complimented her on her gleaming parlor. She was vigorously rubbing an enormous old table there. "Things don't *last* if you don't care for them," she said sternly. It was her unvarying reply to Monroe's protests, and, clearly, her things were lasting. "Why, this table's been in my family more than a hundred years. I carried the big old thing the whole way from Virginia when I married. In a wagon behind the carriage. We came in a carriage. My kinfolk didn't take kindly to my marrying a Kentuckian, but I did it."

To "carry" was merely to take, or bring, I found. (She kept several versions of her husband's funeral on tap, none morbid as told by her, but there was one constant to the story. When she had carried him to the cemetery, she found they had dug her grave instead of his, so she carried him right on back until they dug him his own.) As for the table itself, Monroe once told me, in secrecy and some anguish, it had been shipped by freight from his grandparents' house when he was a small boy. His father had been born in Richmond, and he and his triumphant bride had come as far as Lexington by train, and had driven over from there by carriage as a lark.

Monroe and Lyman and I were sometimes all in the little room with Mrs. Cowan, but on many evenings Monroe was there with her alone, and if I passed the door I was likely to see him running a fifty-cent piece back and forth across the fingers of one hand, like a prestidigitator warming up. He seemed to be sitting out his hour of duty pleasantly, patiently. I learned later that he smoked two packs of cigarettes a day, but he never smoked in that house. Lyman and I were free to; apparently, it was only Monroe's tobacco smoke that got into the rugs and curtains.

Monroe was always uneasy when he suspected his mother of enlargements he couldn't check on—things that antedated his diary or his memory. He quoted his diary diffidently but with respect, and usually to suggest to Lyman or me, with all courtesy, that his mother had made a mistake. I don't suppose he actually kept the diary on her account (though, on reflection, he may have), but at least I am sure he looked on it as a deposit box of stabilities, an anchor in dubious waters. And he was more than uneasy when he knew for certain that she was factually skipping afield; he suffered palpably. I never heard him correct her, before the day of the champagne, but he earnestly did what he could in private to straighten the record.

All along, as I realized later, he was getting nearer to his explosion point, if a man so mild could ever be said to burst. Once, he insisted that I go with him to his club for a game of billiards. It was after what must have been, for him, an exquisitely trying teatime. Mrs. Cowan had been talking about the stuffed owl, with Monroe in a featured role. I forget just how the story went that day. I think her husband had shot the owl because it had been frightening Monroe nights when he was a tyke, and Mr. Cowan then had it stuffed to prove that it was only a poor old bird and not a ghost or a Thing.

Monroe and I went to his club and got drinks and began to play billiards. But we had to stop every minute or two for him to rummage for words, and I finally dropped out, knowing he wouldn't mind; he seemed more at ease just circling the table and taking an occasional shot and speaking an oc-

GOLGOTHA

Gray fur collars on a steel limb,
The welders, keeping hands warm
Inside their sheet-plastic cocoon,
Weave the new dorm
Late into night. It's deadlined
For April. According to plan,
The chewed hill's to be redefined,
And seedlings, to a man,
Stood up in ranks against blight,
Green lawn unrolled,
Brick walls, adolescently bright,
Sprayed to look old.

In my locked childproof basement workroom,
Furnace vapors
Chase their own tails in the gloom,
I face ungraded papers,
An iron door in a brick wall
A kick could splinter
Diking the ashes of all
Our hearths of winter,
Half-hear a slow thrash of bedsheets,
A mouse scratch, taking chances
At the trap. Down the spine of my Keats
Mildew advances.

Cramped hand, an unrecognized name:
How Youth Is Shafted
By Society . . . now I know him,
They got him. Drafted.
Through vines in a gnarled neutral zone,
A locust nation,
With flamethrowers chewing, moves on
About slow defoliation.
Interesting idea, says my pen
To a John Bircher—liar, liar!
Shots rattle. No, the stuffed lion's
Brass eyeballs in the dryer.

I take out trash, not to read more.
Torn gift wraps, Christmas-tree rain.
Lift can cover on a white horde
Writhing. Lean rain
Blown to bits by the murderous wind
Has it in for you, finger and face,
Drives through every hole to your brain,
Taking over the place
As though it had been there before,
Had come back in its own hour,
Snow gaining ground in the dark yard,
The mad in absolute power.

—X. J. KENNEDY

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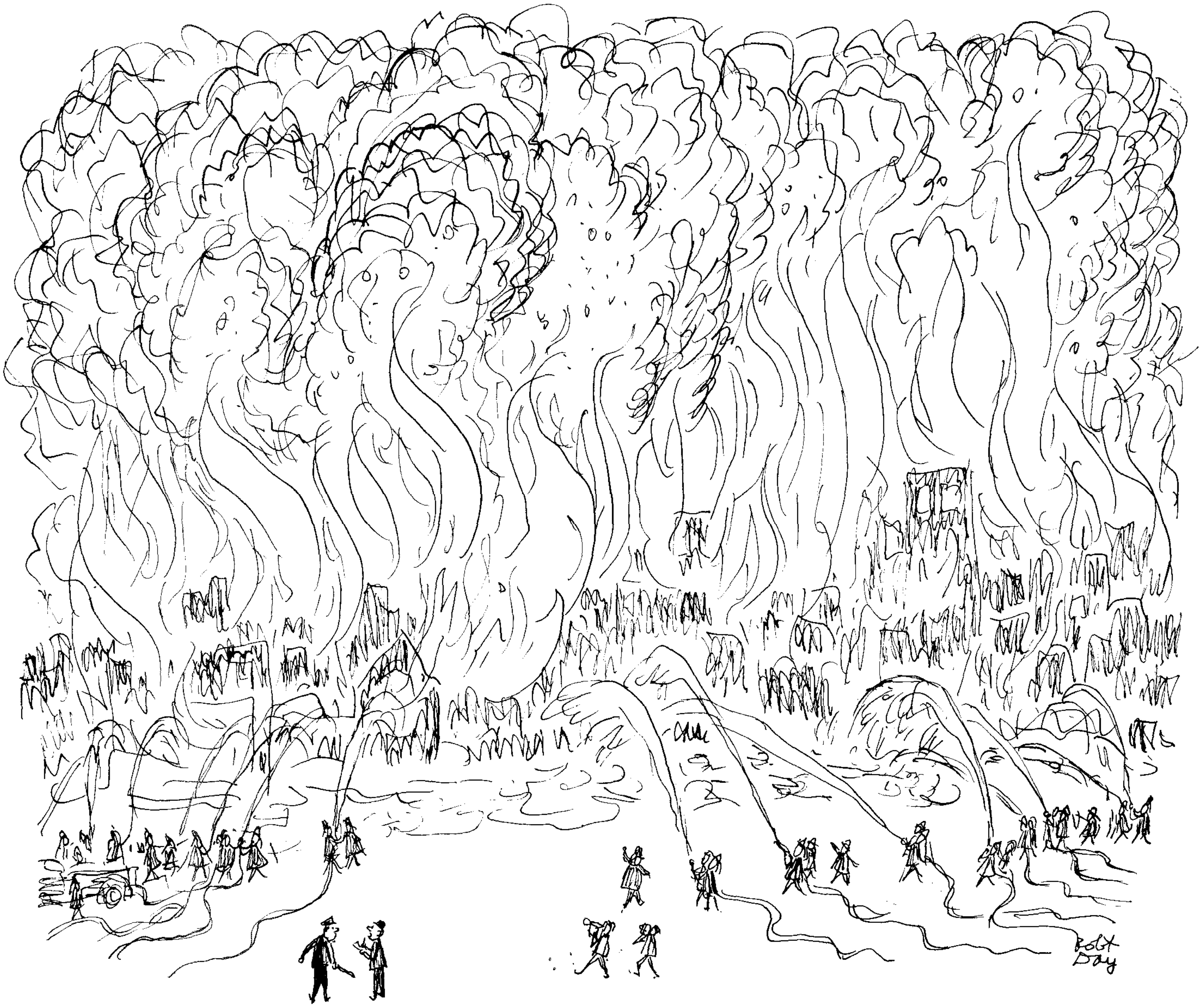

"What sparked it?"

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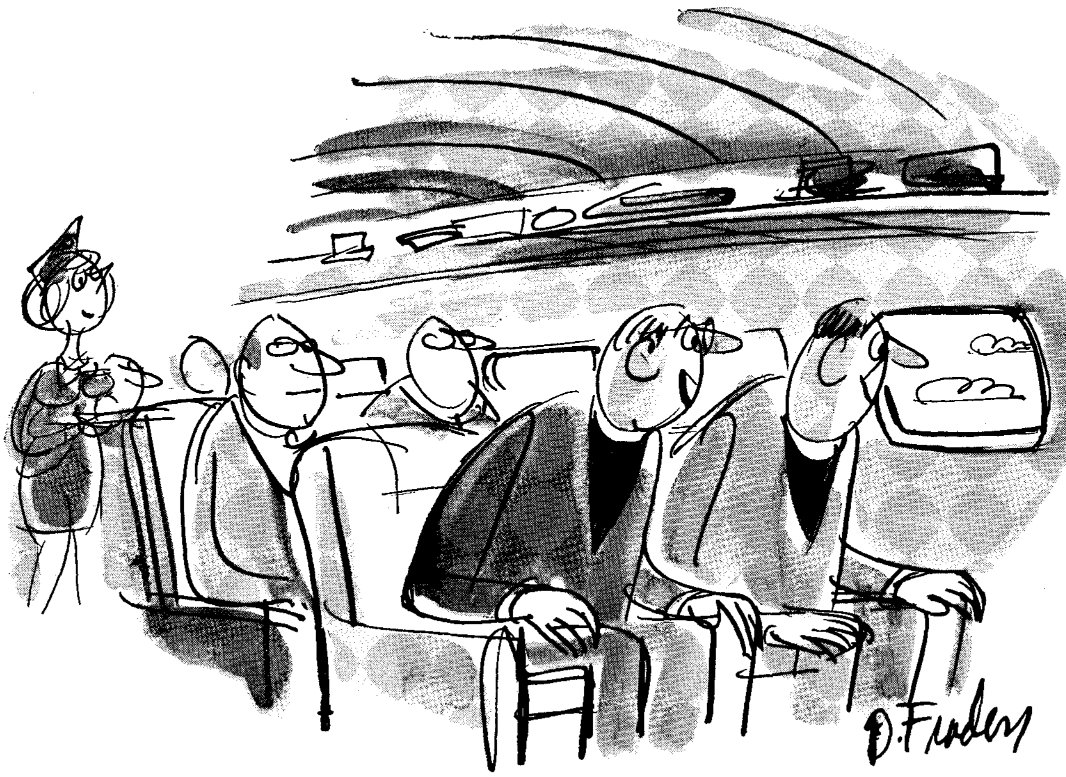
casional sentence. "That owl wasn't scarin' me, it was scarin' chickens," he said once, after a silence. "Momma's told that story so many times it's become confused. Little bitty chicks."

He didn't look at me when he spoke but always a second or two afterward. We were there, it grew plain, because he felt compelled to try to apologize for his mother but without seeming to. And since he was pretending not to, there was no way I could tell him it was hardly needed—it was absurd. He got into, or nearly into, several traps. Without reference to her cavalier spirit, he said she was getting older. This was indisputable, but he quickly withdrew it—it was also impolite, ungallant. And, as far as I could notice, her mind was still as sharp as her great-uncle's dagger had ever been. "Some people," he said, again apropos nothing, "why, some people, they just *see* things peculiarly. Way they look at things. *Different* from most folks. . . ." But this, too, had to be abandoned. Mrs. Cowan served on committees, she collected money for causes, she was too firmly a member of a firmly set community to be at all out of balance. "The folks here are old friends of Momma's," he said, and I could see that we were coming to the point. "They're used to her ways." And it was evident that even though he truly liked Lyman and me, it was no help to him in his embarrassment to have virtual strangers—outsiders from across a space of history, at that—witnessing her ways.

HER ways were just livening, time-enriching ways, it seemed to me there by my fire, and I thought it was only fair to say that all she had wanted was to share this modest wealth. What she said had happened *could* have happened. Jeb Stuart could have acquired Uncle Spencer's horse in the heat of battle, though Monroe was persuaded otherwise. And she could, as she told us, always have worn real flowers, fresh flowers, on her hats when she was young. If not, then at least she—and certainly Lyman and I—preferred to think so. I never heard her say that a hair perhaps divides the false and true, but the line (I reflected) was there in her worn little "Rubáiyát," next to the owl. And then I found myself groping for another of its passages, one I guessed might at last make the connection with my absent host's household goods, with the light smell of smoke and my state of mind, with the glass of whiskey and ice and soda that by now was in my hand, even with the refracted light—gold and shifting—that glanced through



"What archdiocese are we over?"

it from the fire. The champagne, I thought. Mrs. Cowan's anniversary and Lyman's French champagne, and the bird of time.

She must have mentioned the date of her wedding anniversary more than once; she took careful note of all the milestones of her history. At any rate, Lyman knew it and got me to go with him to buy her champagne. I went, but then in a cowardly way I tried to disengage myself; it seemed close to a presumptuous gesture—a sort of intrusion after the fact, since Mr. Cowan had passed. I needn't have worried. Mrs. Cowan was enchanted.

We took the token to her a while before teatime, so as not to imply that we were supposed to share it. Monroe was in the sitting room a little ahead of time, too, and I could see that he disapproved, though he managed a smile of courtesy. "Why, lovely—how *lovely* of you!" Mrs. Cowan cried, snatching her glasses off and turning a sturdy pink. She put the glasses back and examined the bottle. "*French* champagne!" she said. "Why, my goodness! Mr. Cowan—my husband—we had French champagne at our wedding, and every single anniversary as long as he lived he brought it home and we had it together in celebration. In this very room. Well, I just can hardly—"

"Momma," Monroe said quietly, but he was rigid. "You know that's not so. You just know it *isn't*, Momma."

I don't recall the next short while in full detail. I probably tried not to seem to take much notice. For Monroe, the little speech he made then must have constituted an outburst, though for someone else it would have been just pressing a sensitive point. I remember his saying that she had often been mistaken. His father had never brought alcohol of any sort into the house, whatever he may have done at the club. Nor had he been carried back from the cemetery—he had merely been lodged there overnight in a vault. There was more. He referred once or twice to his diary. He quoted dates in conflict. He was miserable—astonished, even outraged, at himself—but plainly helpless in the powerful grip of facts. I remember that his mother waited, and that finally she used, quite levelly, the words "contradict," applied to him, and "lying," applied to herself, and that they crumpled him. He got out a cigarette, though he didn't light it, and he left almost at once. "If you gentlemen will join me here at five," she said to Lyman and me in the most formal tone I had ever heard her use, "we will have the lovely wine in honor of my husband. It will seem like old times."

She was still thinking about her husband when we met at five. She said it wasn't the least bit like Monroe to belittle his father. "Mr. Cowan was *always* most thoughtful of me. He loved to do little gallantries, and to celebrate."

She had put on a bright-blue dress, the fire was crackling, the champagne popped and bubbled, but the occasion was more thoughtful than festive. She kept trying, with no anger, to account for Monroe—not for his outburst, just for the way he was. I guessed that she was trying to explain him, much as he had tried to explain her. She thought it might be her fault how (as she put it) down to earth he was. Once, when he was a little boy, he had said he could see the wind. "I kept *telling* him all he could see was the trees bowing before it and the leaves tugging at the branches, but he wanted it his way, and he was impudent, and I spanked him. I don't know what got into me. Maybe I marked him for life. You can't punish a child for imagining things, but you just *know* I couldn't have impudence." She was silent for a while, and then she said, more to herself than to us, or perhaps it was to Monroe, "Why, I could as easy have said that about the wind myself. Things are just what you make them out to be. I don't see harm to that—making the most of what's handy while you can."

She added that the bird of time had but a little way to flutter. And—by the driftwood fire, on the evening of the day I learned from Lyman that she had passed peacefully a month or so before—it was unbecoming to feel sad. Monroe had sent Lyman the dagger and the jade and a few other items from her shelves. "She wanted you to have them," Monroe had written. "She said she was sure you would know why." —Robert Henderson

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Mr. Knowlton said that in the last 15 years the sales of general book stores had risen from $75-million to $230-million, but nonetheless there was a drop in the percentage of total sales by publishers, from 15 per cent 15 years ago to 10 per cent now.

He listed these signs of trouble in the book-store business:

No coherent up-to-date statistics . . .

—*Harry Gilroy in the Times.*

But that needn't stop us from using the ones we have.

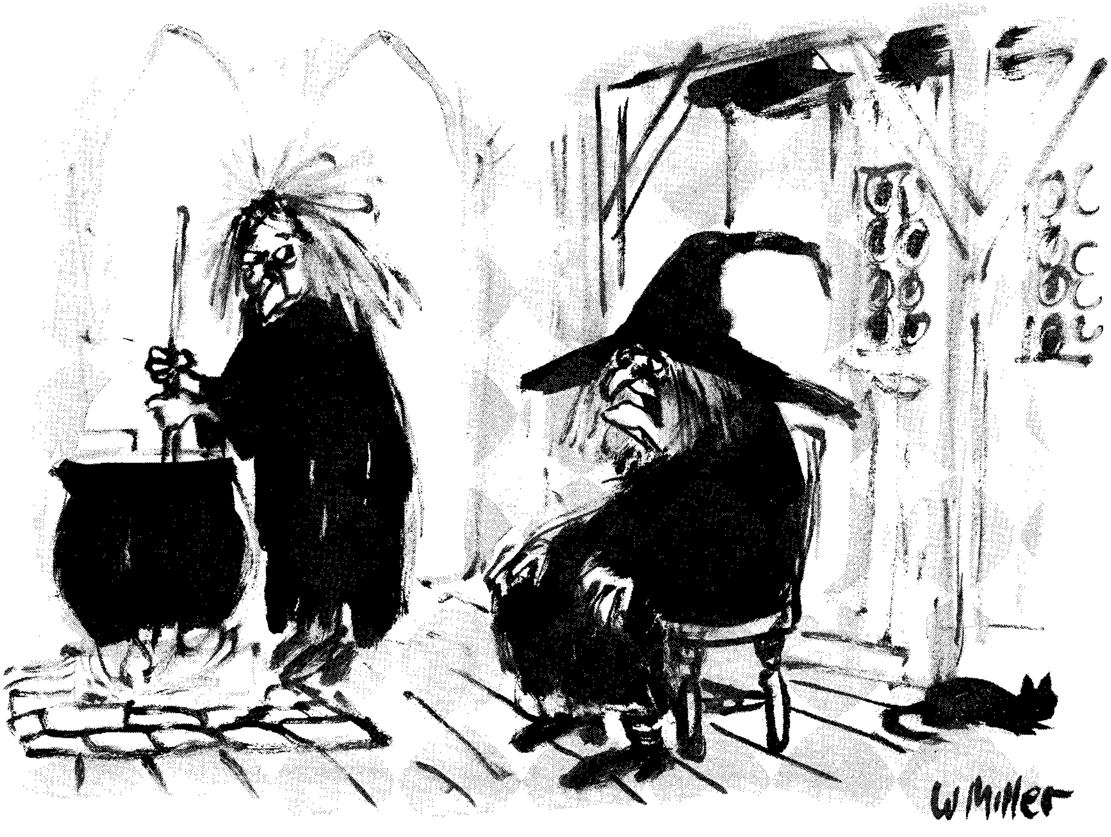
THE LIFE OF THE IMAGINATION

As a child, she did not inhabit their world. The sum of it was the comfortable, orderly house—beds with turned-down sheets, where nightmares and dreams never overstepped the threshold of morning; good-night kisses as routine as the cleaning of teeth; a woman stating her truth, "Charles would never eat a warmed-over meal;" a man defining his creed, "One thing I was taught young, the value of money." From the beginning, for Barbara, it was the mystery she cared for and not the carefully knotted net with which they covered it, as a high-wire performer is protected from a fall. Instead of dust under the beds there was (for her) that hand that Rilke's Malte Laurids Brigge saw reaching out toward him in the dark beneath his mother's table. Only she was not afraid, as, she read, he was; she recognized the hand and grasped it. And she never let go.

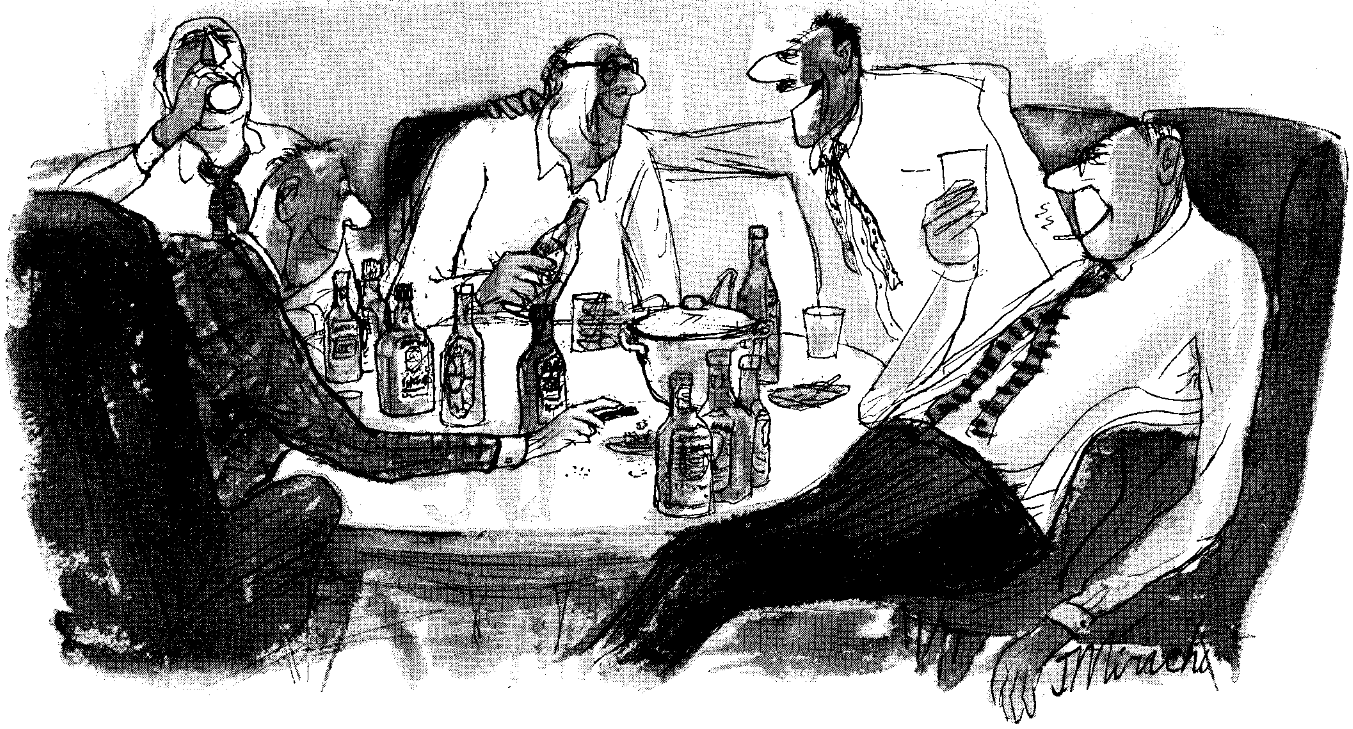
She did not make the mistake of thinking that because of this she must inevitably be able to write or paint; that was just another of the axioms that did for them. ("Barbara has such a vivid imagination. She is so artistic.") She knew it was one thing to have entry to the other world, and another entirely to bring something of it back with you in the form of art. She studied biology at the university in Cape Town for a while (the subject—incising soft fur and skin to get at the complexities beneath—lured her, and they heard there were good positions going for girls with a B.Sc. degree), but then she left and took a job in a municipal art gallery upcountry. She began by sorting sepia postcards and went on to dust Chinese ceramic roof tiles and to learn how to clean paintings. The smell of turpentine, size, and coffee in the room where she and the director worked was her first intimacy. They wondered how she could be so happy there, cut off from the company of young people, and once her father remarked half-meaningfully that he hoped the director wouldn't get ideas.

The director had many ideas, including the only one her father thought of. He was an oldish man—to her, at the time, anyway—with the proboscis-face that often seems to go with an inquiring mind and a sudden nakedness of tortoiseshell-colored eyes when he took off his huge glasses. His wife said, "It's wonderful for Dan to have you working with him. He's always been one of those men who are at their best mentally only when they are more or less in love." He told Barbara the story of the Wu Ch'eng-ên porcelain characters she had dusted—the monkey, the pilgrim Tripitaka, Sandy, Pigsy, and the two horses—besides giving her a masterly analysis of the breakdown of feudalism in relation to the success of the Long March. He had a collection of photographs he had taken of intricate machinery and microphotographs of the cells of plants, and together, using her skill in dissecting rats and frogs and grasshoppers, they added blowups of animal tissue. He kissed her occasionally, but rather as if that were simply part of the order of the cosmos; his lips were thin now, and he knew it. It was through him that she met and fell in love with the young architect whom she married, and with whom she went to Japan, where he had won a scholarship to the University of Tokyo. They wandered about the East and Europe together for a year or two (it was just as her parents expected; she had no proper home) and then came back to South Africa, where he became a very successful architect indeed and made an excellent living.

It was as simple and confounding as that. Government administration, as well as the great mining and industrial companies, employed him to design one building after another. He and Barbara had a serene, self-effacing house on a kopje outside Pretoria, and the garden demonstrated how well the spare, indigenous thorn trees of the Middle Veld followed the Japanese idiom of the house. They had children. In her late thirties, Barbara remained a thin, tall creature with a bony face darkened by freckles. She was good-looking and much given to her own company. Money changed her dress little and her tastes not at all; she was able to indulge them rather more. She had a *pondokkie*—a shack—down in the Low Veld, on the Crocodile River, where she went sometimes in the winter to stay for a week or two on her own. Marriage—the ideal state, the marriage of true minds—was unattainable, of course; because if one is ever going to find release from the mesmerism of appearances and set out after truth, one is condemned to make the effort by oneself. And daily intimacy is an inevitable attempt to avoid this effort, which leaves one sharing bed,



"I've got that darned old post-Halloween-letdown feeling."



"I gotta hand it to you, Glenn. This is some think tank!"

• •

bathroom, and table as solitary as in any crowd. She and Arthur, her husband, knew it; they got on almost wordlessly well, turning now and then instinctively to each other, and were alone, he with his work and she with her books and her *pondokkie*. They made their children happy. The school headmaster said they were the most "creative" children who had ever passed through his hands. ("Barbara's children are so artistic, Barbara's children are so imaginative.")

The children got measles and ran sudden fevers at awkward times, just like other children, and one evening when Barbara and Arthur were about to go out to dinner, Pete was discovered to have a high temperature. The dinner was for a visiting Danish architect who had particularly requested to meet Arthur, so he went on ahead while Barbara stayed to see what the doctor would say. She had not been particularly pleased to hear that the family doctor was away on holiday in Europe and his locum tenens would be coming instead. He was perhaps a little surprised to be met at the door by a woman in evening dress, especially since the house itself was something that made unexpected demands on the attention of people who had not seen anything like it before. She felt it necessary to explain her appearance, partly to disguise the slight hostility she felt toward him for being a substitute for a reassuring face. "We were just going out when I noticed my son looked like a beetroot."

He smiled. "It's a change from curlers and dressing gowns." And they stood there, she in her long dress, he with coat and brown bag, as if for a split second the situation of their confrontation was not clear. Had they bumped into one another, stupidly both dodging in the same direction to avoid colliding in the street? Then the lapse closed, and they proceeded to the bedroom, where Pete and Bruce sat up in their beds expectantly. Pete said, "That's not our doctor."

"No, I know. This is Dr. Asher—he's looking after everybody while Dr. Dickson's away."

"You won't give me an injection?" said Pete.

"I don't think you've got the sort of sickness that's going to need an injection," the man said. "Anyway, I give injections so fast you don't even know they've happened. Really."

The little one, Bruce, giggled, flopped back in bed, and pulled the sheet over his mouth.

The doctor said, "You mustn't laugh at me. You can ask my children. One, two—before you can count three—it's done."

Bruce said to him, "It's not nice to swank."

The doctor looked up over his open bag and appeared to flinch at this grown-up dictum. "I'm sorry. I won't do it anymore."

After he had examined Pete, he prescribed a mixture that Dr. Dickson had often given the children; Barbara went to look in the medicine chest, and found an almost full bottle there. Pete had swollen glands at the base of his skull and under the jawline. "We'll watch it," the doctor said as Barbara preceded him down the passage. "I've seen several cases of glandular fever since I've been here. Ring me in the morning if you're worried." Again they stood in the entrance, she with her hands at the sides of her long skirt, he getting into his coat. He was no taller than she and probably about the same age, but tired, with the travel-worn look of general practitioners perpetually lugging a bag around with them. His hair was a modified version of the Julius Caesar cut affected by architects, journalists, and advertising men; doctors usually stuck to short back and sides. She thanked him, using his name, and he remarked, pausing at the door, "By the way, it's Usher—with a 'U.' "

"Oh, I'm sorry—I misheard, over the phone. Usher."

He was looking up and around the house. "Japanese style, isn't it? They grow those miniature trees—amazing.

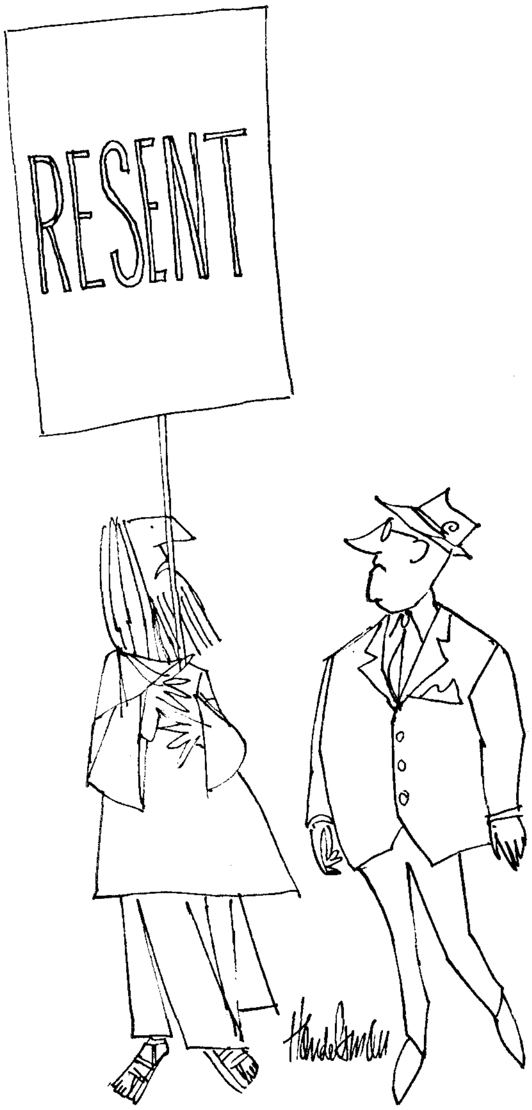
There was an article about them the other day; I can't remember where I . . . What d'you call it?"

She had kept from childhood an awkward gesture of jerking her chin when embarrassed. One look at the house and people racked their brains for something apposite to say and up came those horrible little stunted trees. "Oh, yes. Bonsai. Thank you very much. Good night."

When he had gone, she went at once to give Pete his medicine and the nanny the telephone number of the hotel where the dinner was being held. Afterward, she remembered with a detached clarity those few minutes before she left the house, when she was in and out of her sons' room: the light that seemed reddish, with the stuffy warmth of childhood coloring it, the stained rugs, the nursery-school daubs stuck on the walls, Dora's cheerfully scornful African voice and the hoist of her big rump as she bent about tidying up, the smell of fever on Pete's lips as she kissed him, and the encounter, under the hand she leaned on, with the comforting midden of a child's bed—bits of raw potato he had been using as ammunition in a peashooter, the hard shape of a piece of jigsaw puzzle, the wooden spatula the doctor had used to flatten his tongue. And it seemed to her that she had had a rare momentary vision of herself (she was not a woman given to self-awareness). She had thought—perfumed and painted, moving between the small beds slowly because of the long dress—this is the image of the mother that men have often chosen to perpetuate, the autobiographers, the Prousts. This is what I may be for one of these little boys when I have become an old woman with bristles on her chin, dead.

Pete was better next day. The doctor came at about half past one, when the child was asleep and she was eating her lunch off a tray in the sun. The servant led the doctor out onto the terrace. He said he didn't want to disturb her; she said she was simply having a snack, as he could see. He sat down while she told him about the child. She had a glass of white wine beside her plate of leftover fish salad; the wine was a leftover, too, but still, what interest could that be to him, whether she habitually bibbed wine alone at lunch? The man looked with real pleasure round the calm and sunny terrace, and she felt sorry for him because he thought bonsai trees were wonderful. "Have a glass of wine—it's lovely and cold." Her bony feet were bare in the winter sun. He refused; a doctor can't do as he likes. But he took out a pipe and smoked it. "The sun's so pleasant. I must say Pretoria has its points." They were both looking at her toes; on each foot, the second one was crooked. It was because the child was asleep, of course, that he sat there. He told her that he came from Cape Town, where it rained all winter. They went upstairs to look at the child, who was breathing evenly and soundlessly. "Leave him," the doctor said. Downstairs, he added, "Another day or two in bed, I'd say. I'd like to check those glands again."

He came just before two the following day. This time he accepted a cup of coffee. It was just as it had been yesterday; it might have been yesterday. It was almost the same time of day. The sun had exactly the same strength. They sat on the broad brick seat with its thick cushion. His pipe smoke hung a little haze before their eyes. She was telling him that the child was so much better that it really was impossible to keep him in bed. He looked at her amusedly, as if he had found them both out—himself and her—and his arm, with the hand curved to bring her to him, drew her in. They kissed, and without thinking at all whether she wanted to kiss him or not she found herself anxious to be skillful. She seemed to manage very well, because the kissing went on for minutes, their heads turning this way and that as their mouths slowly detached and met.



"If I meant 'Repent,' I'd say 'Repent.'"

And so it began. When they drew back from each other the words flew to her: Why this man, for heaven's sake—why you? And because she was ashamed of the thought, she said aloud instead, "Why me?"

He found this apparent unawareness of her own attractions so moving that he kissed her fiercely, answering both questions for her, the spoken and unspoken.

While they were kissing she became aware of the slightest, quickest sidewise movement of the one slate-colored eye she could see, a second before she herself heard the squeak of the servant's sandshoes approaching from within the house. They drew apart, she in jerky haste, he with composed swiftness, so that the intimacy between them held good even while he put his pipe in his pocket, took out a prescription pad, and was remarking, when the servant picked up the coffee tray, "It mightn't be a bad idea to keep some sort of mild anti-pyretic in the house. Not as strong as that mixture he's been having, I mean, but . . ."

So it began. The lovemaking, the absurdities of concealment; even the acceptance of the knowledge that this hardworking doctor with the sickle-line of a smile cut down either side of his mouth, and the brown, coarse-grained forehead, had gone through it all before, perhaps many times. So it began, exactly as it was to be.

THEY made love the first time in the flat he was living in temporarily. It was a ravishing experience for both of them, and when it was over—for the moment—they knew that they must turn their attention urgently and

AËRIAL

Inaccurately from an old rocking chair
One saw the rivery lands and lifting snows.
Then the Wrights’ fabrication and Blériot’s
Annexed the cumulus kingdom of the air.
Helmeted birdmen looped the loop at the Fair
And ranged in later squadrons to impose
On sombre towns the drum-roll of their blows
Or lightning stitches, adding flare on flare.
So much of heaven gained, so much of hell,
Made way for transcendental craft ensuing,
Emissaries not to be disavowed;
But let us pause on thee, sweet Caravelle,
Dauphin of jets, in azure halls reviewing
Tall *parfaits* and pudding of whipped cloud.

—Robert Fitzgerald

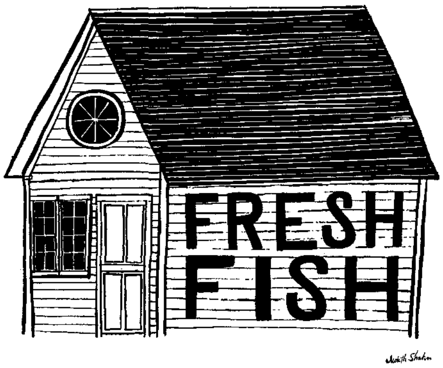
• •

at once to the intensely practical business of how, when, and where they were to continue to be together. After a month, his wife came up from Cape Town, and things were more difficult. He had taken a house for his family; the sublet flat, with other people’s books and sheets and bric-a-brac, in which he and Barbara were the only objects familiar to each other, became a paradise lost. They drove then, separately, all the way to Johannesburg to spend an afternoon together in a hotel (Pretoria was too small a place for one to expect to go unrecognized). He was tied to his endless working hours; they had nowhere to go. Their problem was passion, but they could hope for only the most down-to-earth, realistic solutions. One could not flinch from them. After the last patient left the consulting rooms in the evening, the building, which was an office block, was deserted. He made little popping noises on his pipe one day as he decided they would be quite safe there. Deaf and blind each time with anticipation of the meeting, she came again and again from the side street where her car was parked, through the dark foyer, past the mops and bucket of the African cleaner, up in the lift with its glowing eye blinking as it rose through successive levels, then along the corridors of closed doors and commercial nameplates until she was there: “Dr. J. McDow Dickson, M.B.B.Ch. Edin. Consulting Hours: Mornings 11-1, Afternoons 4-6.” On the old daybed in Dr. Dickson’s anteroom, they made love, among the medical-insurance calendars and the desk accessories advertising antibiotics. Once the cleaner was heard turning his pass key in the waiting-room door; once someone (a patient, no doubt) hammered at it for a while, and then went away. She had always been sure, without censure, that shabby love affairs would be useless for her. She learned that shabbiness is the judgment of the outsider, the one left in the cold. There are no shabby love affairs for those who are the lovers.

They met wherever and however and for whatever length of time they could, but still by far the greater part of their time was spent apart. Communications, movements, meeting places—all this had to be settled, as if between two secret agents whom the world must not suspect to be in contact. In order to plan strategy, each had to brief the other about the normal pattern of his life. This was how they got to know, bit by bit, that yawning area of each other’s lives that existed outside one another’s arms. “On Thursday nights I’m always alone, because Arthur takes a seminar at the university.” “You can safely ring me any Sunday morning between eight and nine, because Yvonne goes to Mass.”

So his wife was a Catholic. Well, yes, but he was not. Of course that meant that his children were being brought up as Catholics. One evening when he and Barbara were putting on their clothes in the consulting rooms, she had seen the picture of the three little girls, inside a transparent-plastic window in his wallet. White-blond hair, short and straight as a nylon toothbrush, threaded ribbon, net petticoats, white socks held by elastic—the daughters of one of those nice, neat, pretty women who look after their children just as carefully as they used to take care of their dolls. Barbara never met her. He said that the local doctors’ wives were being very kind—she was playing tennis regularly at the house of one, and another had little girls the same age who had become inseparable from his girls. When he and Barbara met at the consulting rooms on Friday evenings, he had to keep an eye on his watch. “Bridge night,” he said, doggedly, resignedly. Sometimes he said, “Blast bridge night.”

Between embraces, confessions, questions came easily—up to a point.



“You lead a very different life,” he said. He meant “from mine.” Or from hers, perhaps—his wife’s.

Lying there, Barbara pulled a dismissing face.

“Oh, yes,” he said. He did not want to be excepted, indulged, out of love; he had his own regard for the truth. “What was wrong about the Japanese trees, that time—that first night I came to your house? What did I say? There was such a look on your face.”

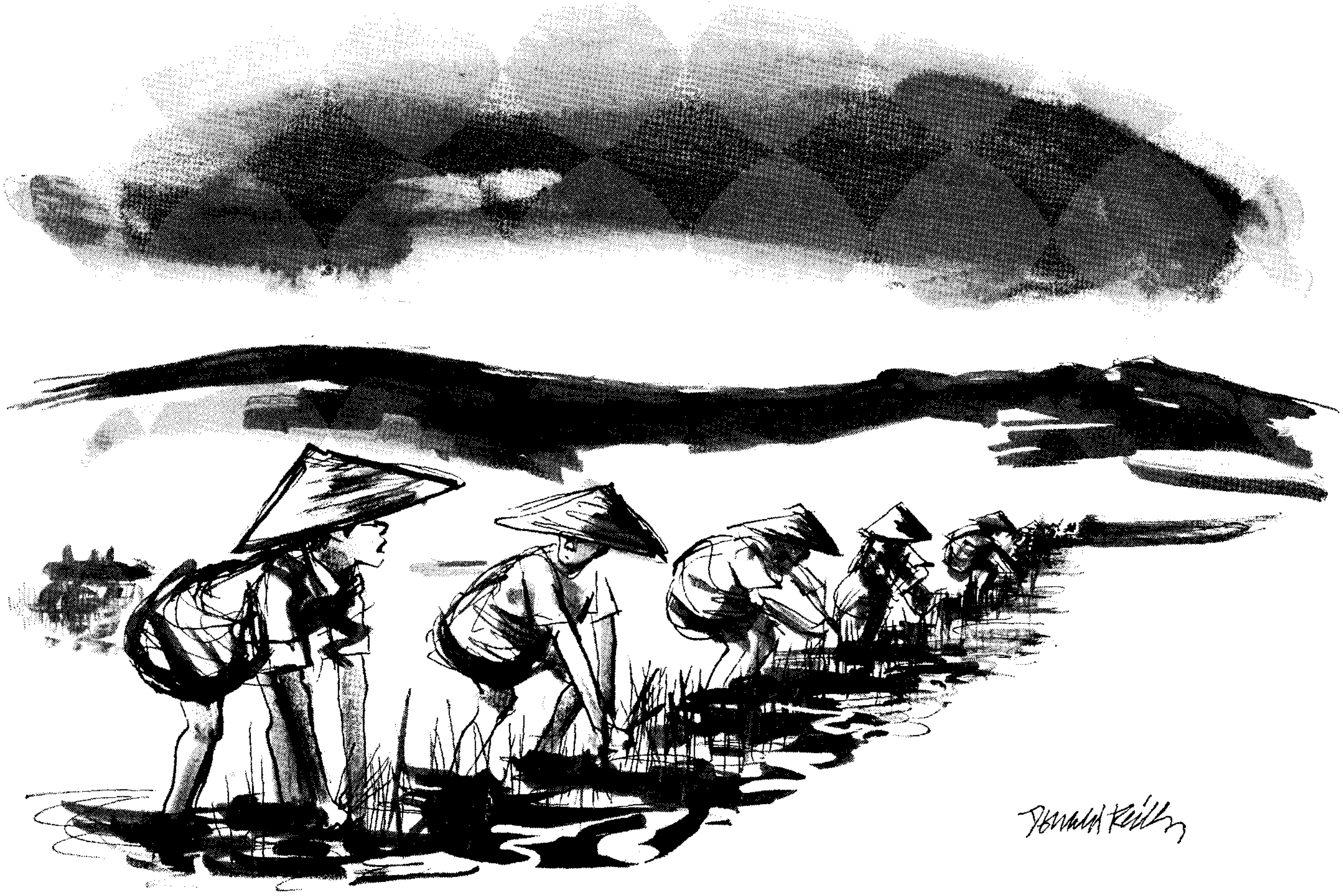
“Oh, that. The bonsai business.” Her reproach was for herself; he didn’t understand her shrinking in repugnance from “good taste,” but, to her, wasn’t the shrinking as daintily fastidious, in its way, as the “good taste” itself? You went whoring after one concept or the other of your own sensibility. “Not different at all,” she said, returning to his original remark; she had this quality, he noticed, of keeping a series of things you had said laid out before her and then unhesitatingly turning to pick up this one or that. “It’s like putting a net into the sea. You bring up small fish or big fish, weeds, muck, little bright bits of things. But the water, the element that’s living—that’s drained away.” She put out a hand to caress his chest. “So tonight it’s bridge,” she added.

He took the pipe out of his mouth. “When you’re down at the Crocodile,” he said (they called her shack that, because it was on the Crocodile River), “what are you doing there, when you’re alone?”

She lay under his gaze. She felt the quality she had for him, awkwardly, as if he had stuck a jewel on her forehead. She didn’t answer.

“Reading, eh? Reading and thinking your own thoughts.” For years he had barely had time to get through the medical journals.

She was seeing the still, dry stretch



"May the glorious thought of Comrade Mao illumine the dark passage of the workers' struggle upward toward the light of universal revolution. Pass it on."

• •

to the horizon—each thornbush like every other thornbush, the narrow cattle paths leading back on themselves through the clean, dry grass, the silence into which one seemed to fall at midday, as if into an air pocket. It was the silence there would be one day when one's heart stopped, while everything went on as it did in that veld silence, the hard trees waiting for sap to rise, the dead grass waiting to be sloughed off the new under rain, the boulders cracking into new forms under frost and sun.

But alive under her hand was the hair of his breast, still damp and soft from contact with her body, and she said, keeping her teeth together, "I wish we could go there. I wish we were in bed there now."

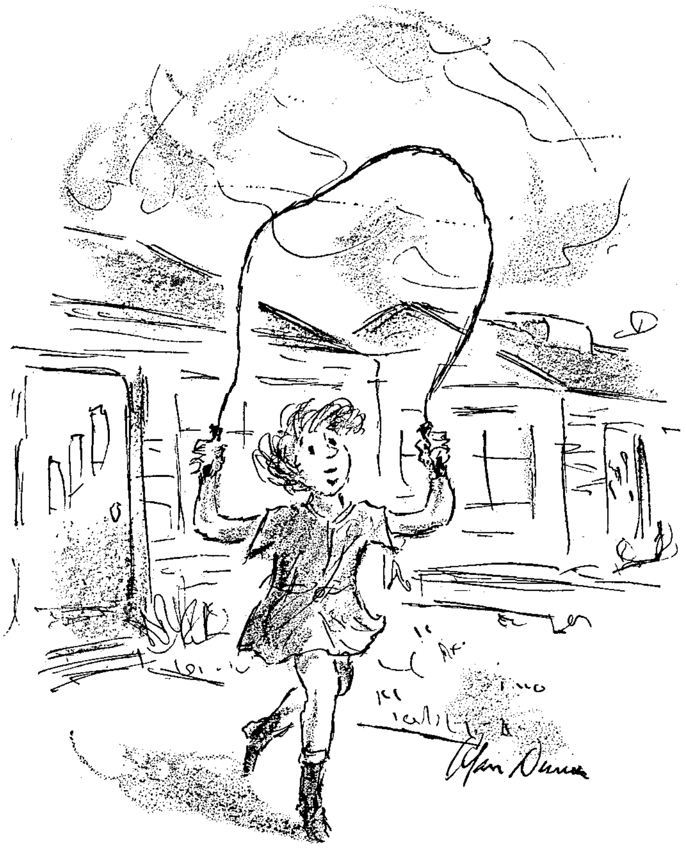
THAT winter she did not go once to the shack. It had become nothing but a shelter where they could have made love, whole nights and days. There were so many hours when they could not see each other. Could not even telephone; he was at home with his family, she with hers. Such slow stretches of mornings, thawing in the sun; such long afternoons when the interruption of her children was a monstrous breaking-in upon—what? She was doing nothing. She saw him as she had once watched him, without his being aware of her, crossing a street and walking the length of a block to their meeting place—a slight man with a pipe held between his teeth in a rather brutal way, the smiling curve of the mouth denied by the downward, inward lines of brow and eyelids as his head bobbed. In his hand was the elegant pigskin bag she had given him because it was easy to explain away as the gift of some grateful patient. He sees nobody, she thought—only where he is going. Sitting at dinner parties or reading at night, she saw him like that in broad daylight, crossing the street, bag in hand. It seemed she could follow him through all the hill-cupped small city, make out his back among all others, crossing the square past Dr. Dolittle in his top hat (she had told him that was what her little boys thought the statue of President Kruger was), doing the rounds in the suburbs, the car full of pipe smoke and empty phials with their necks snapped off, the smile a grim habit, greeting no one.

Sometimes he materialized at her own door—he'd had a call in the neighborhood, or told the nurse so, anyway. It would be in the morning, when the boys were at school and Arthur was at the town studio. He always went straight to the telephone and rang up the consulting rooms, so he'd be covered if his car happened to be seen: "Oh, Birdie, I'm around Muckleneuk, if there's anyone I ought to drop in on out this way? My next call will be the Wilson child, Waterkloof Road, so . . ." Then they would sit on the terrace again and have coffee. And he would give his expert glance round doors and windows before kissing her. He smelled of the hospital theatre he had been in, or the soap he had washed his hands with in other people's houses. He wore a pullover his mother had sent him, he had pigskin gloves Yvonne had bought him—he smiled, telling it—because she thought the smart new bag made his old gloves look so shabby. For Barbara, there was the bloom on him of the times when he was not with her.

She had never been in his house, of course, and she did not know the disposition of the rooms, or the sound of voices calling through them in the early-morning rush to get to school and hospital rounds (she knew he got up very early, before she was even awake), or the kind of conversation that came to life over drinks when friends were there. She did not know the atmosphere, so strongly personal in every house, of the hour late at night when outsiders have gone, and doors are being locked and lights switched off, one by one. She had never been with him in the company of other people (unless one counted Pete and Bruce), and she did not know how he would appear in their eyes, or what his manner would be. She listened with careful detachment when he telephoned the nurse; he had a tired, humorous way with her—but that was just professional camaraderie, with a touch of the flirtatiousness that pleases old ladies. Once or twice, he had had to phone his wife in Barbara's presence; it was the anonymous telecommunication of long marriage. "Yvonne? I'm on my way. Oh, twenty minutes or so. Well, if he does, say I'll be in any time after nine. Yes. No, I won't. See you."

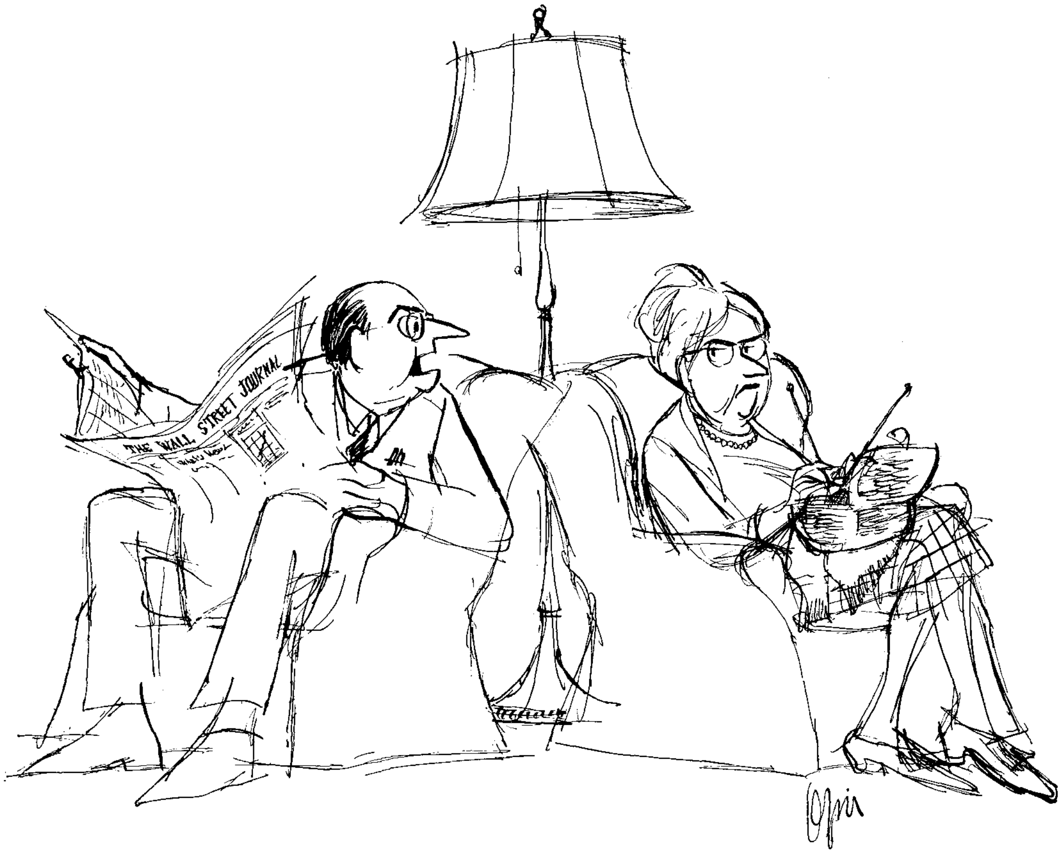
When they were together after lovemaking they talked about their past lives and discussed his future. He intended, within the next year, to go to America to do what he had always wanted, biological research. They discussed in great detail the planning of his finances. He had sold his practice in Cape Town in order to be able to keep his family while he was studying on a grant he'd been promised. The six months' locum-tenency was a stopgap between selling the practice and taking up the grant in Boston. He had moments of deep uncertainty; he should have gone ten years ago, young and single-minded, but even then there was a girl, marriage, babies. From the depths of his uncertainty, he and Barbara looked at each other like two prisoners who wake up and find themselves on the floor of the same cell. He said, as if for what it was worth, "I love you." They became absorbed again in the questions of how he should best use his opportunities in America and under whom he should try to get the chance to work. And then it was time to get dressed, time up, time to go, time to get home to change for his bridge evening, time to be home to receive Arthur's friends. Standing in the lift together, they were silent, weary, at one. They left the consulting-room building separately. As she walked away he became again that figure crossing streets, going in and out of houses and car, the pigskin doctor's bag in hand, seeing nobody, only where he was going.

Her mind constructed snatches of dialogue, like remembered fragments of a play. She was following him home to the bridge table (she had never played card games) or the dinner table. There was a roast, that would be the sort of thing—a brown leg of pork, with applesauce—and he was carving, knowing what cut each member of the little family liked best. The white-haired, white-socked little girls had washed their hands. The bridge players talked with the ease of colleagues; the wives were saying, "John wouldn't touch it," "I must say the only thing he always does remember is when to pay the insurance," "I can't get anyone to do shirt collars properly." She had the feeling his wife bought his clothes for him. But the haircut—that he chose for himself. As he chose her, Barbara, and other women. On Sundays, she lay with an unread book on the terrace, or laughed and talked without listening among Arthur's friends (they all seemed to be Arthur's friends now), and he was running about some clean, hard tennis court, red in the face, agile, happy perhaps, in the mindless happiness of physical exercise. She was not jealous, only slightly excited by the thought of him with her completely out of mind. Or perhaps this Sunday they had taken the children on some outing. Once, when she had visualized him all afternoon on that tennis court, he had happened to mention that Sunday afternoon had been swallowed up in a family outing—the children had heard about a game park at Krugersdorp. A plain, white-haired little girl clambered over him to see better; was he irritated? Or was he smoothing the hair behind the ears with that lover's gesture of his—also, perhaps, a father's gesture? She read over again a paragraph in the book lying between her elbows on the grass: "... the word *lolo* means both 'soul' and 'butterfly.' The dual meaning is due to the fact that the chrysalis resembles a shrouded corpse and that the butterfly emerges from it like the soul from the body of a sleeping man." But the idea had no meaning for her. The words floated on her mind; no, he was a moth—quite an ordinary-looking, protectively colored moth, not noticed going about the streets, quickly crossing the square in the early evening, coming softly along the corridor, touching softly. Fierily, making quick the sleeping body.



"A wage boost followed by a price hike, followed by a wage boost followed by a price hike, followed by a ..."

ONE time when she had the good luck to be alone for a few days (Arthur was at the Cape), he was able to slip away one night and come to her house. This rare opportunity required careful planning, like every other arrangement between them. He said at home that he was going to a meeting of the medical association. She had an early dinner, to be sure the servants would be out of the way. She saw to it that all the windows of the house except those of her bedroom should be in darkness, so that any unexpected caller would presume she had gone to bed and not disturb her. In fact she did lie on her bed, fully dressed, waiting for him. That afternoon, she had given him the key to the side door, off the terrace. He came with a quiet, determined hesitancy, through another man's house. He had never been in the bedroom before, but he knew where the children's room was. When she heard him reach the passage where a turn divided the parents' quarters from the children's, she got up and went softly to meet him. But the little boys were asleep, long ago. She took his two clean hands, dryly cold from the winter night, in hers, and then they crept along together. In the bedroom, when she had shut the door behind them, she was cold and trembling, as if she, too, had just found shelter.



"I didn't say that I think so. I didn't say that you should think so. I didn't say that the 'Wall Street Journal' thinks so. I said that the 'Wall Street Journal' says that the Republicans think so."

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He had to leave not long after the time the medical meeting would end. Now, because this was her own bed in her own home, she lay there naked, flung back under the disarray of bedclothes, and watched him dress alone. He took her brush and put it through his hair before the mirror, with a quick, knowing look at himself. He sat on the bed, like a doctor, to embrace her a last time. She watched him softly release the handle of the door, almost without a click, as he closed it on her, heard him going evenly, quietly down the corridor, listened to the faint creak and stir of him making his way through the big living room, and then, after a pause, heard the clip of his footsteps dying away across the terrace. The engine of the car started up; shadows from its lights flew across the bedroom windows.

She put up her hand to switch off the bed lamp but did not move her head or body. She lay in the dark for a long time, just as he had left her. Perhaps she slept. There seemed to be a dark wind blowing through her hollow mind; she was awake, and there was a night wind that had come up, the cold gale of the winter veld pressing against the walls and windows like pressure in one's ears. A thorny branch scrabbled on the terrace wall. She heard dry leaves swirl and trail across the flagstones. And irregularly, at long intervals, a door banged without engaging its latch. She tried to sleep, or to return to sleep, but some part of her mind waited for the impact of the door in the wind. And it came, again and again. Slowly, reasoned thought cohered round the sound. She identified the direction from which it came; her mind travelled through the house the way he had gone, and arrived at the terrace door. The door banged, with a swinging shudder, again.

He's left the door open. She saw it—saw the gaping door, and the wind bellying the long curtains and sending papers skimming about the room, the leaves sailing in and slithering across the floors. The whole house was filling up with the wind. There had been two burglaries in the suburb lately. This was one of the few houses without an alarm system—she and Arthur refused to imprison themselves in the white man's fear of attack on himself and his possessions. Yet now the door was open, like the door of a deserted house, and she found herself believing, like any other suburban matron, that someone must enter. They would come in unheard, with that wind, and approach through the house, black men with knives in their hands. She, who had never submitted to this sort of fear ever in her life, could hear them coming, hear them breathe under their dirty rag masks and their *tsotsi* caps. They had killed an old man on a farm outside Pretoria last week. Someone described in the papers as a mother of two had held them off, at her bedside, with a golf club. Multiple wounds the old man had received—multiple wounds.

She was empty, unable to summon anything but this stale fantasy, shared with the whole town, the whole white population. She lay there possessed by it, and she thought, she violently longed, They will come straight into the room and stick a knife in me. No time to cry out. Quick. Deep. Over.

The light came instead. Her sons began to play the noisy, whispering games of children, about the house in the very early morning.

—NADINE GORDIMER

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
ROBIN MCKOWN

A fascinating account of the many-sided genius who progressed from printer's apprentice to take a leading part in America's fight for independence and became her first Ambassador in Paris, and then returned to be President of Pennsylvania.—*Catalogue for the Children's Bookshop of B. H. Blackwell, Ltd., Oxford.*

A book for children of all ages.

REFLECTIONS

NOTEBOOK OF A DILETTANTE

Dilettantism

THOUGH I lack a philosophical, sociological, historical, and political education, I do not cease to meditate upon philosophy, sociology, history, and politics. Consequently, it must be admitted that whatever I turn over in my mind may bear the mark of incorrectness. Besides, my afterthoughts are consistently inconsistent with these disciplines as disciplines. Having acquired the habit of exhibiting my thoughts in print, I let myself in for a deserved reproach of dilettantism. Yet, assuming that both my premises and my conclusions are hazy and precarious, I nevertheless write them down, and fill them out with simple human experience. For it has never been proved that a dilettante has nothing to say.

Bus Epistemology

I SAT on a Third Avenue bus observing a sympathetic-looking middle-aged woman. She was well groomed and not unappealing, and smelled of middle-income perfume. She was immersed in a book; its title, clearly exposed, was "Diet, Sex, and Yoga." The Statue of Liberty could easily be replaced by this lady, with her book as torch.

Melodramatic Realism

AN important American contribution to contemporary ontology and the modern vision of life is the widespread belief that in America one can always start anew. Only death constitutes a positive end, an absolute, final break. While a man is alive, he has not only the right but the duty to make countless beginnings. Americans appear not to notice this peculiarity of their existence; they accept it as natural. But it doesn't seem natural to persons coming from European or Asian societies and cultures, in which failures are irreparable. (I myself came here from Poland a few years ago.) A reference to the melodramatic possibilities in America makes a European smile ironically, but his smile is misplaced. Melodramatic changes of fate, new chances, miraculous turns of fortune are still real in this country. They derive partly from the common lack of resignation. Resignation, in both its positive and its negative meanings, is an unknown state of mind. Three septuagenarian ladies sit on the porch of a Florida hotel; a fourth arrives and greets them with "Hello, girls." She isn't joking; she means it. She feels herself to be conditioned not by age but by the superior imperative of non-withdrawal. And a European tempted to hilarity should remember that many of his fundamental securities are dependent on the American childish, stubborn denial of surrender. In a world in which achievement is slowly losing its meaning because of the inflation of achievements, this attitude toward life seems to me admirable.

Some Remarks on the Trouble with Violence

WE are witnessing a vehement discussion of violence. The American press has begun to ponder whether the meticulous description, naturalistic reproduction, and systematic portrayal of violence propagandize it or have a didactic value. The discussion has come quite late, one is tempted to observe.

People point out that in the early movies we find as much violence as in the contemporary ones but that no one complained of it and its consequences. They miss the real sense of the phenomenon, but they do unconsciously touch the core of the problem. Of course, violence *was* present in the movies of William S. Hart, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Rod La Rocque, Walter Brennan, George Bancroft, Wallace Beery, Gary Cooper, James Cagney, and Humphrey Bogart, and violence was even more poignant in black and white than it is in today's Technicolor-ketchup rendition. But, at the same time, early American cinema, being a fresh, popular, and folksy art, knew by nature and intuition exactly where to draw the line of demarcation between Good and Evil, and how to render Good credible and appealing and Evil odious and despicable. This socially and culturally valuable knowledge (which today seems to many people vulgar and easy but is in fact very refined, and very difficult to attain) Hollywood has lost totally. The knowledge has gone astray among all kinds of psychologism, relativism, and pseudo-realism. Uncondemned violence is simply anti-didactic. The great art of how to condemn, and inspire audiences to condemn, has no place in today's Hollywood manual of easy truths.

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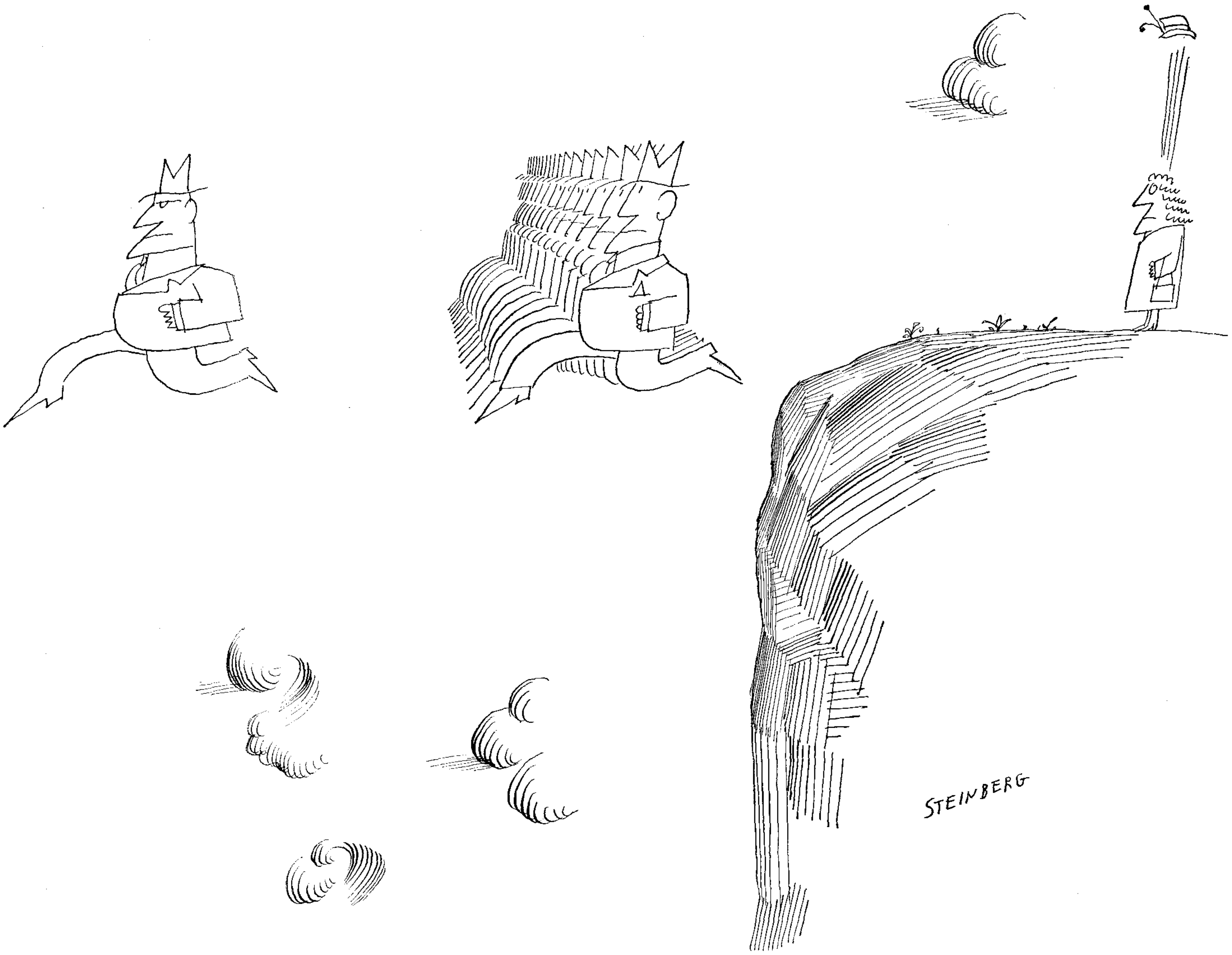
The Cosmic Misdemeanor of McLuhanism

MARSHALL McLUHAN turns his penetrating intelligence against intelligence, which is a grave error, a misdemeanor, and a betrayal. He advocates placing limitations on intelligence, and thereby jeopardizes mankind's future. His theories are convincing, but to proclaim them without considering the eventual losses that they might lead to is extremely dangerous. More than half the world is already in the hands (if not the lethal grip) of the quarter-intelligent and semi-literate, who in many countries claim the right to prescribe morals and legislate conscience. In our part of the planet, the lowbrow is already the legislator of predilection, but he does not dare dream about conscience. I am afraid that Professor McLuhan advances the lowbrow's repulsive career by assuring him that his victory is inevitable and informing him of his frightful power.

The New, Promiscuous Left

REVOLUTIONS used to start in the name of virtue and chastity. They were prepared for by years of well-advertised longing for better morals and manners, for a rigidity that was considered behavioral grace. Frivolity was anti-progressive before a revolution and reactionary after it. The ambiguous charms of lust were condemned as a sin against the People as well as against the Ideal, despite the fact that the Folk and the Absolute have nothing in common. The evils of *volupté*, vice, debauchery, prurience, and excess stood always with the enemy of revolution, no matter what his circumstances—were he a boorish villager or a depraved aristocrat. To enjoy and exhaust life was always contrary to the essence of revolutionary thought and



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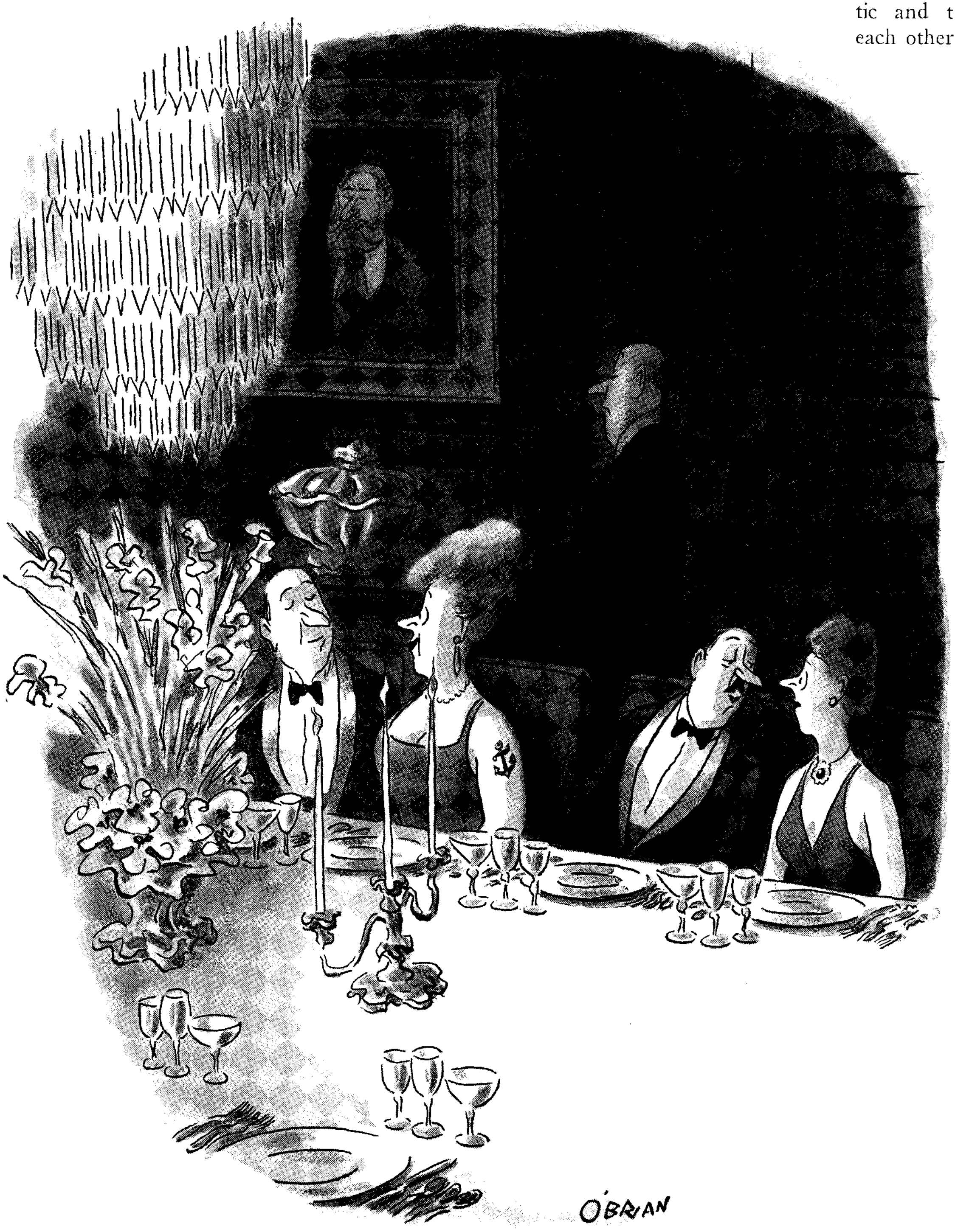
procedure, which, in principle, concentrated on the future. Only the decaying and perishing classes had no time, and must hurry with their pleasures. Revolutionaries were supposed to have plenty of time; if they appeared not to, they risked being accused of doubts. The Puritans were the extreme left of their epoch. Danton and Robespierre personified super-square purity. Marx, Engels, and Lenin abhorred everything connected with excesses of the flesh. Asceticism was always the core of revolutionary zeal and also the hard steel of its armor.

The honor of destroying this clear and clean set of values, this category of ideas, and this hierarchy of means fell to that part of the American left which was concentrated spiritually around the Berkeley campus in the mid-nineteen-sixties. With engaging innocence, its members promoted debauchery; with winning self-confidence, they preached theories whose incoherence first amused a European, then made him ponder the monumentalism of intellectual chaos. How collective copulation could eliminate poverty or broaden and deepen popular culture will probably remain a sweet secret of those Berkeley militants forever. Narcotics as an alternative to the ideal forms of common daily life experienced by mankind and sought over some five thousand years was an outrageously funny notion. But the smile was wiped from one's lips by the question: How did the Berkeleyites manage to connect childish irresponsibility toward their own lives with revolution, Marxism, radicalism, leftism? Or, more seriously: Is the contemporary subcultural stress on decadence and decay an essential characteristic of contemporary social, political, and intellectual leftism? Let's hope, rather, that it is a consequence of a penchant for primitive intellectual impulses as a substitute for modern humanism.

Decadent subcultures that accept degeneracy as a value and a behavioral norm are as old as the world, but they have never before disguised themselves as forces of social progress. The perennial mark of decadence is its individualism, its lack of social conscience. Moreover, a complete decadent scorns every social and moral engagement. How a female Berkeleyite identified her feeling of responsibility in regard to the Vietnam war with her compulsive worship of a limitless sex life remains a mystery to me. The once offbeat stigma of drug addiction became as common with hippies as it was with nineteenth-century dandies, but the latter never wanted to spread the habit, while the former considered it a mission. On the contrary, a dandy jealously guarded his uniqueness, his unusual social attitude. The nineteenth century in Europe knew the phenomenon of intellectual groups who turned artistry into ideology. They had a strong inclination toward every abuse of morals and manners, and toward its refinement and further perversion, but they shunned politics. It is difficult to imagine any of their ideologues, from Baudelaire to Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley, embracing a Socialist cause. At the peak of their success and of their influence on European culture, they felt terribly aristocratic and anti-egalitarian, and considered themselves an anointed élite. They spoke of Satanism and "Naked Soul" as a Berkeleyite came to speak of psychedelic philosophies; they smoked hashish and inhaled ether as the Haight-Ashbury indigenes smoked pot, but they never considered this habit a point of departure for communal activity. There exists plenty of reason to believe that both Wilde and Beardsley (the incontestable father of current psychedelic art) would have been more enamored of Fascism and Hitlerism—as many of their Italian and German confrères were—than of any derivatives of Marxism. A faithful decadent espoused Nietzsche's gospel of the Better and the Strong, of the hero who has the right to abuse others because he is ever ready to perish. But this predilection placed a self-respecting decadent far from social commitment—if we are not disposed to identify as social commitment his probable ultimate vocation as an S.S. man in Auschwitz.

At the beginning of this century, certain radicals and Socialists, enthusiastic about the progress of science in the field of contraceptives, preached woman's liberation from eternal bondage, having in mind, of course, masculine brutality and economic domination. One of them, George Bernard Shaw (a vegetarian with rather meagre sexual experience), went as far as to advocate so-called sexual freedom. Being a theoretician, Mr. Shaw could easily enjoy fame as a radical, though he was careful to propagandize just a woman's right to choose her love partner, not her right to sell her body. Promiscuity still seemed to him a mark of the depraved rich. The following decades saw Socialists and Communists of both sexes abundantly sleeping together despite the lack of official church or state approbation. This led to accusations from more conservative elements, but it was still far from debauchery. Just the opposite. According to literary testimony, leftist lovers were prone to suicide and other romantic and tragic acts, such as killing each other on the ground of unrequited feeling, jealousy, or infidelity. One must admit that it would be difficult to imagine a Berkeleyite committing suicide because of unrequited love, or killing out of jealousy; he would be forced to kill an entire pot party, plus large circles of friends and remote acquaintances.

The Berkeley combination of leftism and promiscuity was, in orthodox Marxian opinion, old-fashioned. The attempt to undermine the existing order and to impose a new one by means of multiple sexual efforts or drug-induced hallucinations sounded like a joke from the era of primitive anarchism. A social holy war in defense of lesbian delights or the human right to transvestism proved just one thing: that the construction of American society (except for its vast and horrific race problem) was unbearably healthy. A modern Marxist, despite all the Russian and Chinese distortions of the genuine formula, still builds his thinking on the distinction between the base and the superstructure. Submerged by insoluble problems of ideological struggle, political mechanics, and economic planning, he has no time for sin—if he even considers excessive lovemaking a sin. Promiscuity is for him a part of



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Royal Secret

Germaine Monteil

the superstructure; it flourishes only when the base is sound, firm, powerful, well functioning. To him, Berkeley and hippiedom were painful evidence that the American base was in perfect order, for only a booming economy could afford an extravaganza like Haight-Ashbury and its love movement. Psychedelic leftism and narcotic Socialism made him suspect that perverse fakes were being staged by the C.I.A. to convince the world that everything was going well in America, and to hide the real trouble. In the eyes of a hard-core French Communist or a Russian Party official, the Berkeley fantasies were a subversive intrigue diabolically organized to discredit a real progressiveness; hippies were Mr. Helms' agents, and hippiedom was the Establishment's poison in the soul of American youth longing for authentic social revolt and justice. In Russia, young people who took part in sex parties would be accused of reversing Communism and be jailed immediately for counter-revolutionary activity. An adolescent who by some miracle acquired pot and smoked it would risk a ten-year term in a concentration camp for being an agent of American imperialism and contaminating the happy and healthy Soviet youth.

What remains to be explained is why the first genuine American style of depravity (in both the mental and the biological sense) obviously sought moral decency. This striving is undeniable: Every "Take acid!" appeal was accompanied by "And don't kill little Vietnamese!" and every slogan advocating sex had the obligatory addendum "For everybody!"—these two words providing a muscular touch of social idealism. Freudians might ascribe it to the subconscious at work; conservatives wouldn't hesitate to call it hypocrisy. For me, it was evidence of the glorious, victorious Americanism that lustful leftists from Berkeley wanted so passionately and hopelessly to be rid of. The European decadent, dandy, degenerate, bohemian, libertine, narcomaniac, Nirvana-wanderer, sex maniac, and theoretician of orgiastics would say—as he always did—"*Après nous le déluge.*" His American counterpart wanted still to improve the world and distribute the goods, even if the only goods to distribute were debauchery, degeneracy, and decay.

Games Intellectuals Play

I WAS taken to dinner by a prosperous New York intellectual with very leftist opinions. The New Left

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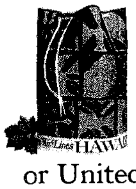

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"Merry Christmas."
"Happy 4th of July, Dear."

intellectual, he argued at the table, is granted the freedom to oppose only because he has little influence on the masses, and so is powerless. Similarly, the Russian or Eastern European intellectual is deprived of that freedom because he is powerful within the society. My host thus eliminated a priori those principles, moral or ideological, which distinguish the American political and social structure from the Russian Communist one. Apparently, it comforted him in a somewhat masochistic way.

Strangely, he stubbornly refused to recognize that the influence of the opposition intellectual in Communist Europe comes from the ideas he preaches and fights for, and not just from the fact that he is an intellectual. The writer has always been hailed not because he writes but because of *what* he writes. An anti-Communist Eastern European intellectual has power because he opposes a more powerful power—one that uses its might to oppress, subjugate, and harm entire nations. His strength derives from his persecution, his righteousness. He is in empathy with the masses in his society and is ready to pay for his beliefs with his personal freedom. His influence springs, therefore, mainly from his anti-Communism. The faithful Communist intellectual in a Communist-ruled country who is out of sympathy with the masses—and there are plenty—is as impotent as the complaining leftist is in America. *Il y a quelque chose là-dedans.*

I condoled with my host. "All you need," I said as we sipped our after-dinner Rémy Martin, "is to be a little oppressed. A nice, cozy, not too harmful persecution would do." Yet it remained a disturbing matter: Who could, if necessary, oppress him? I understood the futility of my advice. After all, the American intellectual tries hard, and all in vain. It is the impossibility of being persecuted that is the source of his frustration. Of course, he thinks of himself as one who *is* oppressed. But by whom? I desperately looked around for an oppressor to comfort him with, and I was unable to find one.

ESSENTIAL OMISSION

THE Western world possesses fairly accurate and exhaustive knowledge of Communist crimes against, and persecution of, human beings. What it doesn't know is what Communism makes of a man *without* persecution. This ignorance could be the main rea-

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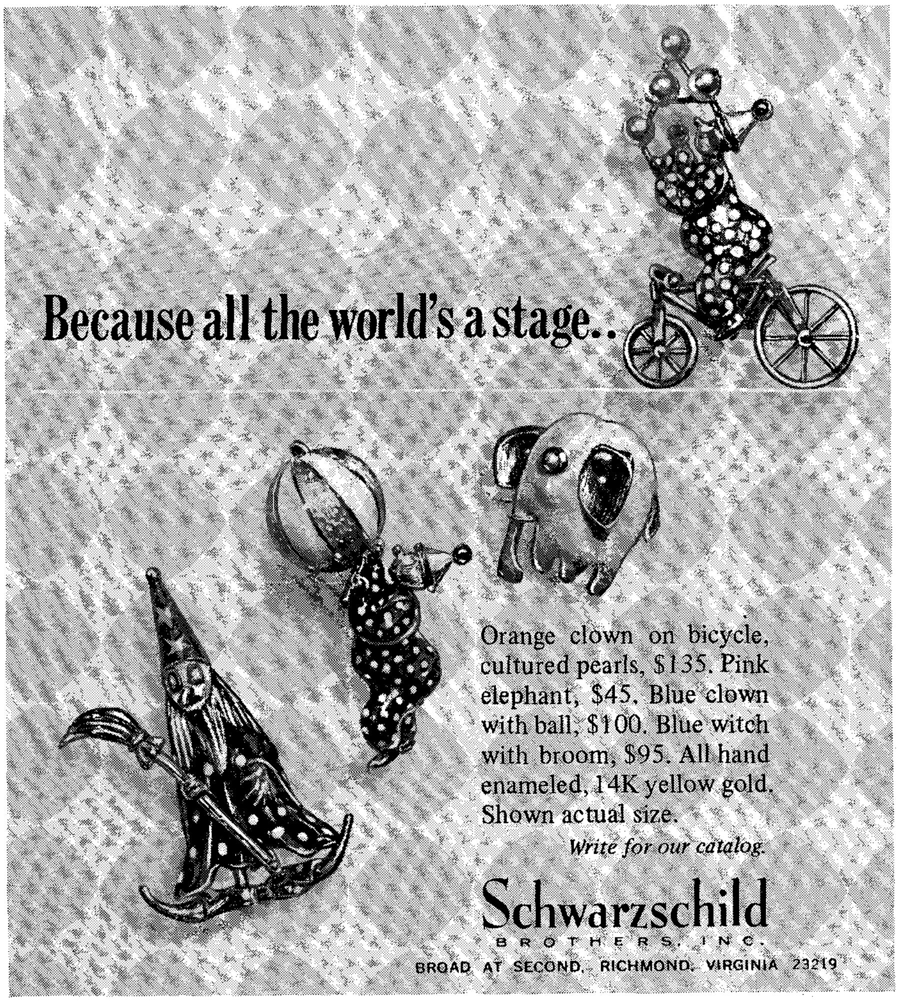

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son for many of the West's defeats when dealing with Communism.

How SIMPLE!

THE dedicated in advertising and at the universities try to find a formula to express America's fabulous wealth, either for propaganda purposes or for their personal satisfaction. I think it should be expressed by the relation between the plenitude of food and the widespread, almost fashionable refusal to eat. In the eyes of a citizen of a Communist country, the diet obsession is an absurd, insolent whim. But only the rich can afford not to eat, and to live on something else. The poor haven't even an idea of what that something else might be.

THE INTELLECTUAL'S FALLACIOUS GLORIES

IT is generally accepted that our epoch has seen the triumph of the intellectual. In my opinion, the opposite is true. A successful intellectual is a contradiction of nature, it seems to me, since for centuries mankind has held unsuccessful, embittered, skeptical, or disappointed sages in higher esteem than joyful or complaisant ones. The combination of a keen mind, bitterness, and lack of worldly success gives the intellectual two valuable traits: exceptionality and dignity. Without them, he would become ludicrous. An intellectual's destiny bears something both doleful and funny, both exhilarating and lamentable, both comic and pitiful; charm is the one ingredient that can save him from inevitable humiliation. Socrates, the charming prototype of the intellectual, never lost dignity in men's eyes, notwithstanding his frequent failures. Hence his superiority to Sartre, who, being wealthy and apparently successful, and also being obsequious to the most dubious causes—doggedly labelled "progressive"—can claim neither charm nor dignity.

The demographic explosion of intellectuals that is characteristic of our time robs them of a priceless feature—rareness. The present social scene is cluttered with modern-day Tristram Shandys, pocket-size Voltaires, mass-produced Julien Sorels, endlessly reprinted Stephen Dedaluses. The sovereignty of personal opinion and originality of thought gets lost in the crowd. A hundred years ago, the disillusioned victim of unfulfilled dreams or unrealized ideas was thought interesting, could enchant parties and stir deep admiration. He was the product of lack of comprehension combined with legitimate, if mistreated, ambitions. Today,

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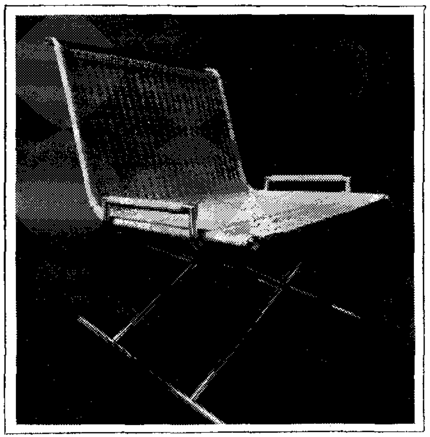

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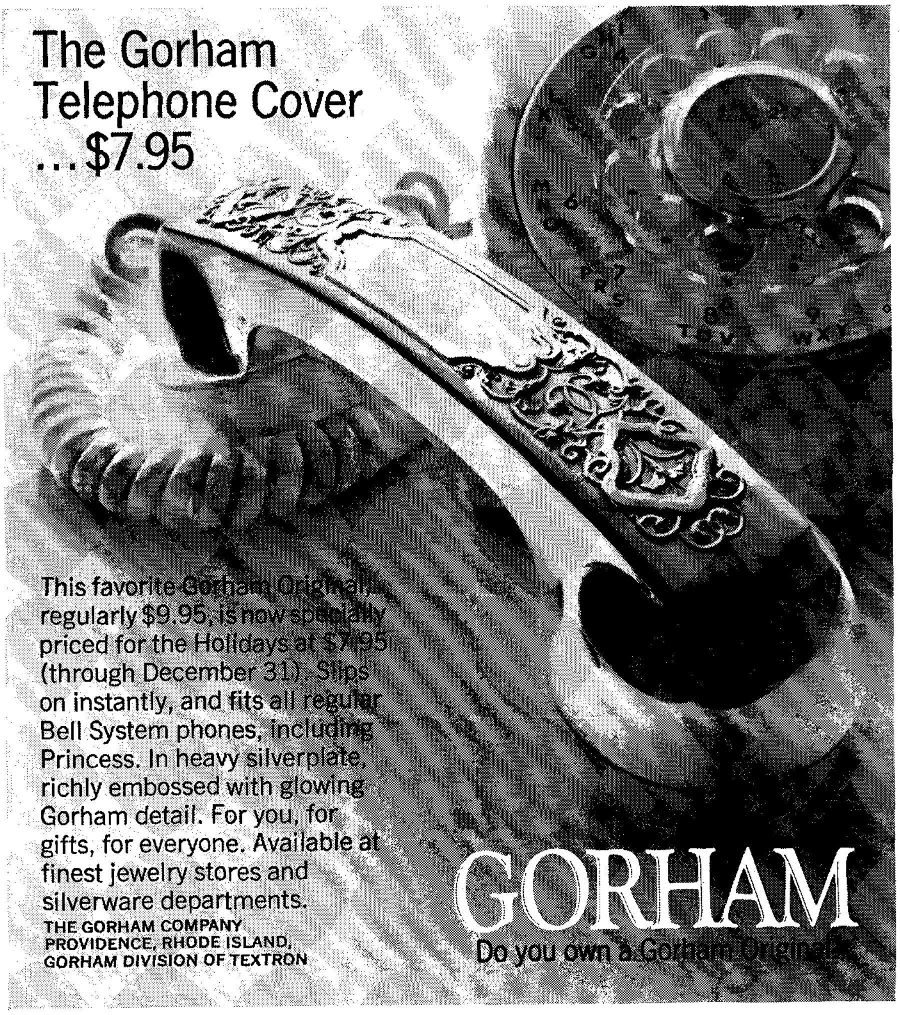

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when *les bourgeois* happily discuss the farthest-out topics at the breakfast table, are eager to contribute to the most off-beat concepts, and wish to participate in the wildest moral adventures, the impoverished, unsuccessful intellectual is merely sad and miserable. He now possesses nothing to compel respect. All that is left to him is to extend his youthfulness by following the latest fashions and pretending to be vigorous at parties, where he sports both silver hair and childish amulets or beads and dances farcically, hoping that his demonstration will pass for eccentricity.

A HANGUP

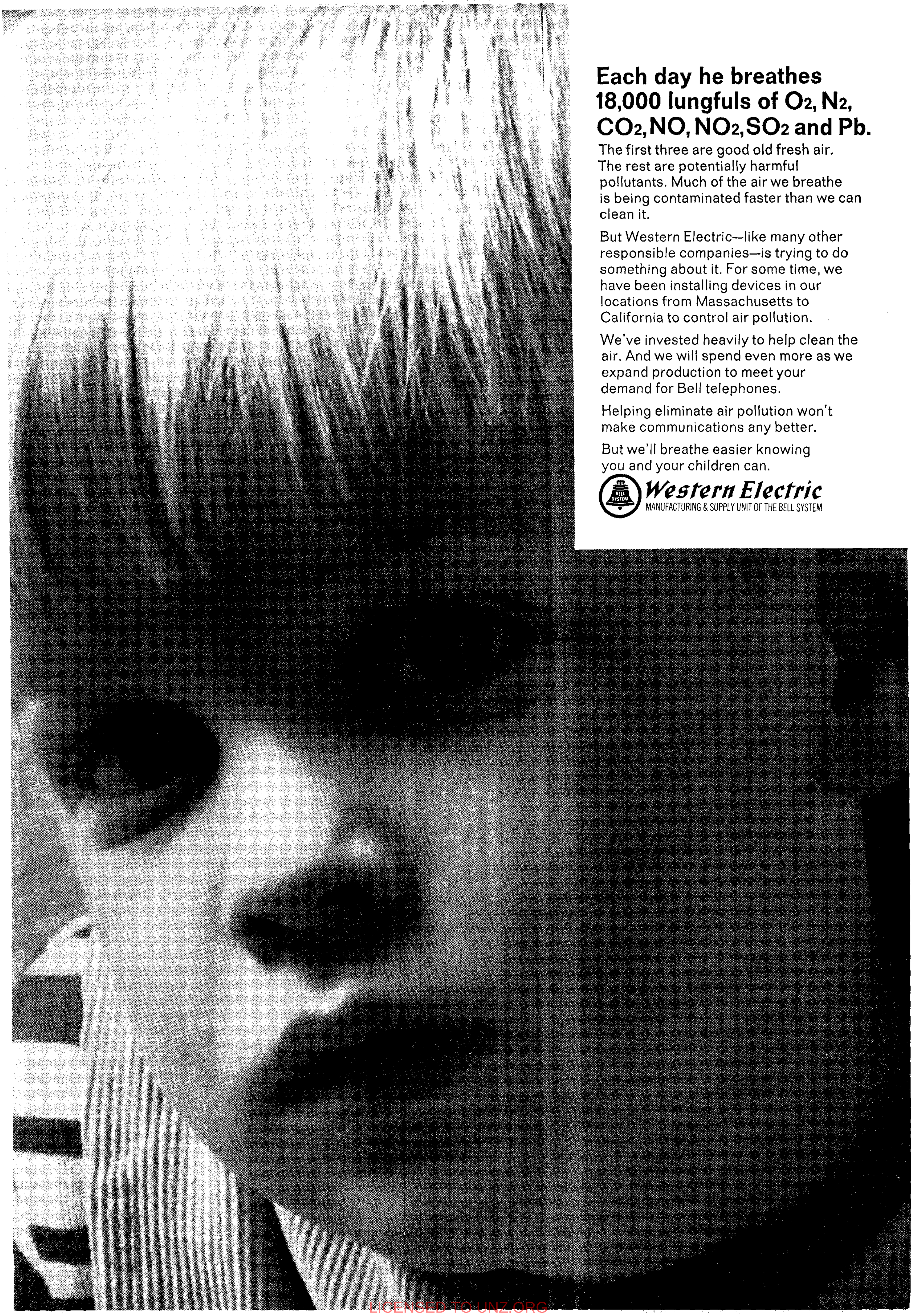
"IT is our duty to protest!" my host said.

We sat in a charming Village apartment, its atmosphere and décor so tasteful that I wouldn't have protested if I had been held there by force for a couple of years.

"Your *duty*?" I repeated, lost in meditation.

"What's wrong with that word?" he asked suspiciously.

"I suppose protest is rather a lucrative occupation today," I said. "Especially protest against an actual, authentic freedom. It is a new industry, a new way of making money. Three things are necessary to start this kind of business: a pen, a guitar, and a free society as one's professional space. Written protests bring a decent living, vocal protests bring millions. One who knows how to exhibit his social misery and anguish well rapidly becomes a millionaire. The 'how' is very important; the expression of misery and anguish must be skillfully directed. Many of the protesters do not stop midway; not only do they protest against the existing, actual freedom but they praise limitlessly what they call *genuine* freedom, which they say is found east of the Iron Curtain. They call themselves cautious Communists. Now, to be a cautious Communist is even more lucrative than to be a protester. The cautious Communists flourish chiefly in France and Italy, where the radical feelings of the masses are very clear-cut. There they call themselves protesters against the social order, which gives them a *dolce vita* that the United States protesters cannot even dream of. Several French or Italian cautious-Communist writers, painters, and film directors have collected amounts of wealth that might embitter the average United States millionaire. As Communists, they are cautious because they are careful to avoid living in Communist societies which have already achieved the social



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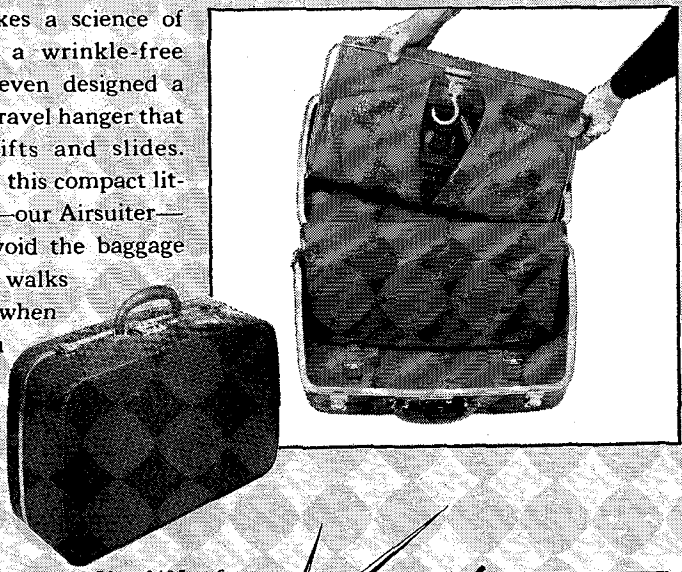

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justice they preach and recommend in their works of art. They consider living in social injustice more reasonable. I suspect they couldn't live without it. Curiously, in the Communist countries there are also plenty of cautious-Communist writers, painters, and film directors. They are extremely careful to avoid the lightest remark about social injustice in their societies, and they glorify—but cautiously—their Communist social order and government. If they did so in a reckless way, those around them would account them idiots—an assessment they cannot afford, for purely professional reasons. In such societies, there are also a number of protesters, but they are in prison, or are starving because they cannot publish, make movies, or sing songs."

I noticed that my monologue tended to be confusing, and also much too long. Perhaps for that reason, I have never received another invitation to the charming Village apartment.

MUSING ON CHANGE

I MET a scholar who said he believed Communism to be the only force capable of changing the world. "Interesting," I said. "But then why doesn't it begin with itself? Why doesn't it change into something better? Why are the Communists who want to change Communism usually in prison?" And I added, "Perhaps because it is easier to change the world than the habit of using prisons."

He looked at me with distaste, probably thinking: Why are people so petty? Why are they concerned with the *tiny* problems of prison systems when the fate of the world is at stake?

NEW YORK

AFTER one has crossed America, New York makes a strange impression: It seems bigger than all the rest of the country put together. I don't even know precisely in what sense. Whenever I arrive, I feel attacked from all sides by the configuration of cubes, lines, and vertical shapes which makes the beauty of this city. The beauty of most cities derives either from the sense of proportion they convey or from the pageant of rationalism they provide or from the sumptuousness of their décor. The beauty of New York derives from its rage for construction. Which thus proves itself more triumphant than anything else in this century.

PEACE MARCH IN NEW YORK

I FELT sad looking at her. How well I know young girls of this kind, their eyes filled with the hatred

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of evil (this time's code signal: L.B.J.) and with the purest ideological intentions. Little girls with unclean nails who, in the end, are always poor victims of their own "I know better how it *really* is." Today they pin psychedelic-Marxian buttons on their busts and carry posters on which Ho Chi Minh smiles with tactful malice, for he knows how it really is. Thirty years ago, they marched through the streets of Eastern European cities wearing little photos of Joseph Stalin where now they exhibit the serene motto "Make love not war." An impressive number of them perished, just a few years later, in the abominable, verminous forced-labor camps their idol had scattered over Kazakhstan and Siberia. What a kind fate might do for their New York sisters is to allow them to protest perennially.

THE LEGEND

THE fact that there are as many weary, sad, colorless, and shabby-looking people in the United States as elsewhere is very little known in the rest of the world. The big legend is still that the tired do not exist here. In spite of all the other means of communication, the color slide is still the most powerful source of knowledge about America. The slide and the legend are relics of letters from relatives who were not doing badly. In the eyes of Europeans, everybody has succeeded here, because the poor measure the success of others not by the work put in but by its spectacular effects. And those effects are quite spectacular as they are manifested in America. It's like another legend spread in Europe: Americans do not clean their clothes but simply throw them away, and this explains much of the American program of aid to Europe during the first half of the century. Here, on the spot, one notices that the cleaning, mending, and laundry businesses are among the mightiest.

SOME REMARKS ON THE NATURE OF REBELLION IN COMMUNISM

IN Communist-ruled societies, the facts are opaque. They cannot be defined and verified, as they are in democracies. Interpretations may come closer to the truth than actual, empirical fixing of data. A moral evaluation can be made by examining functions or remote results.

In dealing with today's Communism, Western scientists and observers tend to ascribe changes almost entirely to disagreements within the Party. They believe in heresies, schisms, the

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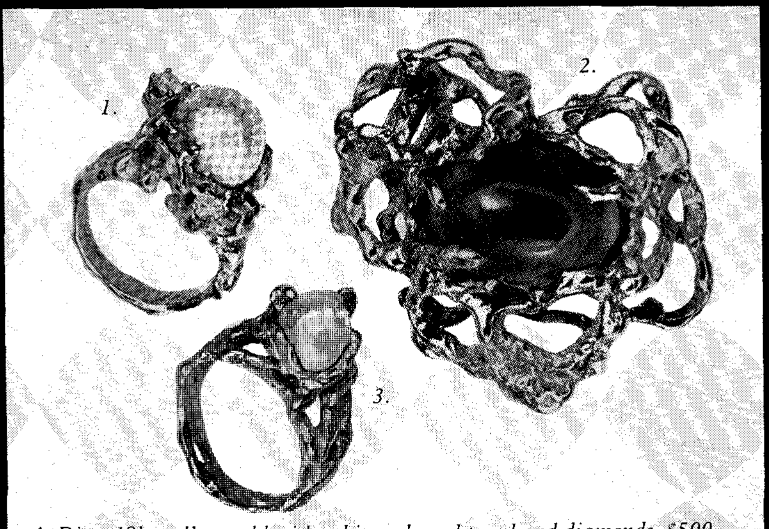

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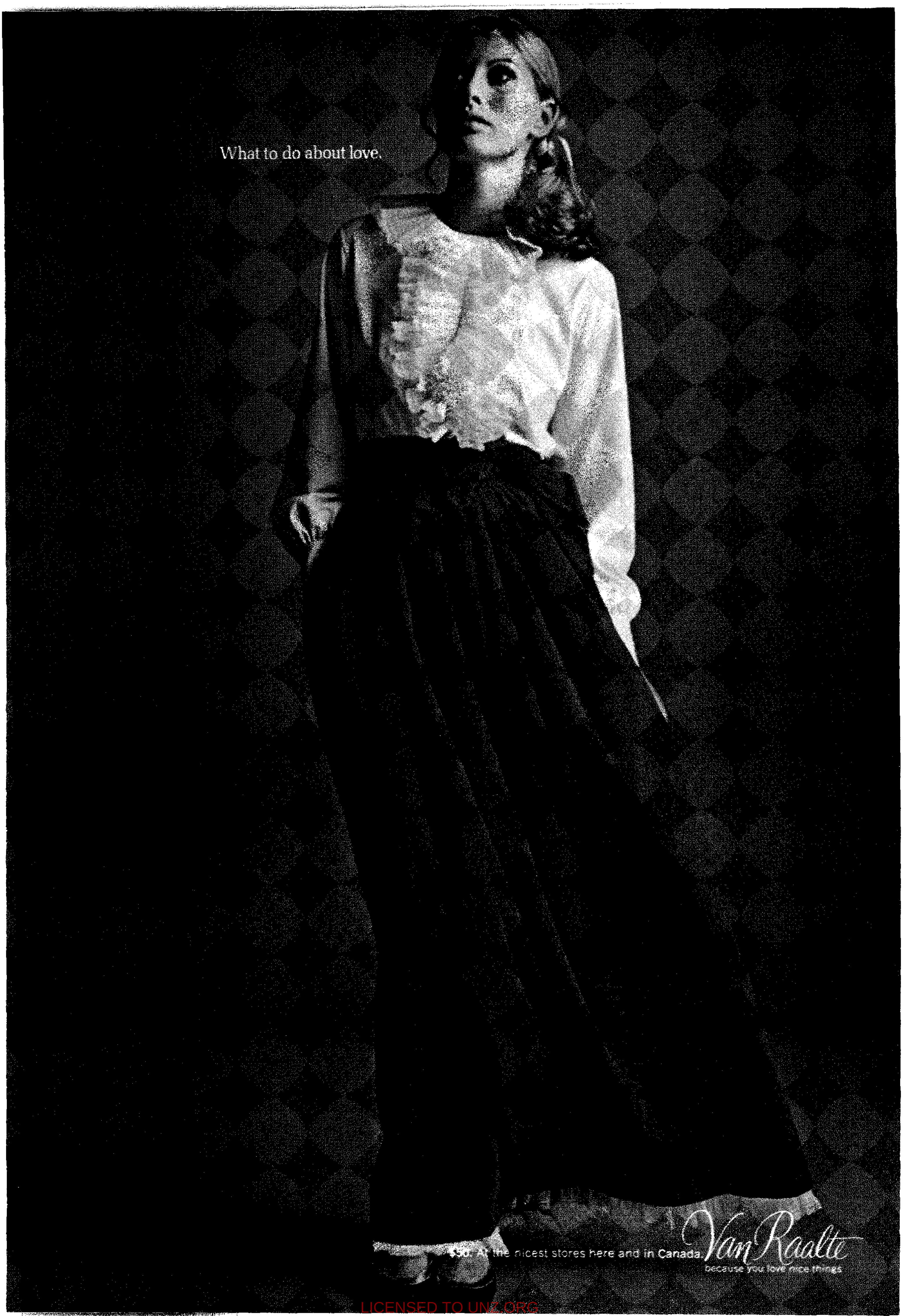
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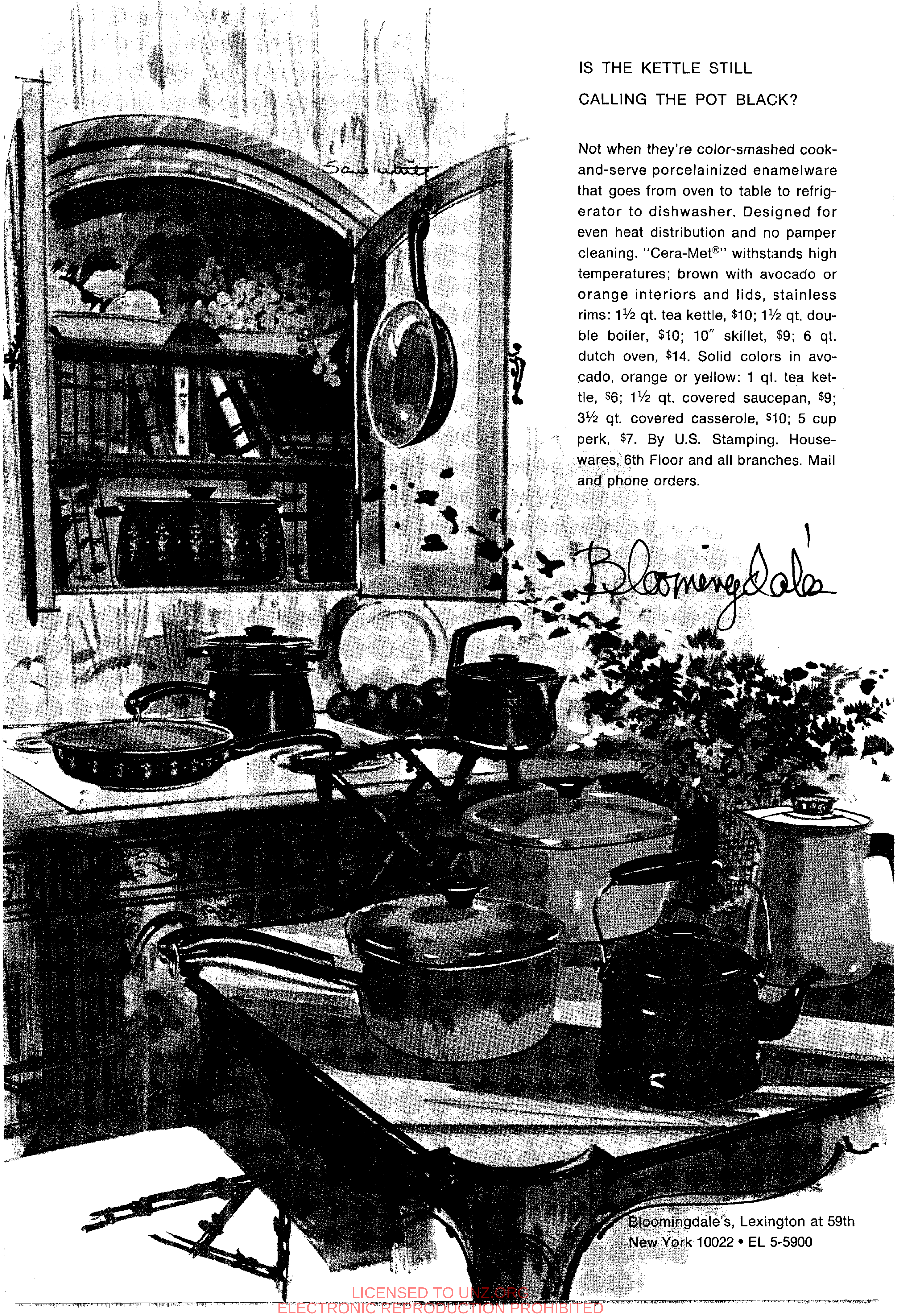

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corrosive role of culture. The erosion of the ideology within the framework of the political structure of power seems to them the decisive factor in respect to progress. This element is indeed of crucial significance, and they are right in emphasizing it, but the tendency to overlook other factors of change, or to underestimate or abandon them, is a basic mistake. Changes result also from the monumental passive resistance of the oppressed societies—the source of the gigantic economic and social failures of Communism. The disenchanted Stalinists do not produce changes; the inevitable necessity of change produces disenchanted Stalinists. Czech, Polish, or Hungarian intellectuals did not originate revolt; the pressure of social facts forced them to recognize the irrevocability of upheaval. The famous, flamboyant manifestos of Polish and Hungarian poets, which are still praised in the West as magnificent sparks of rebellion, are forgotten today in the poets' own countries, but the stress of anti-Communism deep in the masses ruled by Communists is overwhelmingly present and will never cease to exist. The poets do not create changes. They hitch themselves to them.

Ice Hockey and Dialectic

Last year, we celebrated half a century of practical Communism in Russia. It has succeeded in creating a social reality that is close to being an absolute evil. It is responsible for murdering and jailing millions of innocent persons, holding other millions in misery, and robbing yet other millions of their right to personal endeavor and progress—perhaps the most precious element of human existence. Strangely, with such a record, Communism has never stopped pretending that it is mankind's only path to perfection. Meanwhile, democracy, Communism's opposite in the contemporary world, is nonsensically obsessed by a conviction of its own innumerable evils. Yet man has invented nothing better than a soundly functioning democracy, whether in ancient Athens or in contemporary Copenhagen or in Gary, Indiana. Those who live under Communism are fully aware of that.

The situation is, in a sense, similar to that which exists in the realm of ice hockey. There is, every year, an international ice-hockey contest organized by the International Ice Hockey Federation. The democracies send amateur players, and the Communists send professionals disguised as amateurs. The international jury's helpless acceptance of professionals as amateurs is the result

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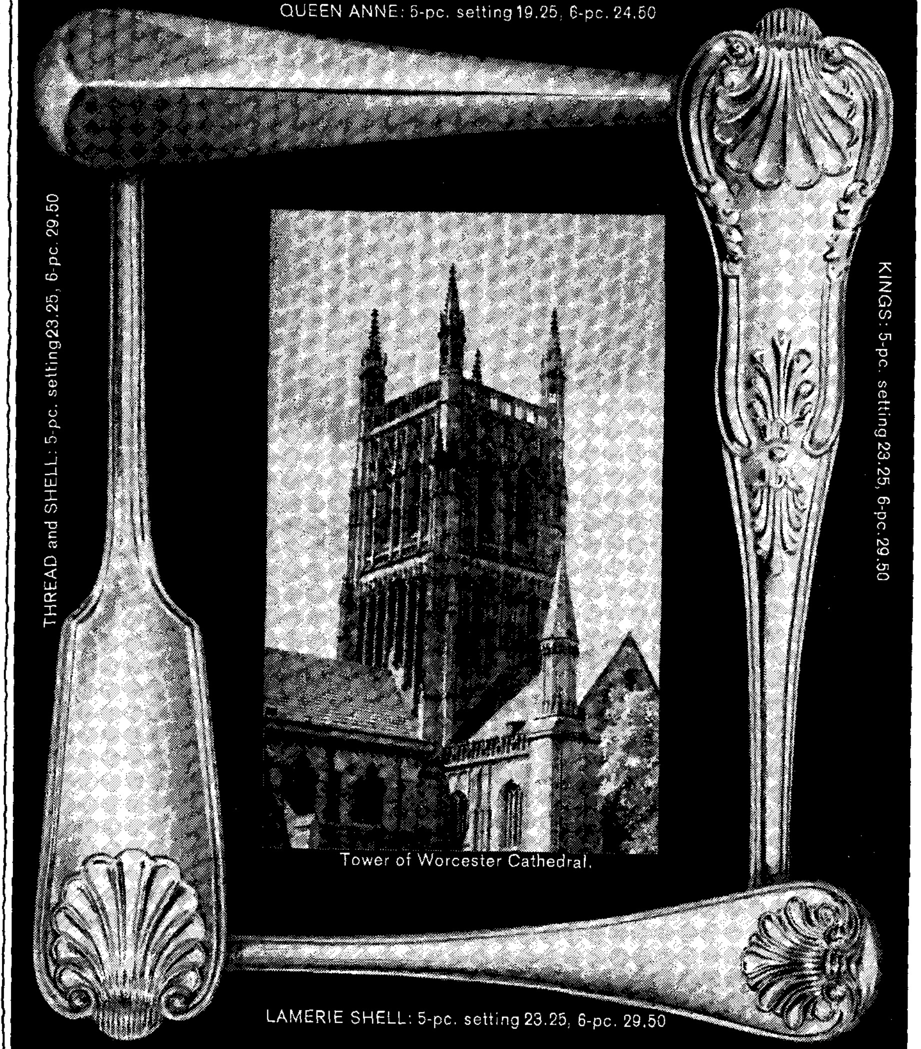

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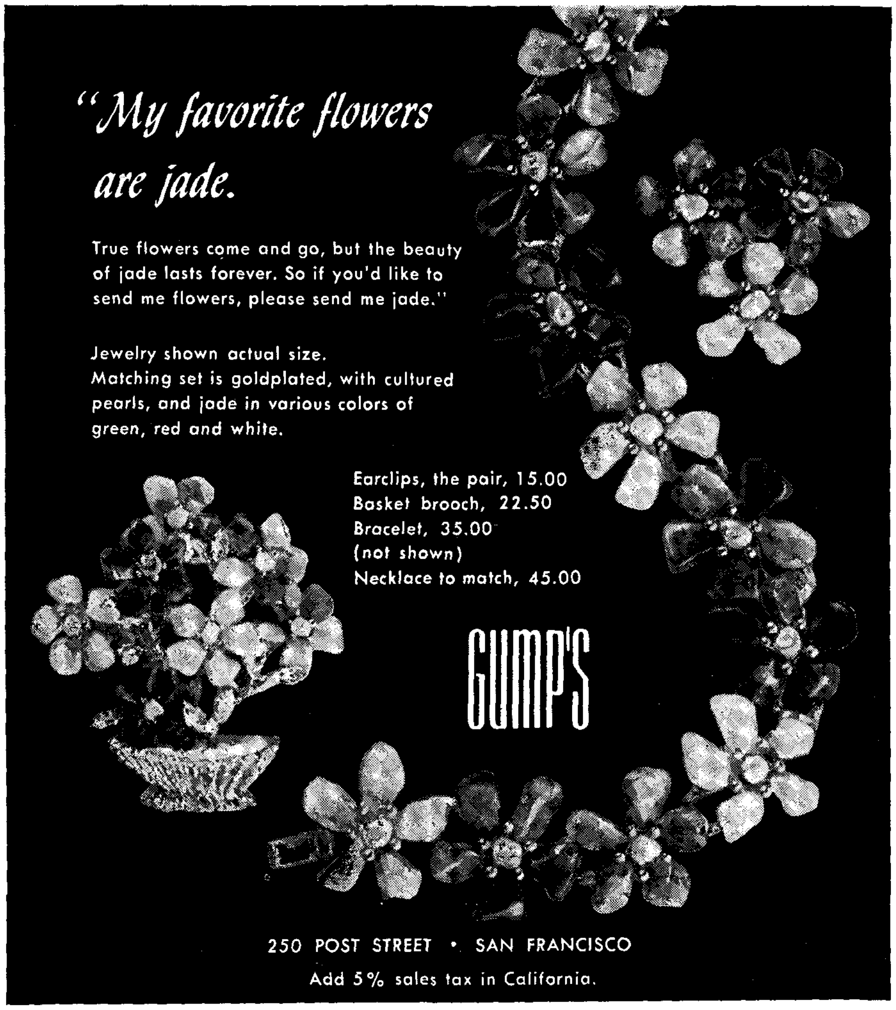
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of the Communists' power in argumentation; they persuade the jury that when players don't receive money but do get apartments, clothes, food, television sets, half a year's free vacation in the most expensive seaside resorts, and expensive extra presents for each marked point, they are not professionals but amateurs. Of course, these teams of Communist amateurs steal easy victories from democratic players who buy even their hockey sticks with their own money. The Communist press all over the world presents the victories as proof of the superiority of Communism to degenerate capitalism, never mentioning, naturally, that under capitalism there exist professional ice-hockey teams that could, with little effort, smash every Communist team to pieces. In the democracies, no one cares, but in Communist-dominated societies the masses, being too tired to pursue the truth, passively accept the headlines that proclaim new victories of the invincible Red, Communist, People's *amateur* ice-hockey teams.

Such total havoc in respect to the social consciences of the two sides makes communication impossible.

THE LIE AND POLITICS

DELICACY is a common cause of the lie. The relentless pressures of one's sensitivity breed more liars than any other psychological circumstance. This simple truth applies to everyone except politicians. No matter what they do for the sake of subtlety, it turns into callousness or fraud.

NATIONALISM

FOR many years, American Kremlinologists have believed that nationalism is the chief erosive force in the Communist empire. Those of us who have come from "over there" have tried to persuade them that they are wrong—except for some sly and perfidious Marxists disguised as progressive revisionists, who, in order to perplex the West, confirm them in their fallacy. But nationalism—or national Communism, as American Kremlinologists used to call it—has proved itself the nipple of a pacifier as the Communists have employed it. During the Spanish Civil War, Communists demonstrated how well they could use nationalism for their own ends; then, after Yalta, the subjection of Eastern Europe was carried out to a nationalistic accompaniment. The newest brand of national Communism degenerates easily into populist jingoism, anti-Semitism, and vulgar anti-Russian idiosyncrasies of all kinds without really harming the Com-

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munists. Nationalism breeds emotions, but emotions are hardly a menace to any empire. What the Communists are really afraid of are ideas, not emotions—penetrating, analytical thought, not lowbrow patriotism. Habeas corpus, the Declaration of Human Rights, and the American Constitution are the concrete enemies—not flags, not anthems, not emblems, not the colors of and monuments to national heroes of the Middle Ages, who have been dead long enough to be helpless when they are enlisted as Communist Party members in official history textbooks. Rumania may pull faces at the Soviet Union in the most insulting, nationalistic way and they will hardly trigger an invasion, because Rumania's internal order is still based on rigid Communist order; Rumanians are permitted to chant patriotic songs but not to express any doubts about the heart of the matter. The Polish arch-nationalist of a decade ago, Mr. Gomulka, became the staunchest of all supporters of Russia, and this position doesn't hinder him from using the most jingoistic arguments at home, especially when he is dealing with Jews. Czechoslovakia, during its heroic eight-month-long quest for freedom, didn't use any pseudo-patriotic anti-Russian slogans. It just wanted to think freely and draw its own conclusions from its own experiences, in order to improve its fate—meaning the Socialist reality—and this modest demand had to be forcibly suppressed by the Russians. The only element that endangers the raison d'être of the empire is freedom of thought. The erosion of the empire will come through thinking, not through feeling pride in being a Czech, a Pole, a Hungarian, or a Bulgarian.

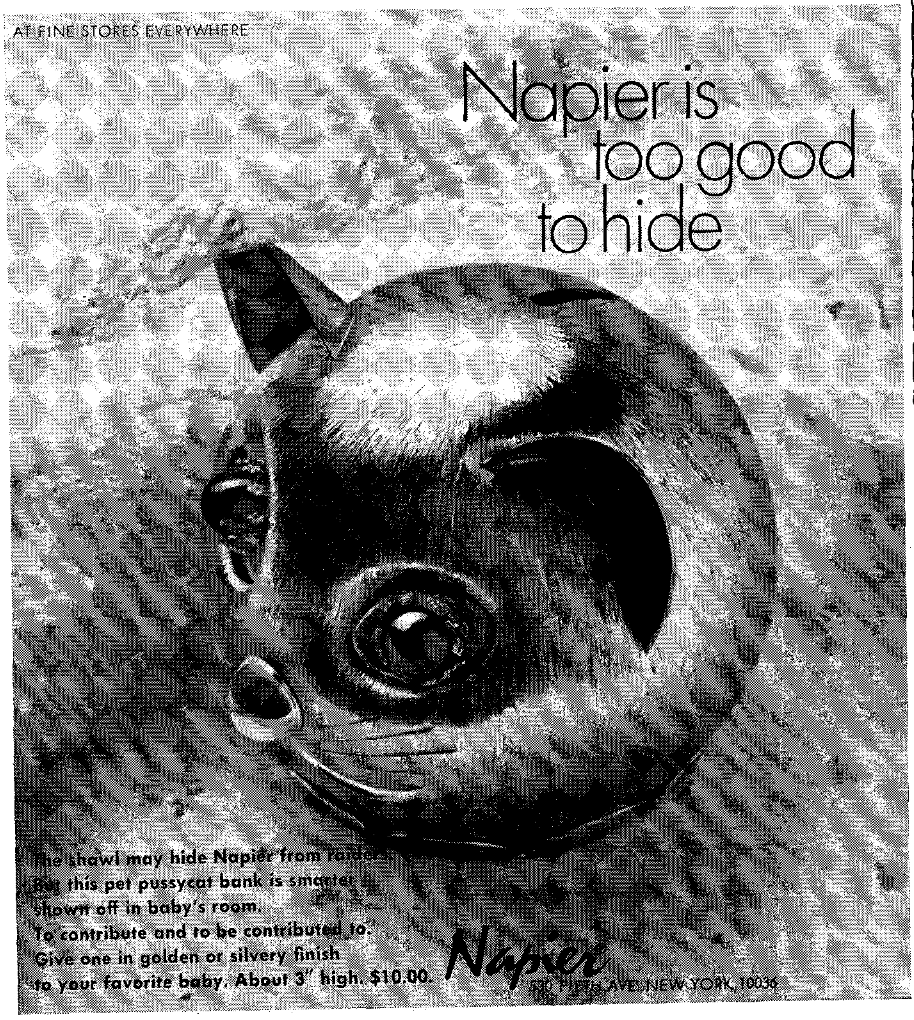
WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

"BUT they can't arrest a whole nation that doesn't want them in its country!" exclaimed a young, attractive New York girl. "Everyone is against them, and they can't arrest everyone!"

We were walking down Second Avenue; bars and sidewalk coffeehouses were filled with her Paisley-covered miniskirted or pajama-trousered sisters. It was a warm, gregarious evening in the East Sixties, and the fourth in the most cynical display of violence to be made against one nation by another in the last twenty years—the one called, officially, the Czech crisis. News had just reached us that the Russians planned a mass arrest of all Czechs suspected of being liberal-

Lord & Taylor

He's all boy in his knit suits of unflinching DuPont Orlon® acrylic by Spur. One is white with bright green, the other has red pants and a white top banded with red and navy. Both, M, L, XL, 9.00 Young People's Floor, Seventh, Lord & Taylor, New York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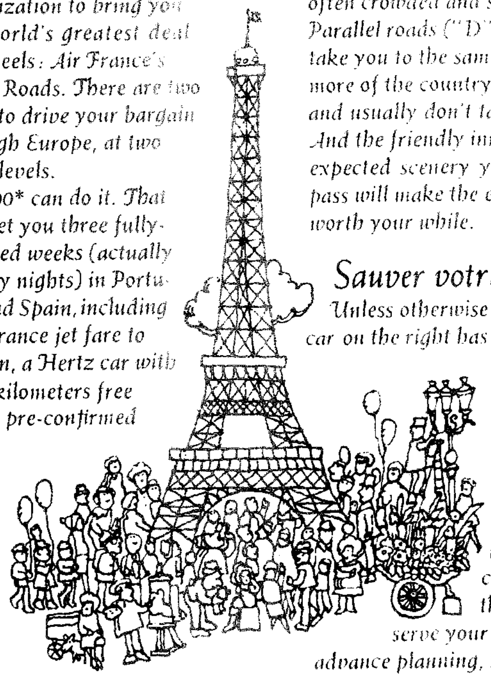

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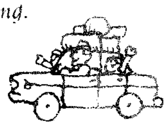


les Routes de France

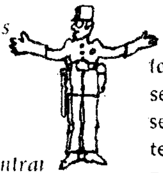
Driving is good throughout the country; only the most remote roads are unpaved. Major highways are often crowded and slow-moving. Parallel roads ("D" and number) take you to the same place, offer more of the countryside to gaze at and usually don't take much longer. And the friendly inns and unexpected scenery you're likely to pass will make the extra mileage worth your while.

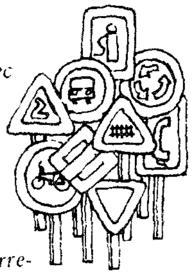
Sauver votre vie

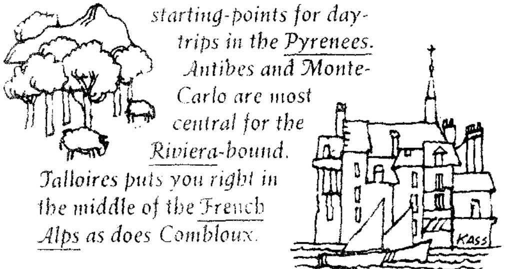
Unless otherwise indicated, the car on the right has the right of way.

Conserver vos énergies

Spontaneous, unplanned motor trips have their casual charm, but we think you can conserve your energies by some advance planning, selecting a few centrally located points at which to spend several days, and from which you can make day-trips to the surrounding countryside. Then move on to the next central point, and so on. This is how to avoid searching for a different stopping place each night. For example, Perros-Guirec and Carnac are excellent places from which to see Brittany. Amboise and Saint Dyé are good headquarters for the Château Country. Argelès-Gazost and Andorre-la-Vieille are both good starting-points for day-trips in the Pyrenees. Antibes and Monte-Carlo are most central for the Riviera-bound. Talloires puts you right in the middle of the French Alps as does Combloux.







A la station-service

Gasoline (essence) *is expensive—about 80¢ a gallon—but you get better mileage than with an American car. Order "super" gas, only a few* centimes *more and much better than the* ordinaire.

fill her up: faites le plein
engine: moteur
brake: frein
clutch: embrayage
hood: capot
trunk: malle arrière
tire: pneu

French mechanics are good, even in the country. In the event of any major problem, a call to Hertz will get you a new car fast, and you're on your way again.

les Symboles de la route

Road signs in France conform with International Road Signs. Three shapes:
triangle: danger
circle: regulation
rectangle: information

The stylized illustrations inside the shapes are easily understood. The nearest French Government Tourist Office can provide you with a pamphlet showing pictures of all of them.

When you see the word stop on a roadside, do it. Other important phrases you're likely to see:

sens unique: *one-way*
serrez à gauche: *squeeze left*
tenez votre droite: *keep right*
piétons: *pedestrians*
sens interdit: *do not enter*
déviation: *detour*
travaux: *men at work (slow down)*

Pour le "speed-demon"

For years, the French have been trying to regulate speed on the open roads. With little success, you'll discover. People proceed at their own pace, and it's not always fast. There are definite limits set in towns and cities; observe them, even if the French don't.

Vous et la police

Usually, foreign drivers don't get tickets. Monsieur l'agent will scold for a while and then send you off with a warning. (French drivers often get fined on the spot.) There is one law, however, that'll bring every flic in the neighborhood down on you the minute you break it: don't ever cross a solid lane marker.

la Pause qui rafraîchit

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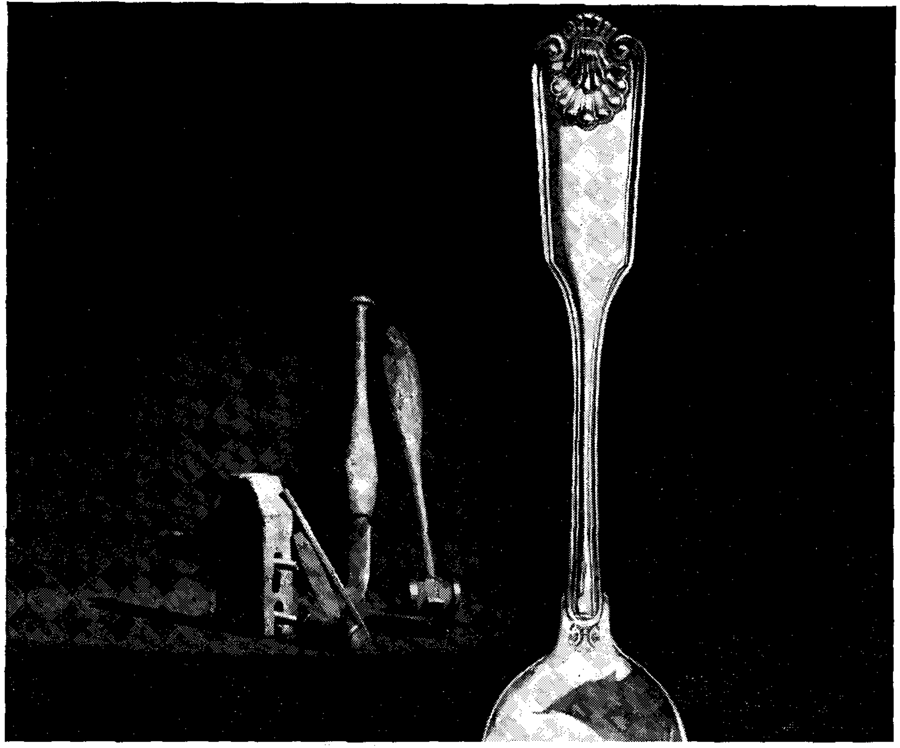

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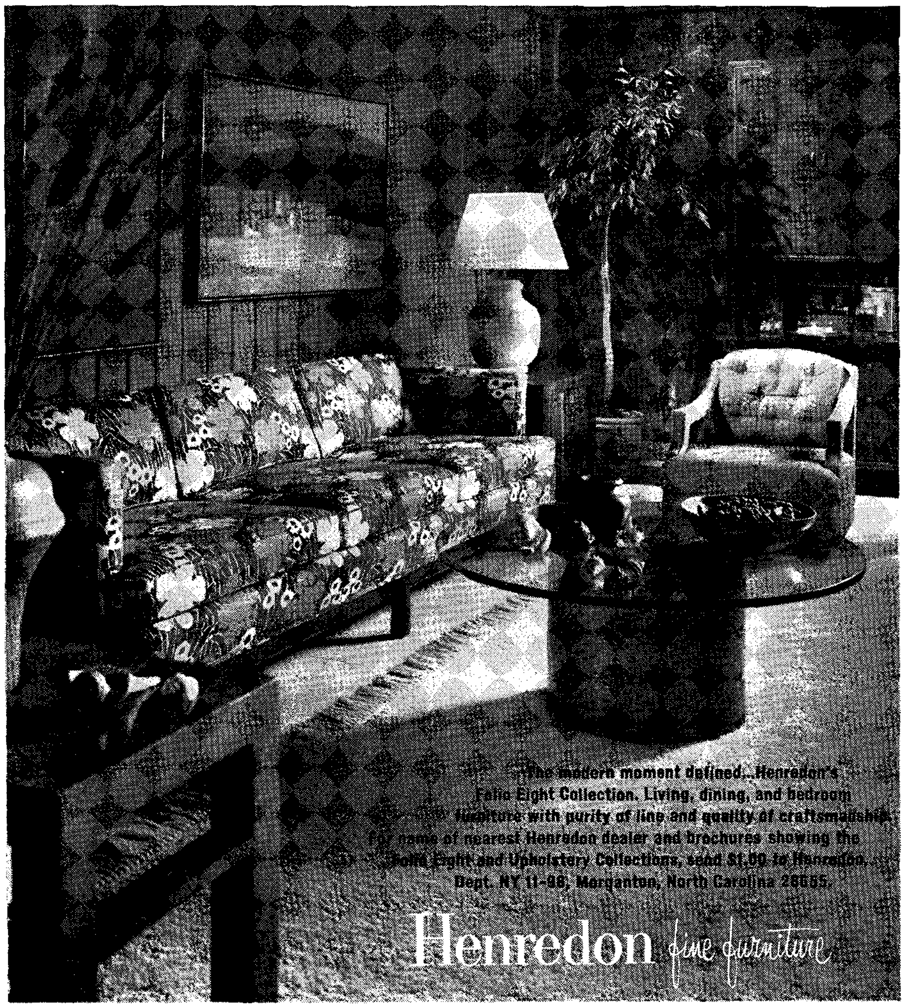

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minded or, at least, reluctant to accept the Russian invasion and occupation of their country.

"Why not?" I said. "Of course they can. We've seen other such events in Europe, especially in Russia."

"But suppose they do arrest them," she said, smiling. "What do they do with them? Who's going to guard such a mass of people? How will they be fed?"

"Don't worry about that. Feeding is no problem where political prisoners are concerned. They are expected to starve. The proletariat works hard, and is not obliged to feed its foes, even if they, too, are members of it. Russia is a very congenial country for such undertakings; its gigantic, deadly emptiness allows perfect discretion. In the thirties, Russians exterminated some four million Ukrainian peasants who opposed agricultural collectivization. No one even knows where their collective graves are. During and after the Second World War, the entire ethnic minority of Crimean Tatars and nearly half the population of Lithuania—over two million people altogether—were subjected to the same treatment, on the ground that they were hostile to the principles of the Soviet Union. A few million Czechs and Slovaks wouldn't be much trouble for experienced specialists."

"You're infatuated with your hatred of the Soviets, and you can't be trusted," she said, apparently vexed. "No normal person would believe that."

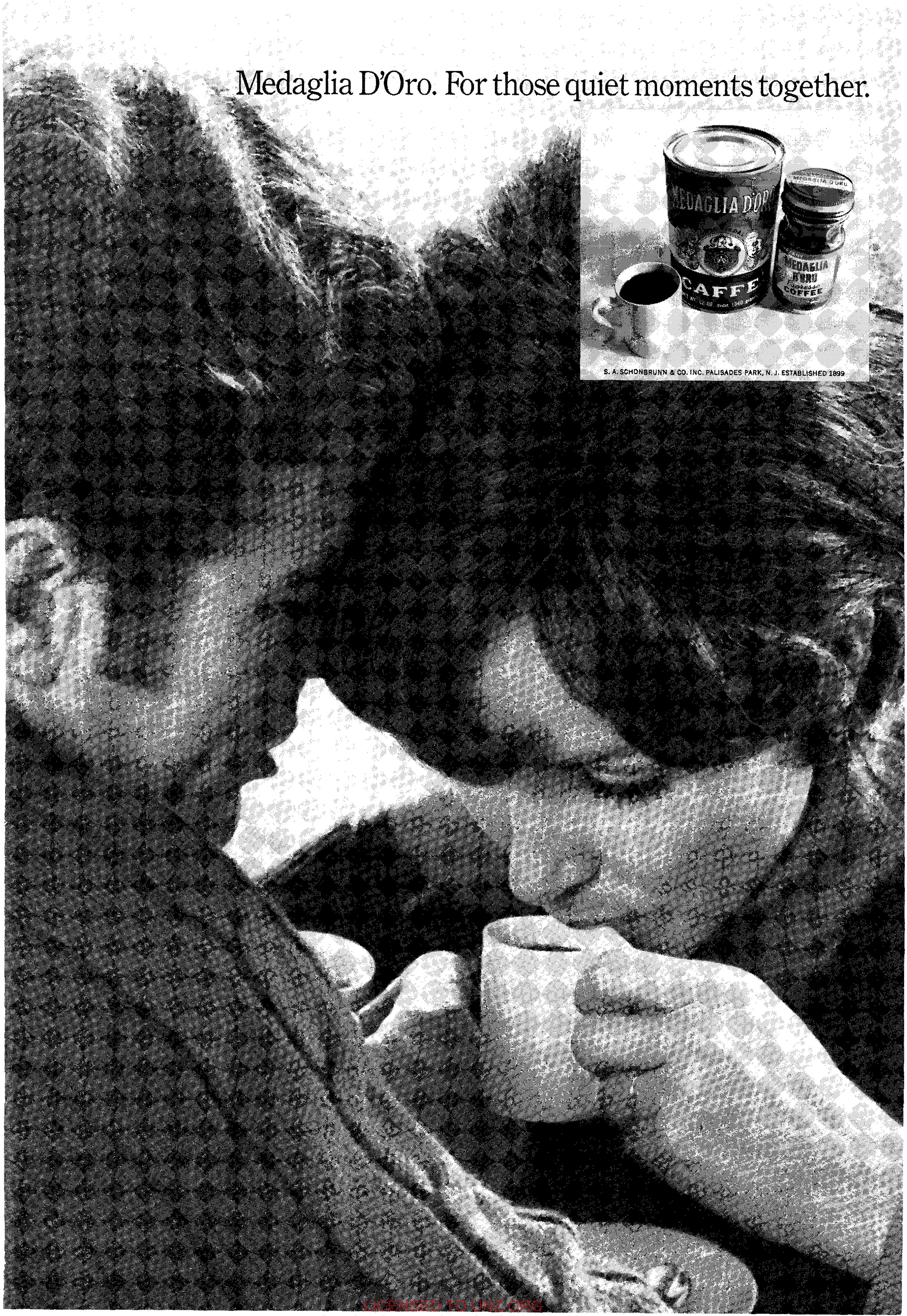
"I know," I said sadly. "It's much easier to believe that the Marines kill little children in Vietnam."

"This we can see with our own eyes on every TV news program," she said triumphantly.

"Certainly—you're right," I said, more sadly. "I'm always overlooking the American access to free 'information.' "

"And who could carry out the operation of arresting several million people?" she asked bitingly. "Russian soldiers? Why, soldiers don't arrest people just because they don't like them."

"American soldiers don't, but Russians have other manners. During the first day of the invasion, the Slovaks in Bratislava bombed Soviet tanks with paper balls. I found it groovy indeed—a remarkable manifestation of ingenuity in combining peaceful intentions and well-marked rejection. The Russian soldiers didn't have the same sense of humor; they fired bullets into the crowd and killed many people. But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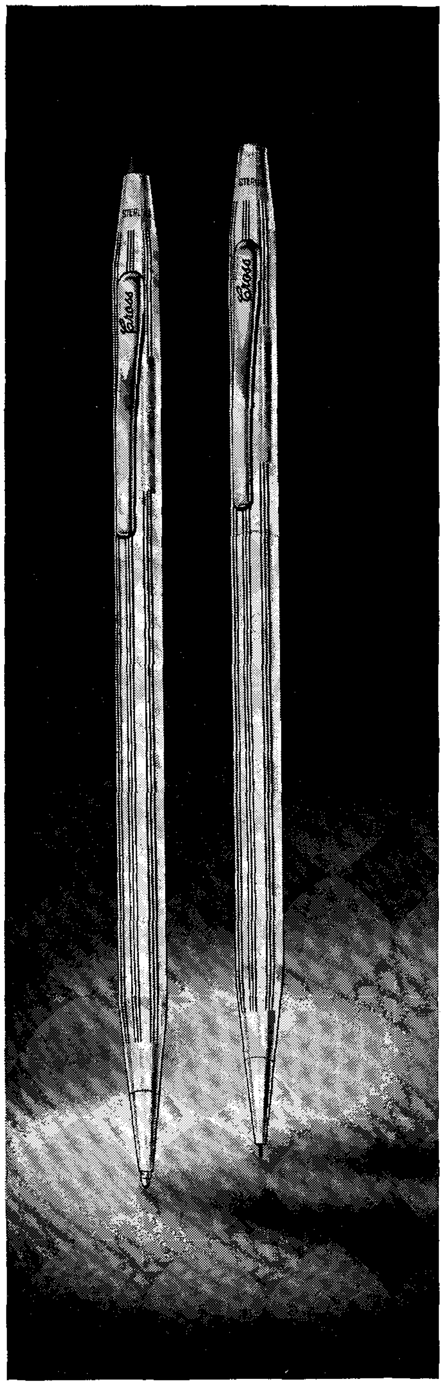

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I doubt if they will be burdened with the job of arresting balky Czechoslovaks; they came to liberate them from eventual imperialist subjugation, as the formal Soviet statement worded it, so it would be a bit inconsistent to arrest them. The task will be turned over to the M.V.D.-K.G.B., which, I can assure you, will perform a flawless job. You know what the M.V.D.-K.G.B. is?"

"Of course," she said proudly. "The Russian C.I.A."

"Not exactly. There are significant differences between the two institutions."

"Differences?" she said, resorting to open mockery. "Could you perhaps point them out to me?"

"Easily. I don't know how many people work for the C.I.A., but, according to official Soviet statistics, there are two million special M.V.D.-K.G.B. troops, and apparently there are a corresponding number of civilian employees—for a total of nearly two per cent of the entire Soviet population. There are whole towns that are populated exclusively by M.V.D.-K.G.B. members and their families, and whole branches of industry—producing, for example, electronic equipment for bugging—that are solely under the M.V.D.-K.G.B.'s control. There exists a network of prisons and concentration camps under the M.V.D.-K.G.B.'s sway and supervision—sway and supervision that no regular Russian may look into, let alone intervene in. M.V.D.-K.G.B. members have a much higher standard of living than the rest of the population; they have their own shops, where they get better goods for less money than the average citizen pays for inferior goods, and they have their own private, luxurious seaside resorts, which an ordinary man is forbidden to enter. The M.V.D.-K.G.B. troops are uniformed. They can arrest anyone without giving any reason, and detain him for years without a trial. They can shoot people without having to face the consequences of causing injury or death. Insulting an M.V.D.-K.G.B. man is considered a crime against the state. Punching him in the nose during street unrest results in the death penalty. Can you imagine someone in America being sentenced to death for kicking a C.I.A. man in the pants? Or being imprisoned for verbally insulting the Agency? If that could happen, the majority of the United States universities would have to hold their classes in jail. And what about the excruciating hilarity that even the idea of an exclusive C.I.A. department store would cause? Hence, for the M.V.D.-K.G.B. to dispose of a few million Czechoslovaks who are destined to disappear would be child's play."

She walked on, silent, for a while. Then she said, "In that case, why don't we protest? As loud as possible?"

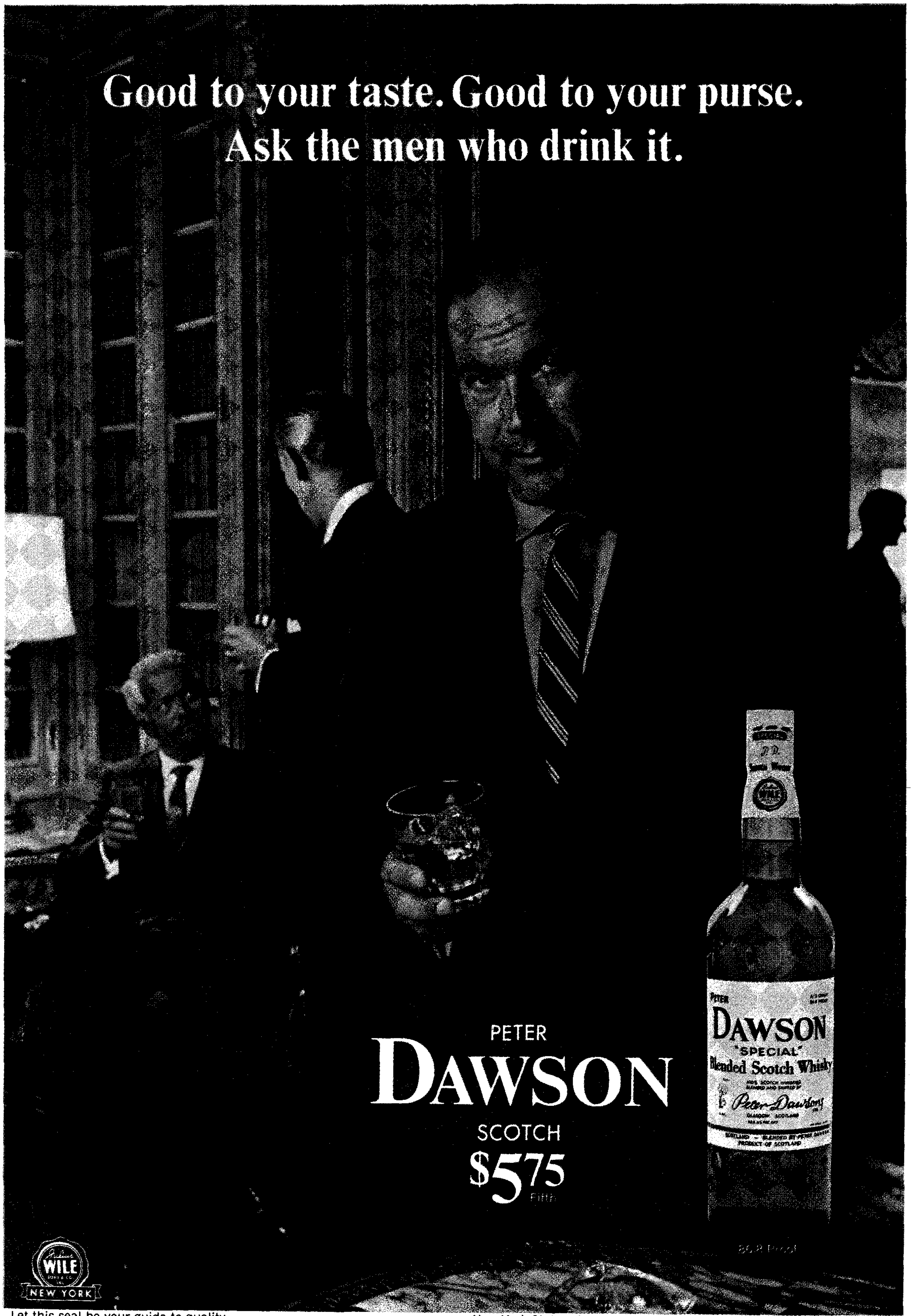
"That's what I want to ask you, as a representative of American youth and a loquacious speaker for the so-called American political conscience. Where are the huge crowds of protest marchers against injustice and inhumanity who so eagerly burn the American flag? Where are all the valiant fighters against oppression? Where are the ebullient Brooklyn writers and upper-Manhattan novelists? Where are the Chelsea playwrights—not usually so insensitive to suffering—and the distinguished but social-minded Boston poets, and the fierce pacifist-pornographers, and the wellborn radical clergymen? Where have all the flowers of the brilliant anti-war demonstrations gone? Where, these days, is the praised combative spirit of the American intellectual, and where is his sense of social morality?"

Wisdom? What's That?

THE recently elected president of the National Student Association, who has reached the awe-inspiring age of twenty-three years, declared to the press, "We're going to turn this damned country around. We're going to make it stand up and do the right thing!" It remains obscure how this gentleman knows what the right thing is. Countless philosophers, statesmen, and social thinkers have died not knowing. Many who are still alive admit, if they are honest enough, that they, too, are not certain. I do not think I am incorrect if I assume that they know more about many things than this young man does, unless he happens to be gifted with a supernatural force of intuition. However, less knowledge may be better knowledge; Jean Jacques Rousseau, at least, believed so. But Hitler and Stalin did, too. Lenin wrote that he tried to construct a state that any cook could run. It opened new horizons for the entire culinary profession, but, fifty years later, the results have proved rather doleful.

The Traps of Preordained Thinking

AT American universities, here and there, I run into names and faces familiar from my Eastern European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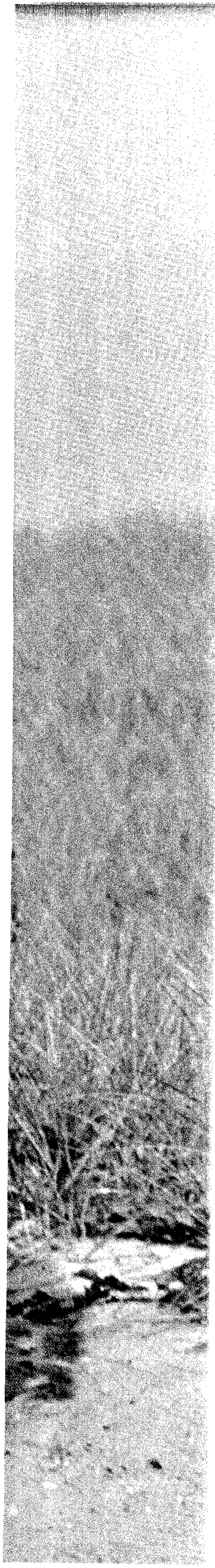

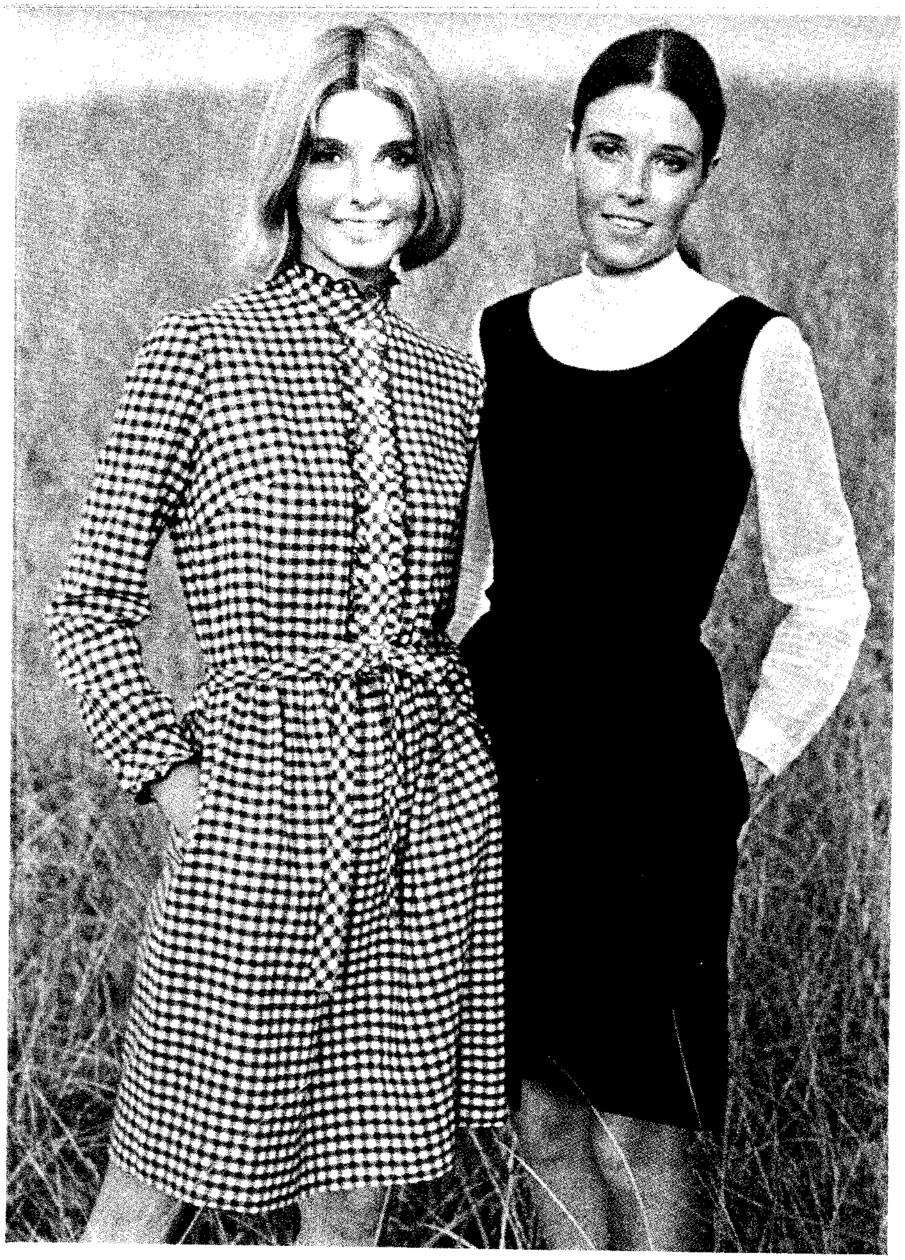

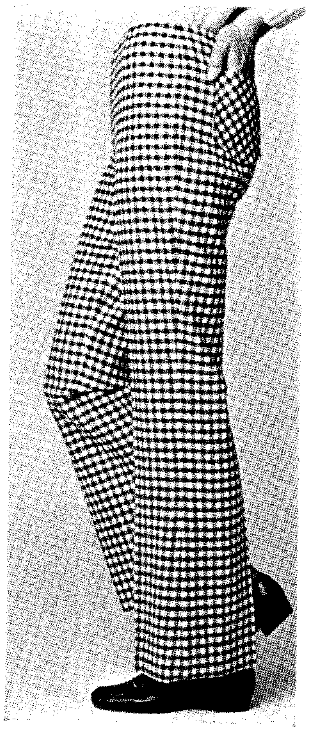

Opposite page: Belted coat $80; Cable sweater $21, A-line skirt $20; Princess line dress $30. This page: Ruffle trimmed dress $33; Blouse & Jumper $40. Bias tucked shirt $11. Bell bottom slacks $21. Print shirt $10, Dirndl skirt $20. Misses' sizes. Prices approximate.

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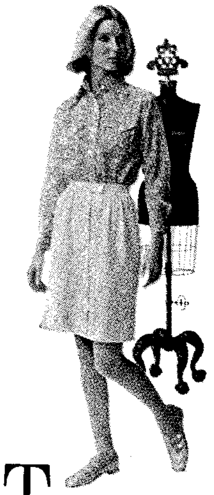

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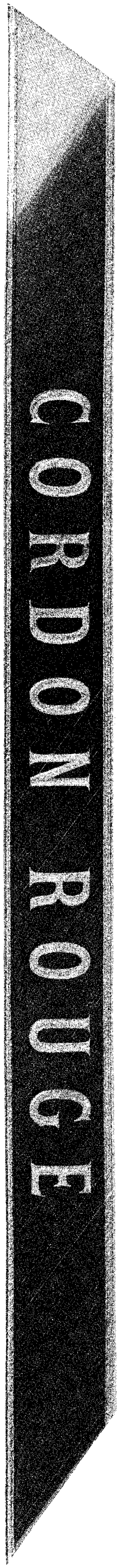

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past. I remember them as belonging to ardent Stalinists whose principal preoccupation was vilifying America. As faithful, orthodox, thoroughly trained Marxist-Communists, they once preached, in lecture halls and in print, America's monstrous moral, political, and socio-economic failure, its abysmal inferiority to the Soviet Union, its anti-human intentions and poisonous influence. The spreading of anti-American venom was their vocation. I suppose many of their former readers and disciples, still living in Eastern Europe, have never recovered from the injection of these men's dialectically refined and intellectually shaped hatred. But Fortune's wheel turned. Stalinism was defeated, at least for the time being, and devoted Stalinists had either to repent, atone, and become very modest or to leave. Many left. Some of them I uncover now on American campuses, analyzing and preaching the defects of the Soviet Union and of Communism, claiming that they have never ceased to be faithful Marxists, and discreetly advocating some changes in their home of refuge. I do not wonder greatly, for life teaches us that the person one has slandered can turn out to be one's only rescuer. Yet I can't imagine a Birchite who feared difficulties in America looking for shelter in Russia, finding it, and being invited to lecture at Moscow University.

OTHER DIFFICULTIES WITH DELICACY

GENEROSITY without delicacy is a half virtue, and one that is easy to detect in private relations. It is difficult to operate with delicacy in political and public matters, where awkward generosity might be considered corruption or brutal pressure.

FIRST PARISH IN CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

IT stimulates neither the imagination nor religious fervor. But the words to the left of the pulpit—"In the Love of Truth and in the Spirit of Jesus We Unite for the Worship of God and the Service of Man"—still possess the iron strength of the cautious faith that shaped an industrial society and mass education.

THE TRAPS OF INNOCENCE, ANNO 1967

WE sat among trees, the serenity of a Connecticut landscape around us. One of the ladies, a devoted reader of mass-circulation magazines, said, "How good it is that, final-

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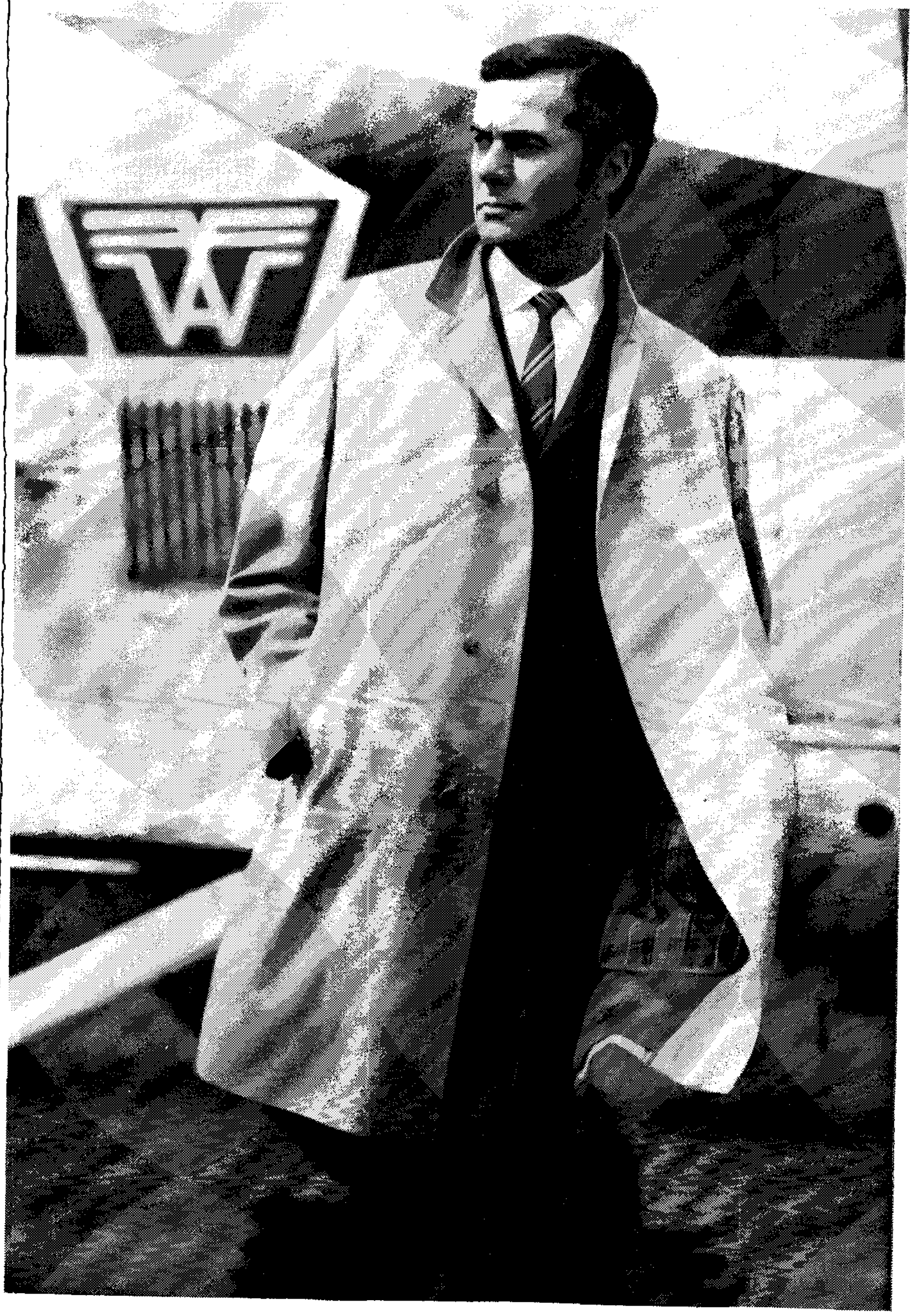

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ly, she can find her peace here, this poor, gentle woman."

"She has auburn hair," another lady said.

"And she is so charming," said a third.

I was silent, but I know I looked glum. At length, I said warily, "Certainly I do not believe in collective responsibility."

"But what should she be responsible for?" said the first lady. "She cannot be judged for her father's sins, for heaven's sake!"

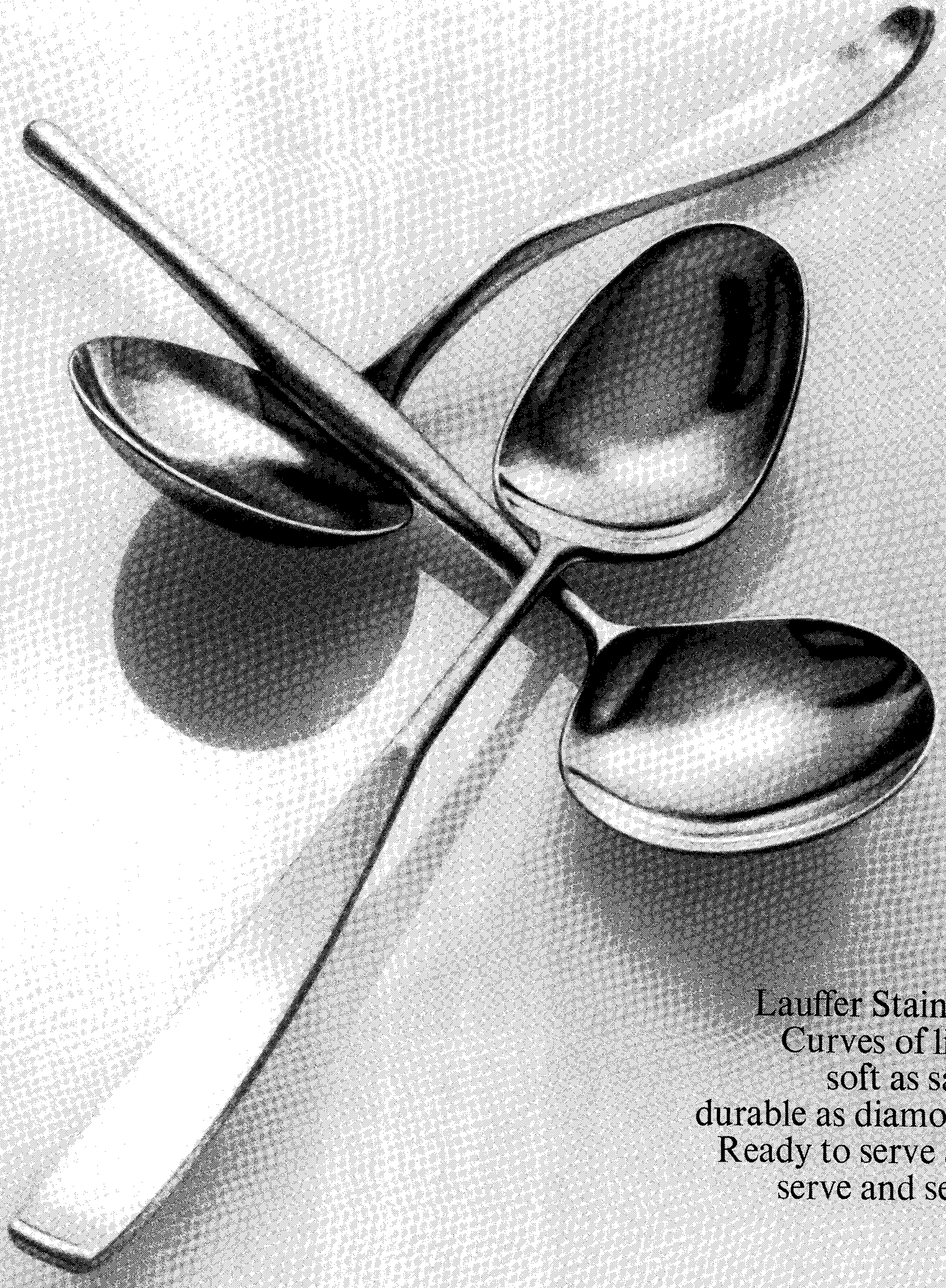
"Of course not. But she can and must be judged, compassionately, for her approach to her father's sins."

"She was a daughter," a lady declared. "How can we expect a daughter to totally condemn her own father?"

"Your point is correct, Madam," I said. "Being a daughter, she was incapable by nature of giving worthwhile testimony. She witnessed, close up, one of the most horrible monsters mankind has ever known. However, all we get from her is a picture of a boorish, not too bright bully who died in an abject, repulsive way. Where is the genius of evil, the author of the most perverse mass slaughter in history? Except for the handicap of being his daughter, she was in a better position than anyone else to give evidence of the demoniac balance between the bloody, primitive violence of his instincts and the bottomless perfidy of his mind."

"Yes, but she *was* his daughter . . ." the lady said, a little more faintly.

"But he was one of the two greatest political criminals of this century. The population of the huge part of the world once ruled by him will remember that forever. Many historians see him—and with good reason—as a more disastrous threat to humanity, in the long run, than Hitler. Innumerable base crimes were committed by him or in his name; the amount of human suffering he inflicted, both in the physical and in the spiritual sense, absolutely equals what Hitler did. His name was cursed by millions of doomed human beings whose only reason for death was his will. For the other millions between the Pacific and the Elbe, his name was the equivalent of Nero's, Attila's, Genghis Khan's, Ivan the Terrible's, or—more simply—Satan's or the Antichrist's. He was fiendishly ugly, with that special ugliness of soul that comes with cruelty, hatred, hypocrisy, and treachery. Specially trained artists tried constantly to touch up and change his photographs so as to implant in his physiognomy the tiniest trace of the goodness indispensable to official por-



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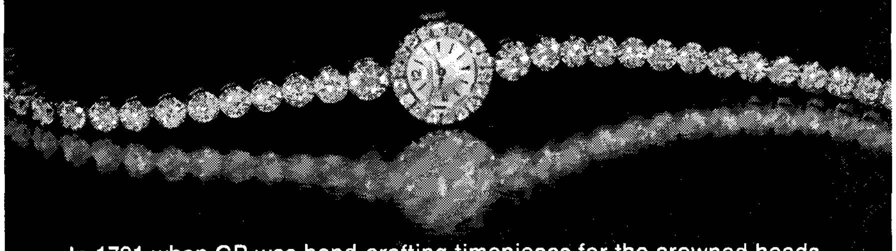

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traits of rulers; they never succeeded in extracting from his eyes that brutal look of uncontrolled bestiality and of endless contempt for others—qualities that made him the most ruthless murderer of close associates in the history of modern politics. However, no notion of any of this was conveyed by her report."

"Are you suggesting that the entire operation of bringing her to this country and sheltering her here may be an error?" a gentleman asked.

"No," I replied. "If someone asks for political asylum, it is the moral duty of a free society to grant it. Besides, the Russian Revolution had four great leaders, Lenin, Dzerzhinski, Trotsky, and Stalin, of whom Lenin was childless. Trotsky had a son who finished his life in the West; a member of the Dzerzhinski family lives in London; and Stalin's daughter is now in America. It is comforting for those who do *not admire the Russian Revolution.*"

"I believe in political pragmatism," another gentleman said. "And, in the light of what you have just said, we Americans made a good deal. In terms of propaganda, that is."

"I'm not so sure," I said. "The results are still ambiguous. The sole beneficiary so far seems to be the American publishing industry, whose uninhibited, grotesque publicity claims have probably kept the lady herself blushing. The real trouble, however, lies with the way Americans underestimate the element of insult, especially when they are dealing with Russian or Eastern European moral hypersensitivity. For people in Eastern Europe, the name Stalin equals 'the utmost evil;' the three million dollars collected in royalties—most of which the author has generously given to people in need—makes them think immediately of the thirty million persons imprisoned, tortured, or murdered in the forced-labor camps of Siberia and Kazakhstan during Stalin's rule. They cannot help thinking it inhuman that the weight of human corpses and blood makes the royalties heavier—that the price paid for a memoir increases steeply in proportion to the amount of wrong done by its protagonist. We can take it for granted that the memoirs of no daughter of any other contemporary statesman, ruler, or tyrant could ever achieve that level of financial reward. The logical conclusion drawn by a Russian might therefore be as simple as this: While in Russia the combat against the ghost of Stalinism is a matter of life and death, America places a supremely high monetary value on that ghost."

There was a moment of silence. "Well," said one of the gentlemen,

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"that could, possibly, be the worst interpretation."

"No," I said. "The worst is implicit *in* the book. From *her position* as daughter, granddaughter, niece, cousin, and friend, the author unintentionally distorted a certain reality. Her family, through the fallacious magic of her personal treatment, becomes an innocent group of individuals caught in the nightmarish gears of history, ravaged by mysterious misfortunes, plagues, blows of destiny, undeserved harms. The truth was different. She complains bitterly in her book that Beria's villainy made the members of her family disappear one after another, but she doesn't say a word about all those who had been slaughtered by them. It is difficult for me to feel sympathy with her uncles and cousins, or to mourn their violent death in the dungeons of the dirtiest secret police in mankind's chronicles, which they created themselves. I do not find the defeat of Communist bigotry and its mindless fanaticism affecting. I am not moved by the pseudo-tragedies of the betrayed Stalin henchmen and devoted co-creators of a savage system of random extinction used to terrorize and subjugate—a system that finally destroyed them, its constructors."

"But those people were good to *her*," a lady said, sighing. "One is always, in a sense, a victim of one's own equivocal reality."

"That is true," I said. "They *were* good to her. Their right to sympathy derives from the fact that they were human and loyal toward each other and did not murder their fellow-Communists. But what about the other things they did? Her book, however naïvely, gives the perpetrators of these things a too easy absolution. Millions of readers of her book will do the same."

A DETROIT PARABLE

ONCE, in Detroit, I met a sedate gentleman who happened to practice the profession of guide. After an initial exchange of opinions, he told me a story that I consider an extremely important comment on the contemporary scene, with an insight into *le mal du siècle* which bears the mark of a great metaphor.

"One day, not long ago, I was summoned to guide a sightseeing tour," my companion said. "I entered the bus and found it filled with Russians—a group of Soviet engineers. I was to take them to Ford's River Rouge plant. They were sociable people, hearty and talkative, and soon a warm atmosphere of simple friendliness was established. We

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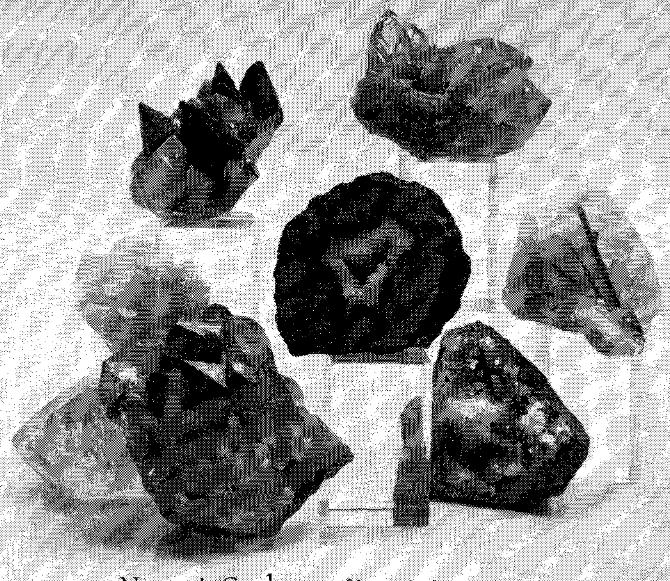

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were approaching the plant, and had passed the huge parking lot, filled with cars, when I noticed a wave of excitement; the Russians were talking, arguing, and gesticulating more vigorously than before. The one who spoke the best English addressed me, with a smile. 'Do they prepare themselves like this to impress all their visitors?' he asked. 'Or is it just for us?'

" 'What do you mean?' I asked.

" 'The impressive number of cars. It's a flattering illustration of Ford's productive capacity.'

" 'I would have guessed that you had already noticed that we possess quite a number of cars in this country,' I answered. 'Besides, when you get closer you'll realize that most of these are used and old. I doubt if Ford would arrange a display of such cars.'

" 'Then to whom do they belong?'

" 'To the people who work at the plant and in the offices. Workers.'

"The Russian grinned. 'You're kidding,' he said. 'So many cars?'

" 'Listen,' I said. 'I don't know exactly how many of Ford's employees own cars, but we won't be much in error if we assume that every second one does.'

" 'That,' said the Russian gravely, 'is typical propaganda stuff.'

"I felt we were standing in two separate boats that were rapidly drifting apart. 'Look,' I said. 'It's easy to check. You ask the first worker on the assembly line whether he owns a car. He'll tell you.'

"The Russian grimaced. 'Of course he will,' he said. 'We know that old trick. The plant is well prepared for our visit. Every worker has learned by heart how to answer our questions. Unless he wants to be fired or arrested, he'll have to give the proper answer.'

"I felt overcome by desperate anger. 'O.K.' I said. 'If you wish, I'll wait with you in the parking lot until the workday is over. You can approach people as they are unlocking their cars, and ask them then.'

"The Russian looked amused, as if he were playing with a child. 'What do you take me for?' he said. 'An idiot? It's simple to stage such a show. I don't regard Americans as bunglers. If you do something, you do it well. You are a big nation, and you know how to deal with other nations.'

"We had reached a dead end. I felt helpless and disgusted. I could not accept the impossibility of explaining the obvious to another man, or his denial of the bare truth, but I didn't feel like offering any further explanations. Any

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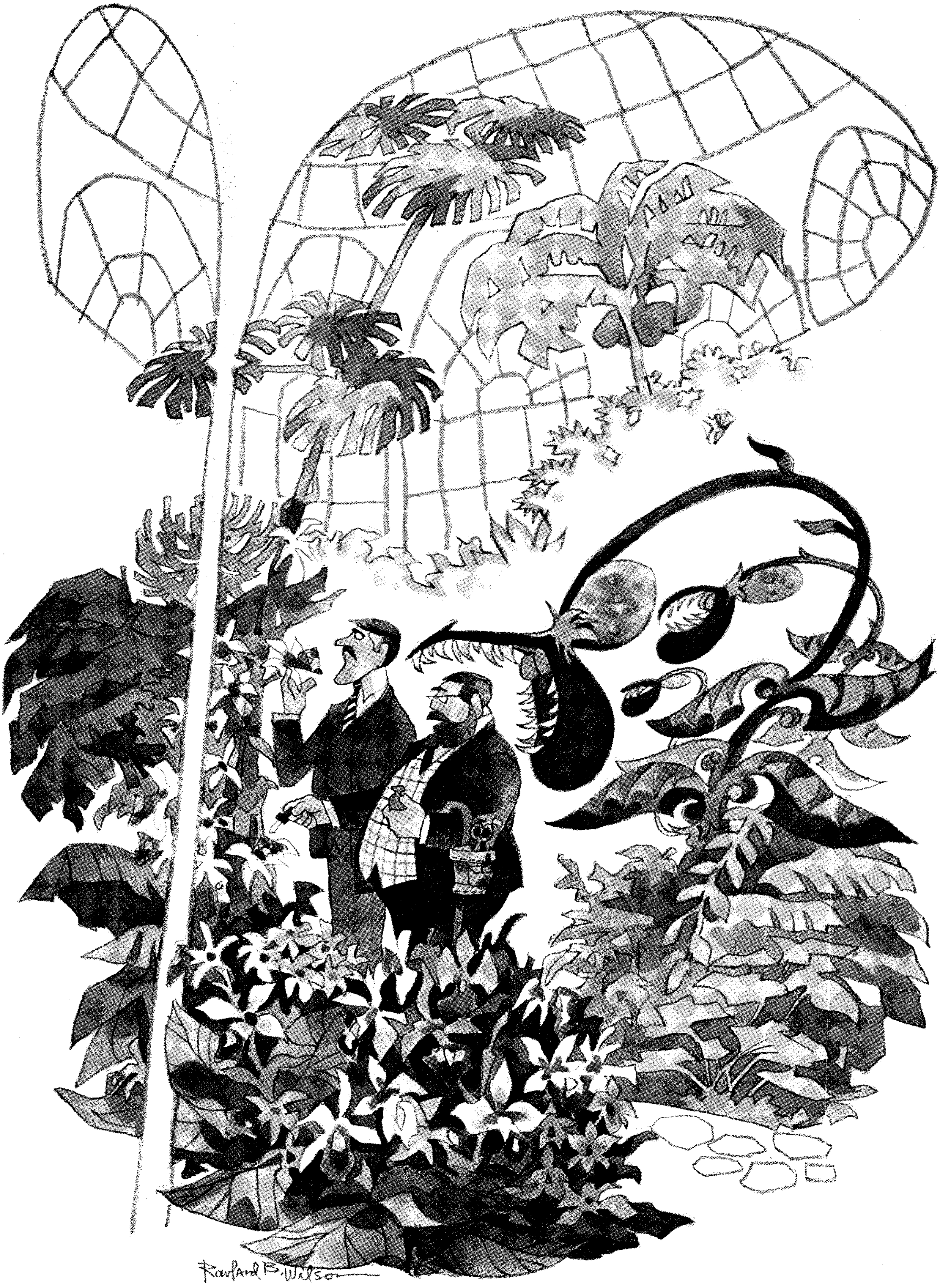
Rowland B. Wilson

"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

effort appeared futile. At the same time, a totally senseless notion came to my mind: Maybe he *is* right. That such a thought was nonsense seemed absolutely undeniable, yet I could not help thinking it. Why did he speak in such an assured tone? Maybe he knows *something* I don't. Does he have *proofs* I'm unaware of? I had the stupidest suspicions, based on a nonexistent premise, devoid of any roots in the reality I had known for so many years. 'Look,' I said weakly. 'We have plenty of sightseeing tours each day. The Ford people have no time to organize silly happenings for every occasion. They have to work and produce. What makes you think they would waste so much energy preparing for your arrival?'

" 'My friend,' said the Russian solemnly, 'Ford is the pride of America. A nation's pride is a serious matter. We don't blame you for anything when a nation's pride is at stake. But please don't take us for fools.'

"The other Russians earnestly nodded agreement."

The Power of Imperfection

It took me a while to grasp a curious misconception of basic ideas that is predominant among some of the American intelligentsia. I am by no means tempted to indulge in unqualified glorification of this country. There are some moral and social features of America—and of the so-called American character and heritage, ideology and values—that, as conspicuous sources of mischief, misdeeds, and shame, inspire fright and repulsion. It doesn't require exceptional perceptiveness to spot them and reject them. They compel socially conscious individuals and groups to engage in a relentless fight for their eventual eradication. But a common error made by domestic critics is to refuse to acknowledge that these faults are curable, or even to acknowledge that efforts have already been undertaken to cure them.

What is troublesome—because it is unjust and misconceived—is the penchant of these Americans for blaming America (or, more precisely, American democracy) for all the ills and wrongs that naturally inhere in the very essence of life. Ancient philosophers ascribed the existence of these things to destiny or fate, coincidence or circumstance; the complexity of modern social structures gives rise to new, dangerous phenomena that bear unexpected relationships to the ancient denominators of man's *esse*. America-haters—and there are a number of

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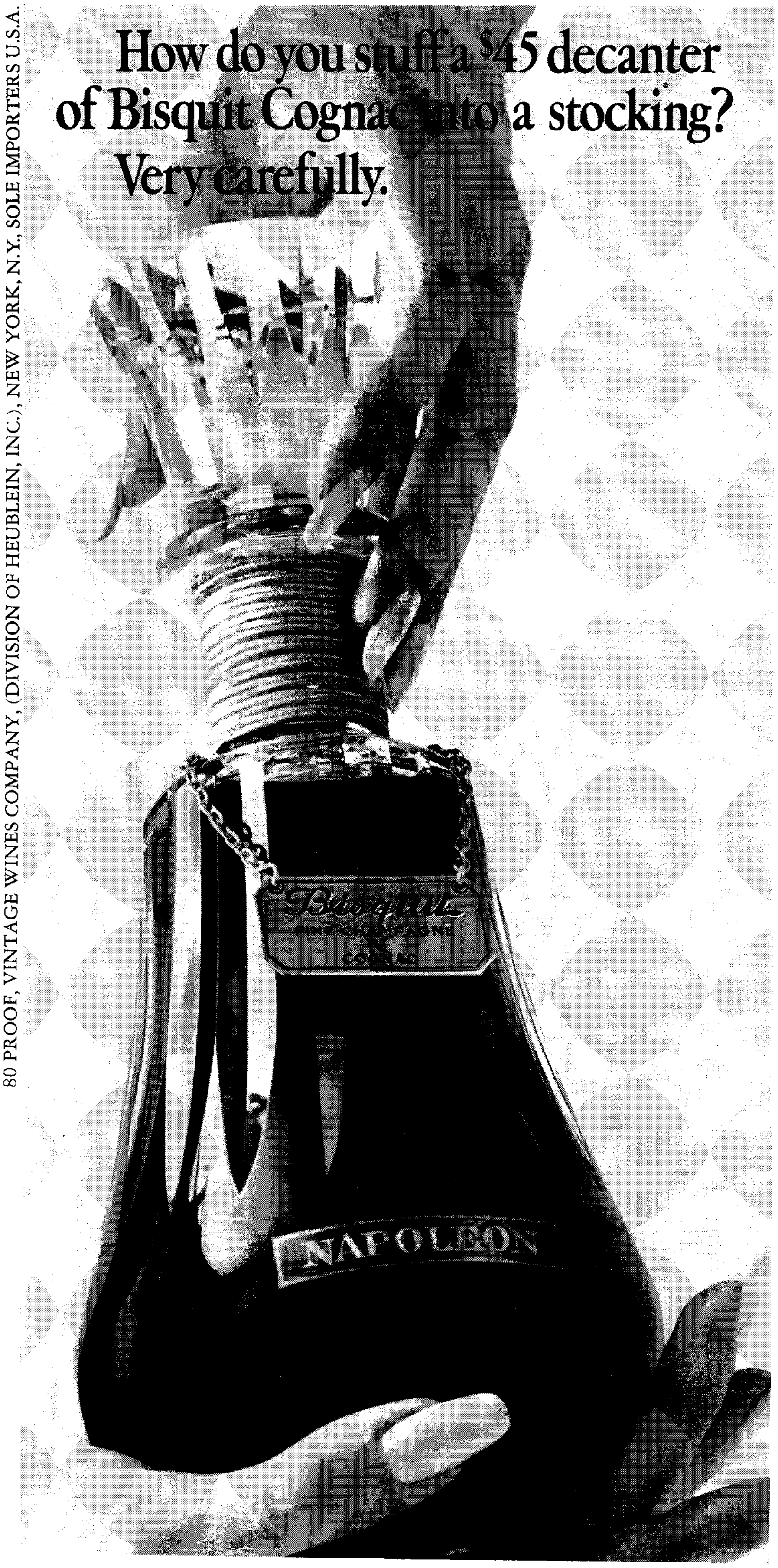
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these among Americans who pretend to be mere opponents of the existing order—tend to fix the blame for all faults on the imperfection of American society; they seem incapable of grasping the fact that if a man meets with misfortune in struggling against social abuses, this is not attributable solely to defects in the American Constitution. They claim that they alone are able to penetrate the depths of American wickedness—a childish presumption. Practically any new arrival quickly recognizes the limitations of American manners and of American respect for humanity, and sees how readily these limitations can lead to an ignominious disregard of conscience in every aspect of the moral and social panorama. But one should never lose one's fiduciary sense, and label changeable elements of current processes immanent evil. Life, as *Ding an sich*, surely contains immanent evils, but until evil is institutionalized, the imperfect can improve. One should *not* confuse that which is created by life with that which is created by men. One of the essential differences between democracy and totalitarianism is that whereas most evils of the former derive from life itself, the chief evils of the latter are conceived and produced by men. One has to experience life within the framework of a Communist social order to perceive the *meaning of institutionalized evil*—of evil not created from within, by life, but elaborated by men, imposed upon men, and used against men.

Generally, our epoch appears more ruthless and corrupt than any earlier epoch, providing more opportunity for every kind of evil, erecting more obstacles to the pursuit of decency. In some way, this may have to do with the invention of the telephone, or with the abysmal simplification of life's paradigm by the modern press. Since the dawn of mankind, we have tried to defeat life's immanent evils: hate, disease, injustice, ignorance, violence, and the fragility of human existence, in both the biological and the ontological sense. But we haven't scored many successes. Our golden era of technological wonders, mass media, and deliverance through permissiveness has added new and heavy burdens to this list—psychological frustration, social alienation. Perhaps we shall never reach even that degree of progress toward perfection at which the wise and decent are hailed more loudly than the smart and slick, at which goodness is celebrated and slyness branded as it deserves. But those of us who have lived under any totalitarian system are firmly convinced that

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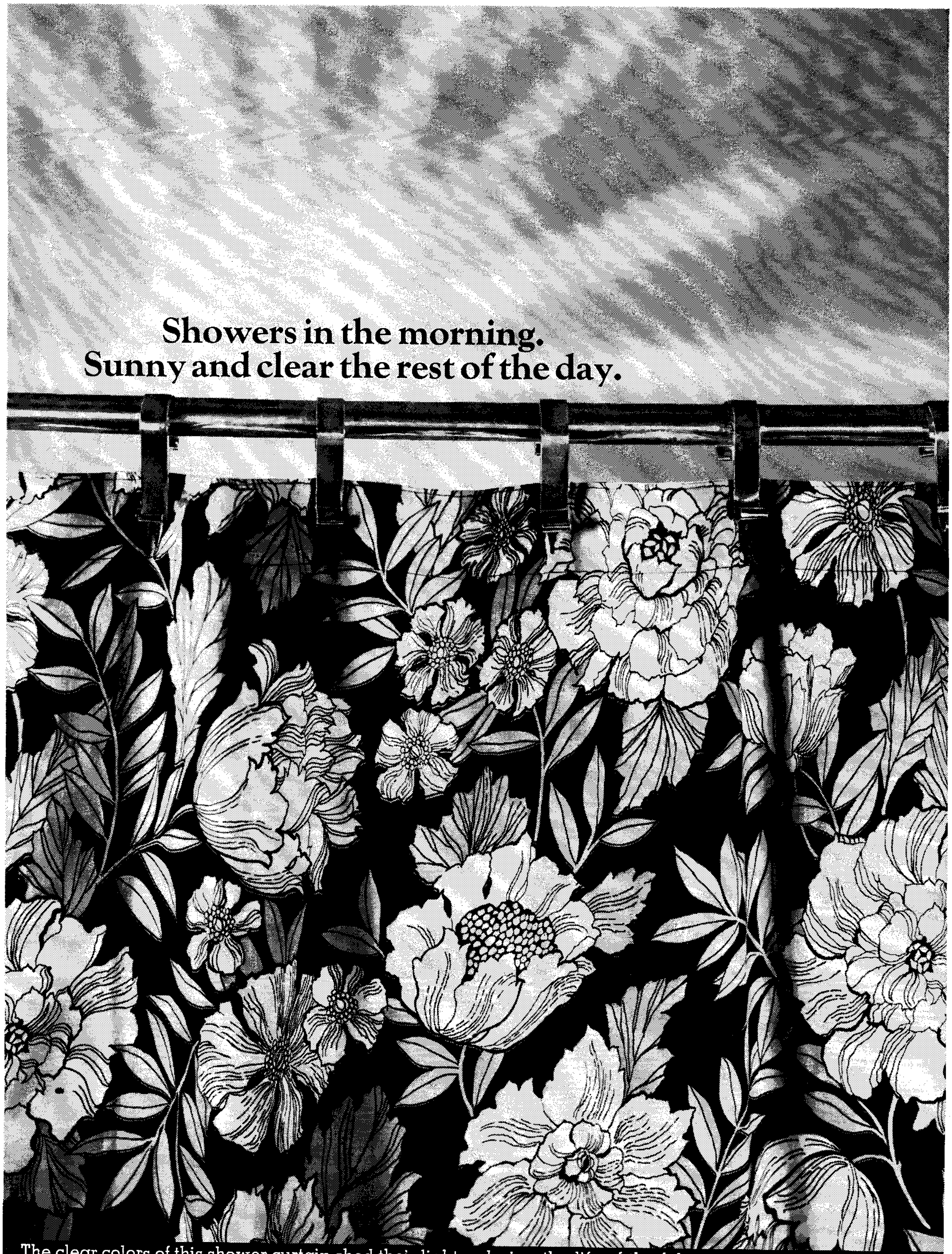

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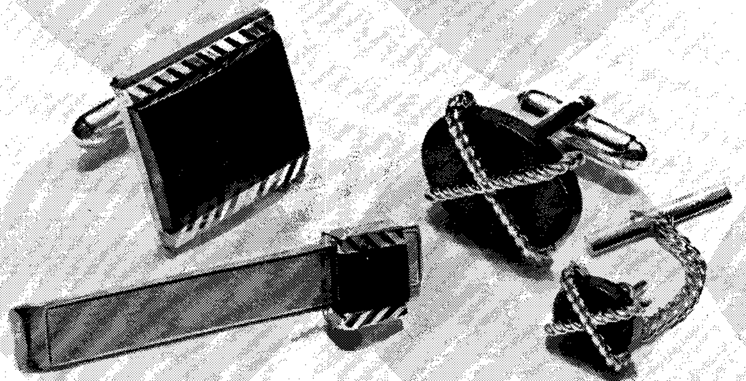

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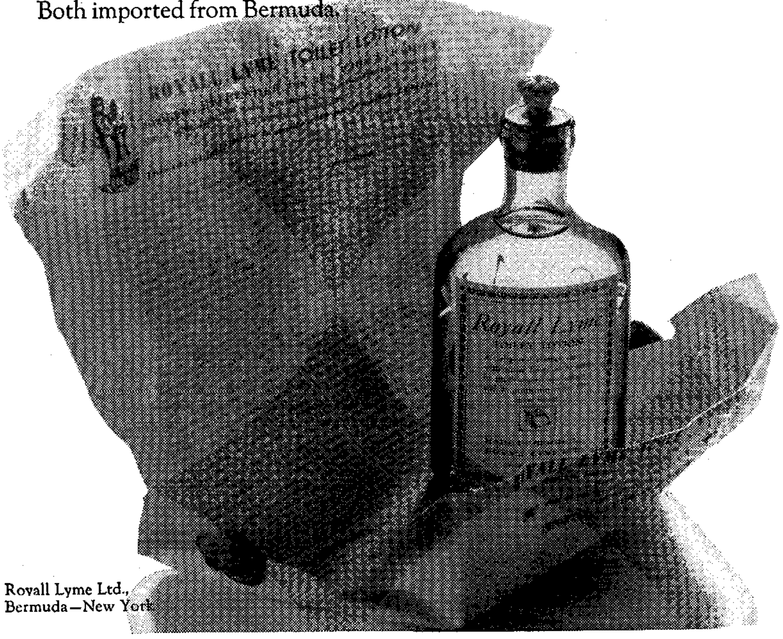

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progress toward it is more possible within the disabled, crippled, flawed, faulty, continually insulted, humiliated, subverted, undermined, slandered, vilified, besmirched, and despised American democracy than within any other system anywhere at any time in history.

Some Remarks on History and Naïveté

I WAS walking down Madison Avenue. Somewhere in the Fifties, in the womb of the world's biggest propaganda machine, I became aware of the machine's tender clumsiness. The titans of public-relations magic, the giants of the black arts of advertising and publicity, the demonic persuaders who with no effort can convince the most obsessive hater of cornflakes that his future happiness depends on their daily use and can force him to eat them every morning, suddenly seemed as helpless as infants. For they are unable to deal with—to annihilate and avenge—an extraordinary perfidy of which America has for decades been the victim. No one who is impartial and open-minded has any doubt that Russia's growth in significance and dominance has been the consequence of continuous war and conquest, of violent annexations, robbery, plunder, and the amassment of immense wealth at the expense of its neighbors, while the evolution of its forms of political power, from the primitive to the most complex and sophisticated, has resulted from tyranny and slavery. No one who is well informed and unprejudiced would deny that American history is one of economic growth, the accumulation of wealth through industry and labor, territorial expansion through purchase, a painful and often violent struggle to achieve human and social rights, and efforts to abolish various forms of exploitation. In the twentieth century, the basic juxtaposition of Russian gendarme and American merchant hasn't changed, except that the gendarme has decided to inform the rest of the world that the merchant's output and effective distribution of goods and his consistent improvement of social mechanisms are really exploitation and oppression, whereas political and military subjugation, misery, and the ignominious subjection of the gendarme's own people and those of other nations are really a happy life in freedom and plenty. For fifty years, the pious adherents of the latest Russian state religion have promulgated this blatant nonsense everywhere—even in American universities and literary salons. And to this day America, with its countless wizards of argumentation, who are perfectly capable of persuading entire nations that a certain brand of toothpaste is their salvation, cannot defend itself against this calumny.

AMERICA, AMERICA

IN Europe, a beggar's declaration of need is "Please support a poor man who just wants to buy a slice of bread, sir."

An American beggar asks, "Could you spare a dime for a cup of coffee, sir? Or a quarter for a beer? I haven't had any since yesterday."

In Europe, a beggar who dared ask for a handout for other than nutritive purposes would be crushed by his society's indignation. In America, food has now failed as the stuff of charity. A handout has been promoted from a weapon against starvation to an instrument against a lack in one's well-being.

NEW YORK, OR THE DISREGARD FOR SADNESS

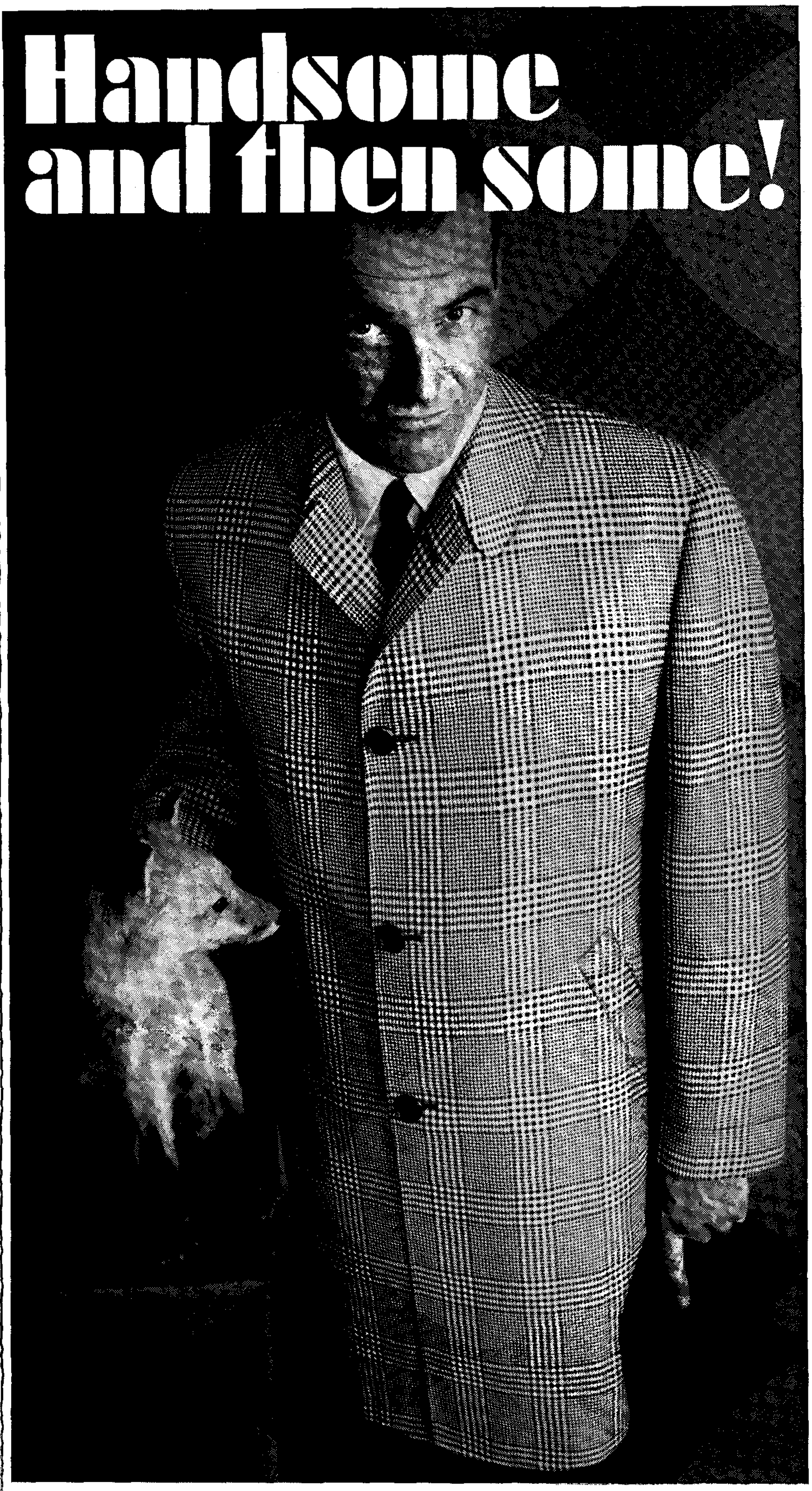
FOR centuries, sadness has held a prominent position in European cities. Paris, Rome, Vienna, and Warsaw have room for melancholy moods of every kind. They are provided with small cafés every few yards, sentimental benches not far from a river, old and weathered bridges, picturesque cemeteries, gloomy corners of parks, and alleys chiselled by age, literature, and tradition, where poets can timelessly sit and offer themselves to sadness. Sad sentiments, romantic poses, fashionable distress, literary spleen, bottomless *chandra*, decorative *cafard*, distinguished *Weltschmerz*—these can be practiced and cultivated only in such spots. New York is devoid of them. All we can find here are places in which we can perfect despair.

ATAVISM

THE American male's erotic ideals, in spite of the growing sexual revolution, are still based on an old, traditional American hunter's code of honor. His glory, pride, and relish are to kill as many as possible of the hunted creatures, whether or not they can be properly consumed or delighted in. History has taught us that even such a mighty species as the American buffalo was unable to endure this kind of treatment, and so gave up and came close to extinction.

IDEOLOGY

THE reception was chic, and people communicated with no hesitation. For a few minutes, I faced a tall, well-dressed man with a superb mus-



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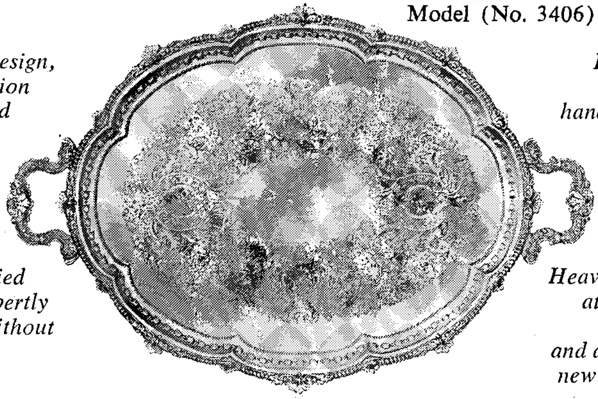

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tache; he was related to me only through the metaphysics of the cocktail party. He looked quite Waspish, and was endowed with the special dash of boredom and cheerfulness that characterizes some members of the American upper class. He mumbled a small something. I had difficulty catching what he said.

"Where are you from?" he asked, almost indifferently.

I told him where I was from.

"What are you doing in this country?" he asked.

I told him what I was doing here.

"When are you going back?" he pursued, apparently without any deeper interest than to keep up the conversation.

"It's hard to say," I answered. "Perhaps in twenty or thirty years. I've applied for permanent residence here."

"Well," he said, "welcome aboard."

This open acceptance was unexpected, and I must have looked startled, because he added, "You know, after all, all of us came to this country sometime. Three generations earlier or later—what does it matter? Let's drift along together."

—LEOPOLD TYRMAND

•

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[*Memorandum distributed to base personnel*]

The cooperation of all parents is solicited for the Halloween "Trick or Treat" activities on the evening of 31 October 1968. Children will be permitted to tour the housing areas for "Trick or Treat" on Halloween under the following conditions.

a. "Trick or Treat" activity is authorized from 1800 to 2100 hours on 31 October 1968 only. Participation is limited to children 12 years of age or younger.

b. Children under 5 years of age must be accompanied by a responsible individual.

c. Children must remain in their own housing areas. Under no circumstances will they cross Main or E Streets (Gibson Avenue) for the purpose of "Trick or Treat" activity.

d. Donations for UNICEF will be solicited during the "Trick or Treat" period. Only those persons who have official UNICEF donation containers in their possession are authorized to solicit for that organization. These containers are identifiable by their distinctive orange and black color, their pentagonal shape, and the letters "UNICEF" printed on them.

e. Parents are requested to instruct their children to refrain from committing mischievous acts which would result in damage to Government or private property.

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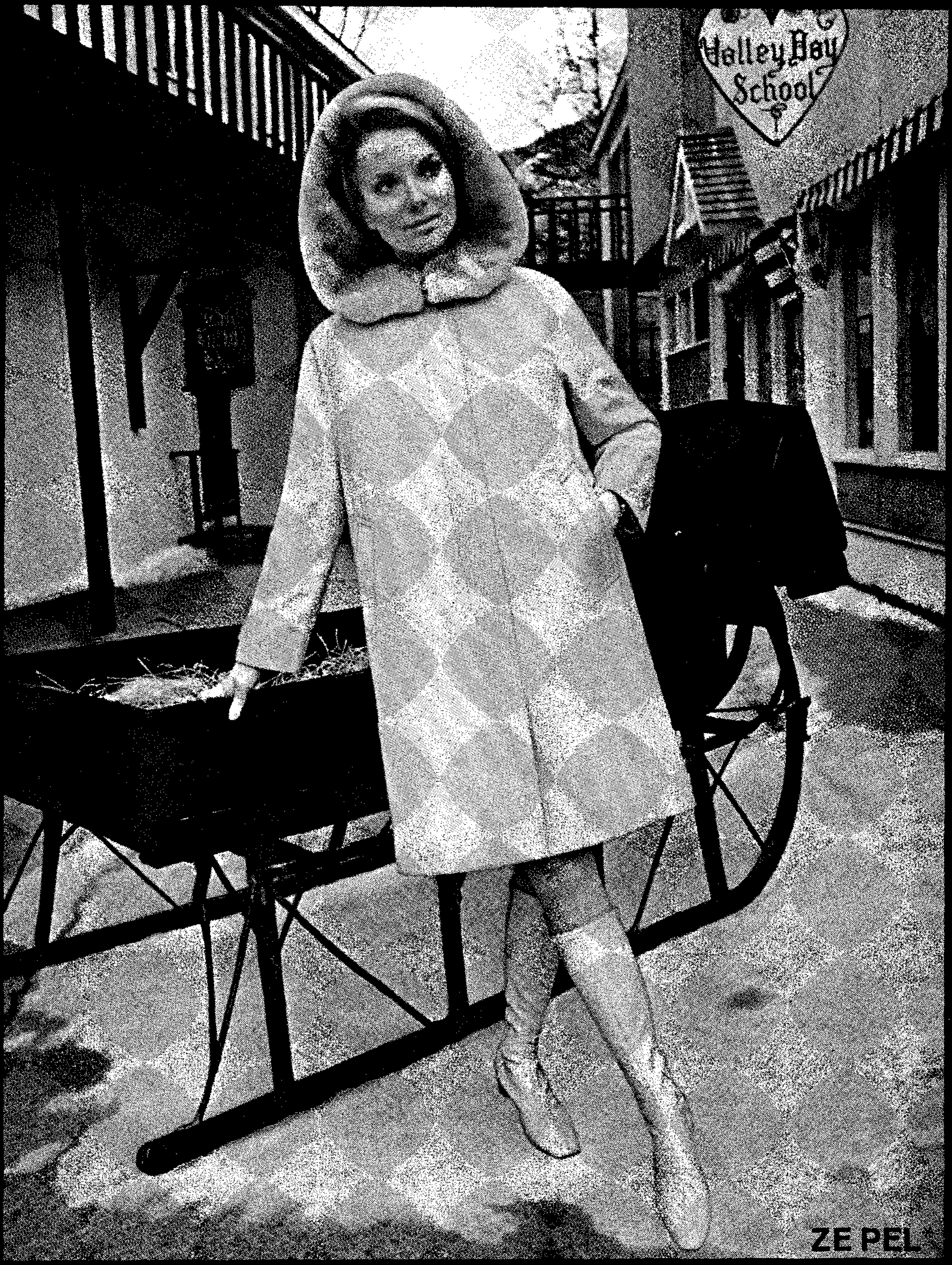

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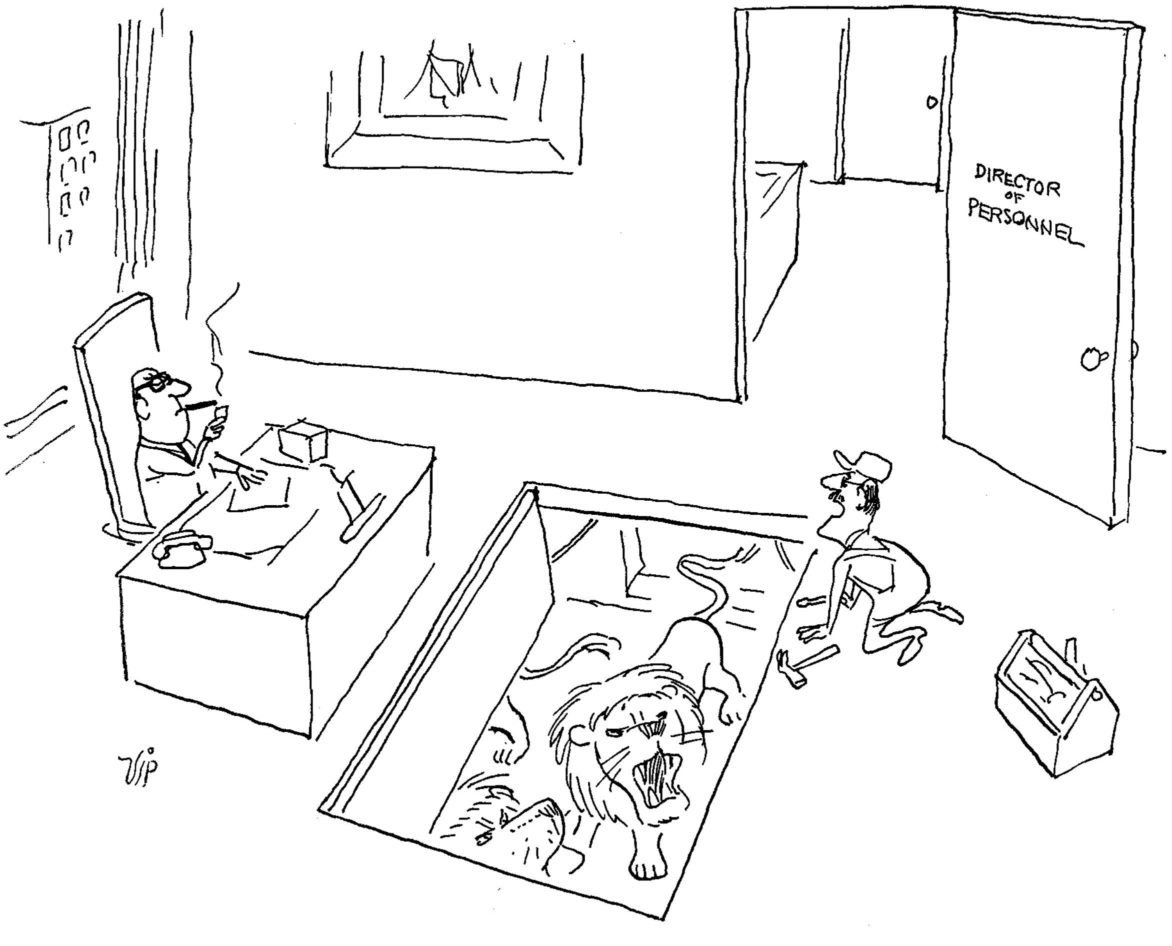
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"The David Show," by A. R. Gurney, Jr., which opened—and, regrettably, closed—last week at the Players, takes place in a television studio. Against the back wall of the set are two crossed flags—the Stars and Stripes and a white flag bearing a gold Star of David. There is a small monitor screen in one corner, and various lights and technical appliances are scattered around the stage. Samuel, the High Priest, enters in clerical robes. He will shortly be crowning David King of the Jews, and although he would rather have performed the ceremony in the temple, David—who soon joins him, dressed in a navy-blue business suit—wanted it done over television, the temple being too "ethnically oriented" for a coronation as important as this one. They are in the studio for a runthrough of the broadcast. So far in the play, most of the lines are television inside jokes, and the idea seems just a droll one for a night-club skit. Then, suddenly, last Thursday night, the show turned into the first bright comedy of this Off Broadway season, and the first true satire—with the wit and underlying seriousness that satire demands—in Heaven knows how long. This metamorphosis took place, perhaps a bit more slowly than I've indicated, as we were introduced to the rest of the characters. David's old friend Jonathan, with whom he used to sing psalms, with guitar accompaniment, at various bars around town, is a pot-smoking, scruffy, vaguely bisexual, wise, ethically sound, and (by way of a young actor named Ira Lewis) delightfully disreputable hippie. Ham, David's black slave and currently his production assistant, is a subtle, ironic fellow, who was performed with quiet humor by Milton Earl Forrest. King Saul, whom David is about to replace on the throne, is an old Southern general (without, by the way, the slightest hint of Texas about him) and a total square. Glenn Kezer was splendid in the role. The funniest character is that of Bathsheba, wife of Uriah the Hittite, mistress of David, and a Philistine if ever there was one in that crowd. Holland Taylor, who played her in a silver minidress, was so comical and pretty and exactly right that I could not separate the role from the actress. Miss Taylor-Bathsheba, a girl with a non-stop spate of glittery, italicized chatter, was given throwaway lines like "when I was a girl at Farmington," and her aplomb enabled her to rise above any social disaster—which, come to think of it, is not a bad description of Jonathan, David's old buddy and her greatest trial. Her iron hand almost but not quite slipped out of its velvety concealment whenever she was in danger of not getting her own way. ("David, get rid of Samuel. I've got a good God-is-dead Episcopalian. Now don't *argue.* I've seen a whole dinner party *ruined* by one argumentative Jew.") Her acceptance of hurt, poise intact, when David jilts her after she has told him that her husband is dead and she is free to marry him was impressive and surprisingly touching. Charm and clowning are qualities that are difficult for a woman to combine on the stage, but Miss Taylor pulled off the feat with style and spirit. She was the first vaudeville Gentile I've ever seen.

David, of course, is the most complex character of the bunch—a fast-talking young man on the rise who uses everyone and then sloughs off everyone, until he finally gets his comeuppance. Samuel, calm and unshakable, refuses to crown him until he has fought Goliath. Near the end, David stands alone, spotlighted on a semi-darkened stage with slingshot in hand, and it dawns upon him that his Goliath is his own enormous shadow on the wall—his own black, crooked soul. It was an effective scene that was somehow in keeping with all the sharp,



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funny scenes that had gone before it. Tom Keena succeeded in making this familiar Madison Avenue type into a thoroughly plausible man, and Jay Barney did well as Samuel. Ben Tarver was the director, and his actors did him proud. As for Mr. Gurney, there is little to add except that he is a gifted playwright—a sparse breed at the moment—with an accurate ear for the kinds of things that are being said right now, and an understanding of the kinds of people who are saying them. "The David Show" was not a flawless play—the comedy went overboard every once in a while and got a bit too broad for its own good—but it was unconventional and up-to-date, and each scene made its point.

If I got the message correctly through the general din, Megan Terry's "The People vs. Ranchman," at the Fortune, is meant to be an exposé of the total corruption of America. The show starts with a street demonstration in front of the theatre, in which the cast shouts and sings and walks around and around, carrying placards and passing out handbills that bear sashweight ironic messages: "Law and Order Once and for All," "Remove Soft Judges," "Justice Must Be Served," "Get Rid of the Warren Court." (At the performance I saw, an old panhandler got caught up in the picketing and continued to pursue his career in a circle.) The action, once everybody gets inside, is splashed all over the arena theatre, taking place on a number of little stages set against the walls, and it consists of shouting, climbing, trampling, singing, and, of course, speaking, as we watch a man named Ranchman being tried and executed three times on framed-up charges of rape. There is one performance, along with a great many nons and not-quites. William Devane, in the title role, with his jeering, throw-it-away sexiness, is strong and right, and he is also funny in a speech in which he describes his intervention in a fight between a Chinese waiter and a drunken Puerto Rican girl. The songs, contributed by Tom Sankey, come in many varieties and sounded distinguished to me. Among them is one called "The Assassination Blues," a lament for President Kennedy, Dr. King, and, finally, for Senator Robert Kennedy (whose character was assassinated in "MacBird!," a similar enterprise of a couple of years ago). The singing is good. The script is occasionally clever, though not particularly intelligent or, for that matter, intelligible. What it all adds up

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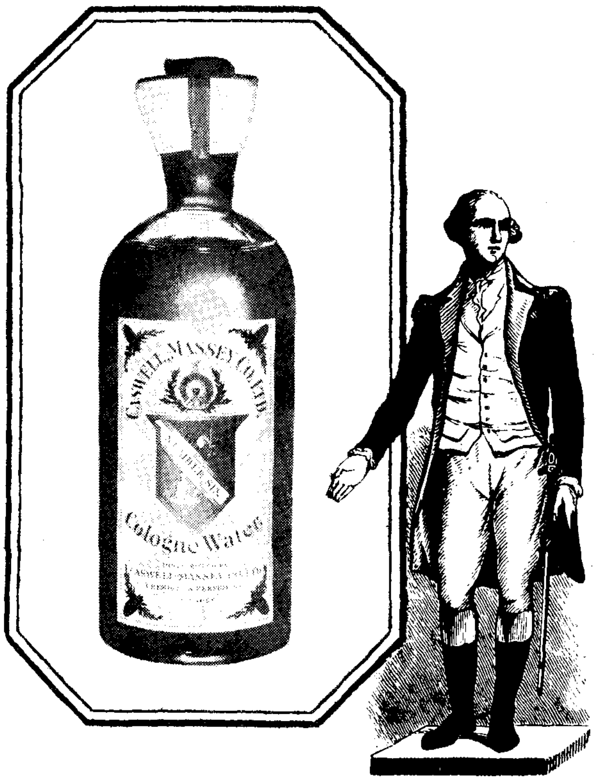

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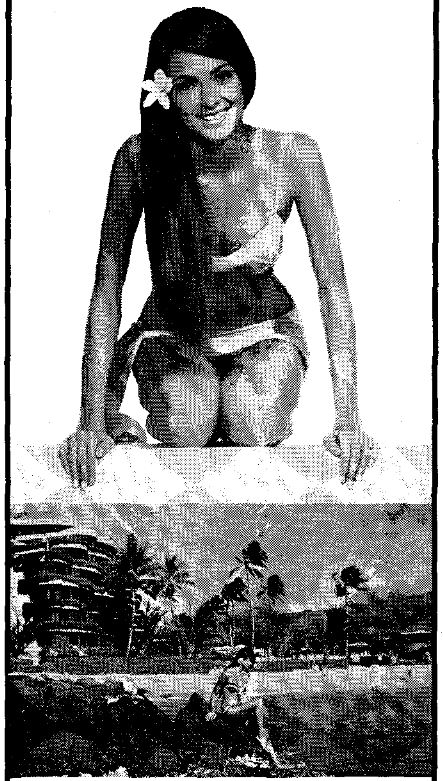

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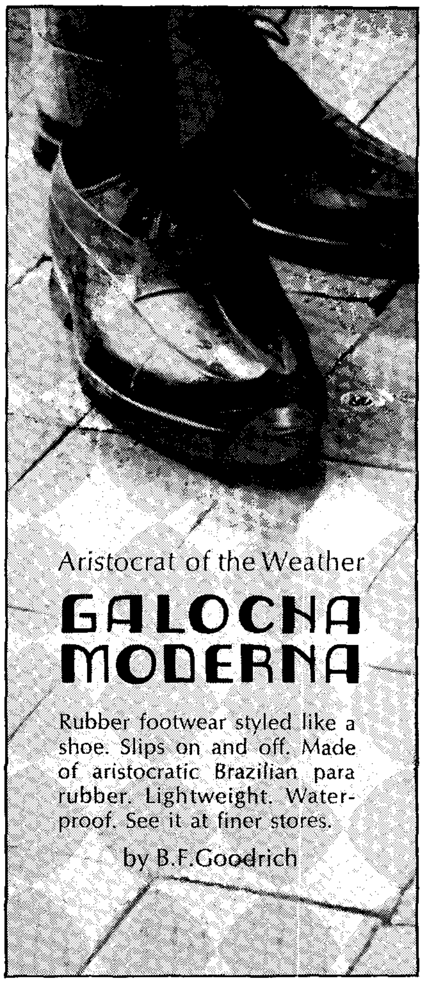
to is beyond me. The mood of the production is that spleenful jubilation which I can never quite define and which is common to activist ventures of this sort, and two hours after the show is over it has vanished from the memory.

"THE CANNIBALS," by George Tabori, which is playing for the subscribers of the American Place, is a nightmare fantasy—an attempt to dramatize the agony and guilt of Jews in concentration camps who betrayed their own people. The setting is a compound in a concentration camp, and the shadow of barbed wire can be seen on one of its white walls. The victim in this case is a huge fat man who is discovered secretly eating bread. The other, starving inmates gang up on him, strip him to his trousers (they also prod his great, soft belly until it wobbles by itself), kill him, and then decide to cut him up and eat him. Throughout the rest of the action, a pot with his remains in it bubbles away on an old-fashioned stove at the rear of the stage. The action itself can be most quickly described as hand-me-down Brecht—full of arbitrary movement, ritualistic behavior, pranks, and whimsey. At one point, there is a small charade in which a boy's arm is sold as liverwurst, and the company breaks into "Yes, We Have No Bananas." Much of the verbal imagery is of food. The play is introduced and occasionally helped along by the only two survivors of the grisly banquet—who were also the only partakers, the others having refused to eat, even though their refusal meant being killed by the Nazis. These survivors behave like a Jewish vaudeville team, talking of Howard Johnson's and banana splits and their ailments and their doctors. The voice of morality, on and off, is that of a character called Uncle Tabori. (There's whimsey for you.) Among the other characters are an actor, a couple of young boys, a gypsy who protests at having been flung in with all these Jews, a madman, a professor, a medical student, and a cook, and each of them has his turn at bat.

The play fails—or, at least, it never got to me, who ordinarily collapse at the very words "concentration camp"—simply because it isn't good enough, and the acting, as a whole, isn't good enough, either. The gloating facetiousness of style in writing and performance—another bequest from Brecht—may have been at one time an effective means of expressing the inexpressibly painful, but it is now worn



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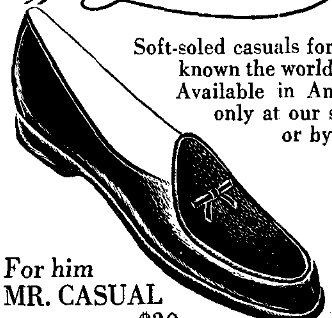

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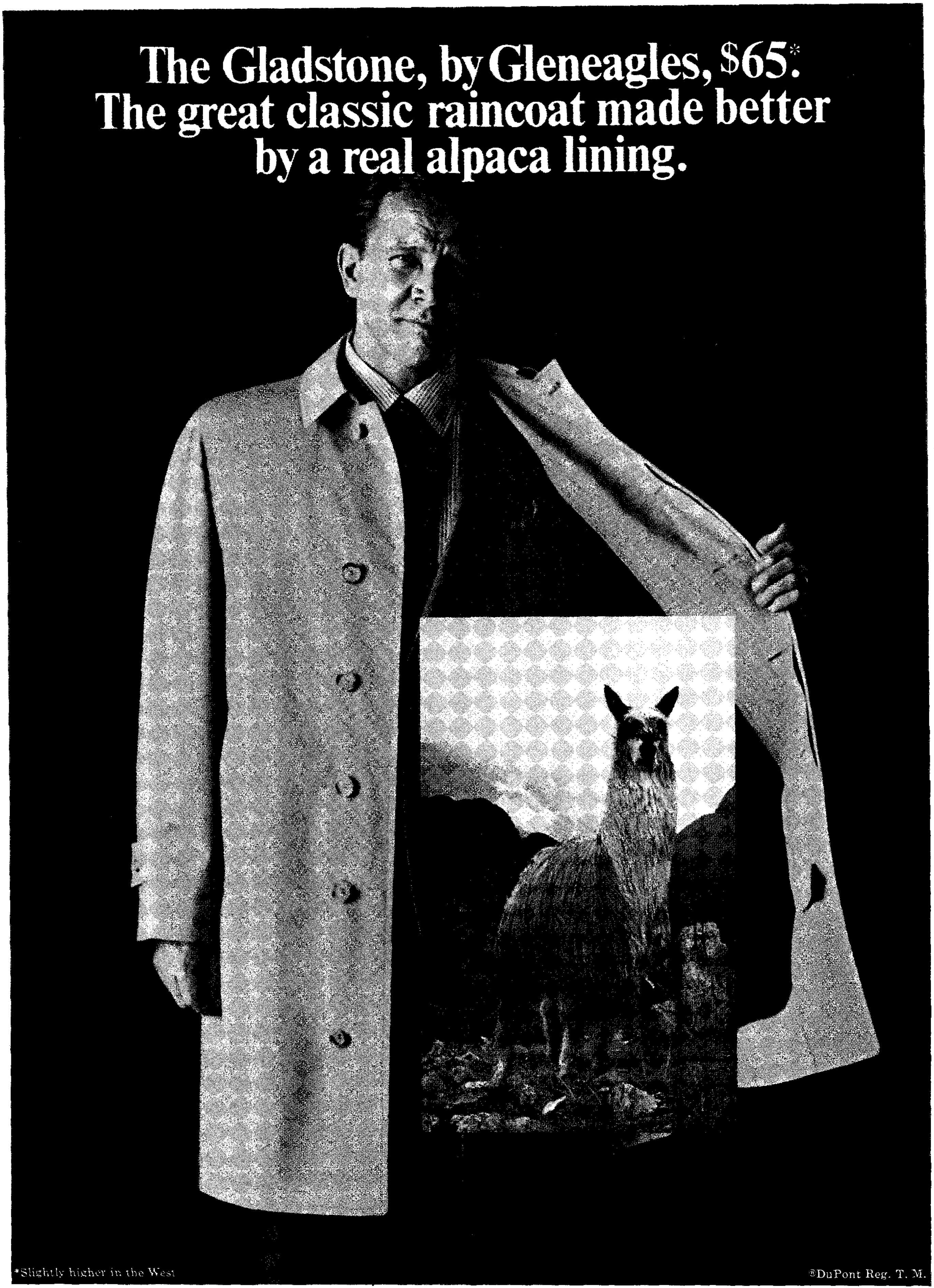
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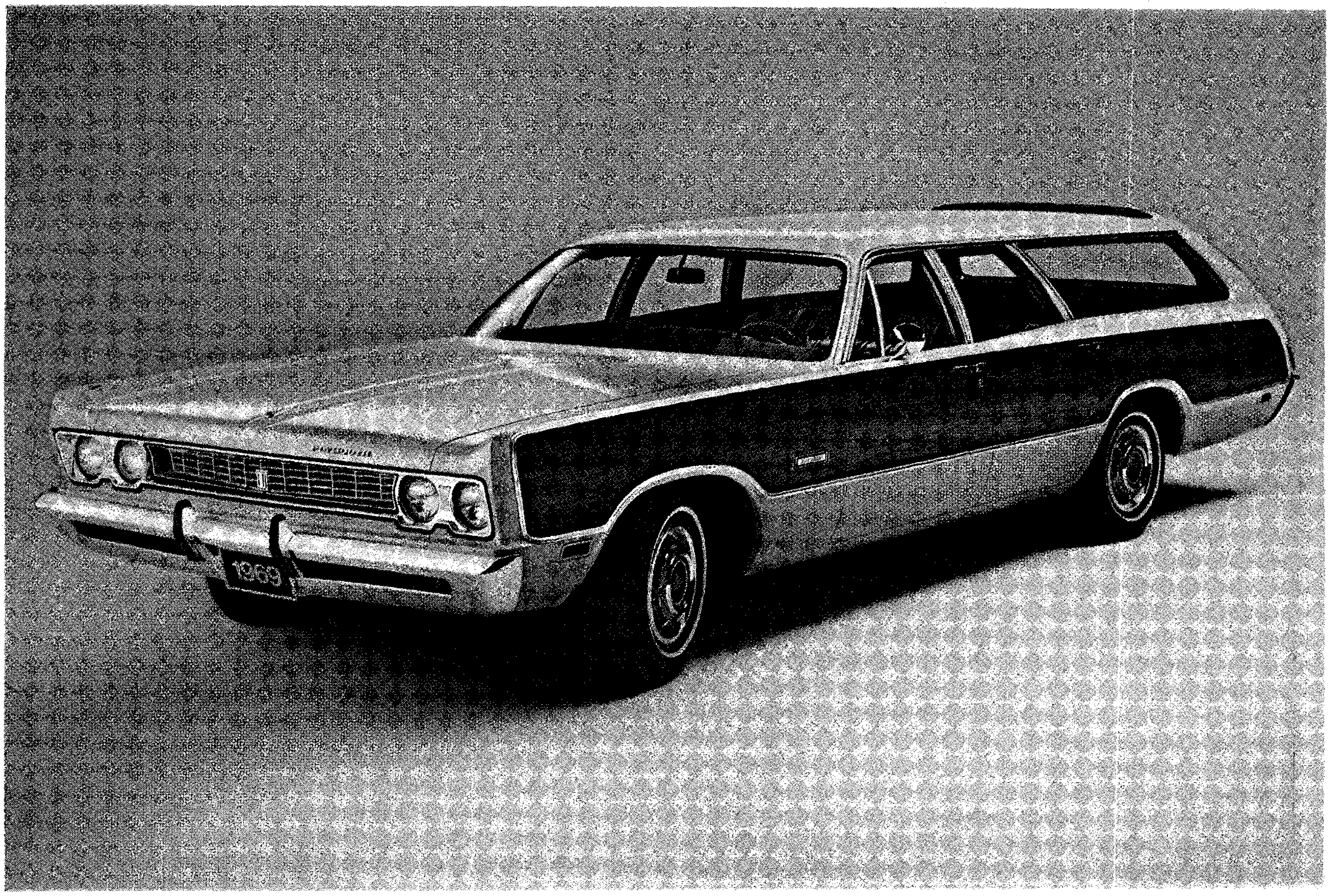

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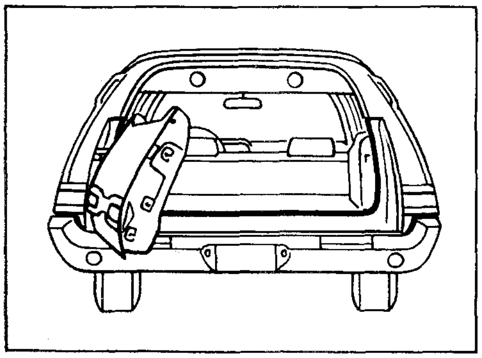

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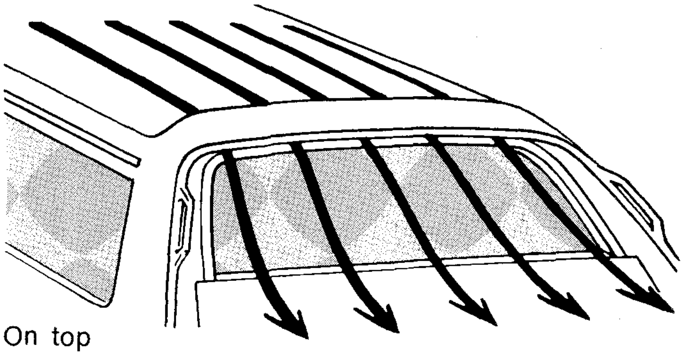

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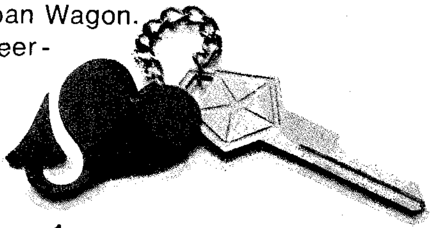

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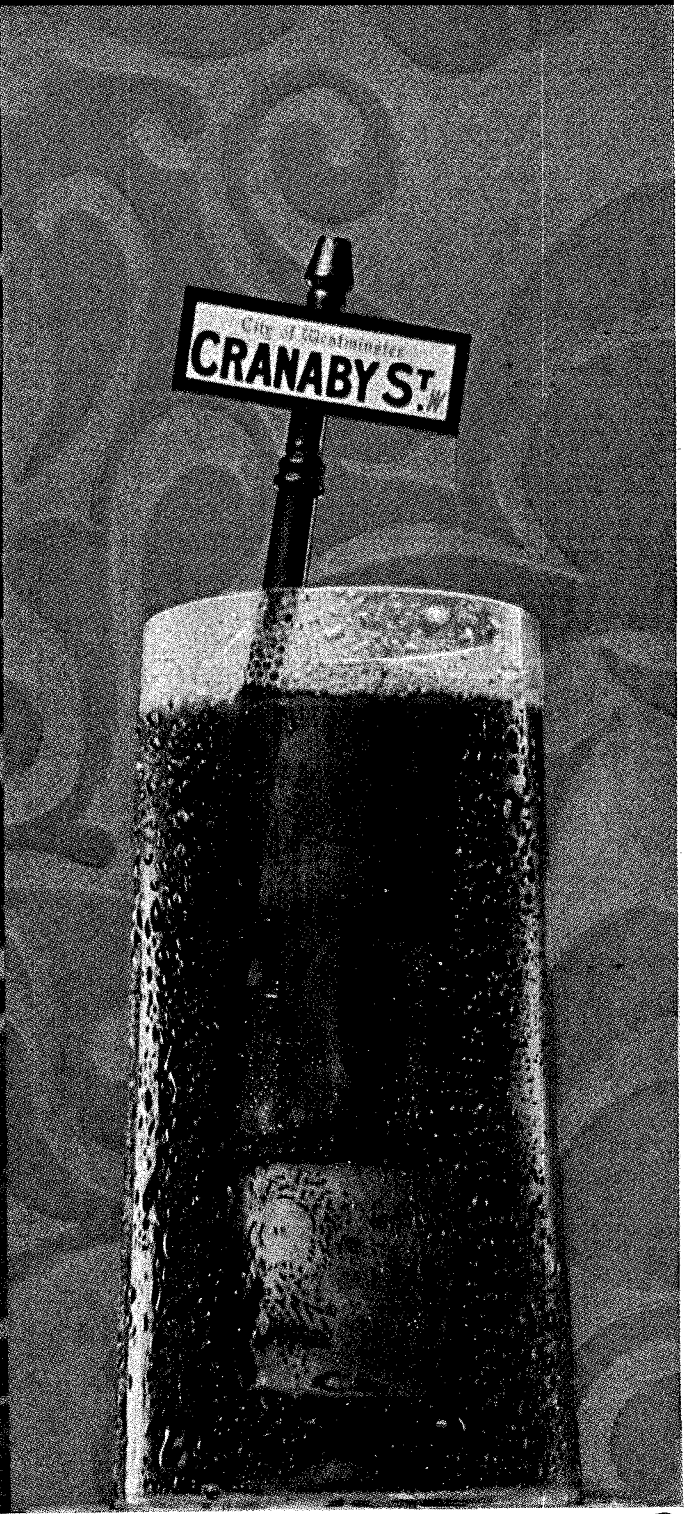
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out. It might also be said, though, that while "The Cannibals" is inadequate to its subject, there is no question of the playwright's sincerity, which is made manifest time after time.

—EDITH OLIVER

THE THEATRE ABROAD: LONDON

ORSON WELLES, who hasn't touched the theatre with a barge pole of late (though he flung a harpoon at it in 1955, playing Ahab in his own production of "Moby Dick"), once said to me, "London is the actor's city, Paris is the playwright's city, and New York is the director's city." At the time—some seven years ago—that was just about true, but Welles, never a man to be caught with a dated generalization, has since revised his opinions. He now believes that New York is David Merrick's city and that Paris is no longer of any theatrical interest whatever but that "London is still the great place for actors." The old whaler is right again. To be more precise, in stage performers under thirty and over fifty (most of the best of the rest are busy paying for the country house, the Bentley, and the unostentatious yacht by working in movies and television) London leads Europe and probably the Western world. The town is full of flexible, classless actors, predominantly young, who are equally at home in Elizabethan blank verse and in the blank prose of authors like Harold Pinter. It is much less full of playwrights. In this category, nearly everyone of mature years—Terence Rattigan and Christopher Fry are salient examples—has been driven out to pasture in the cinema, and the theatrical field is occupied by an amorphous group of younger talents, numbering not more than a dozen. As for directors, Britain has only a handful who are of international stature. Even so, it wouldn't be difficult to make a persuasive case for London as a directorial stronghold, since the top-ranking few—men like Peter Hall, Peter Brook, and John Dexter—wield a tremendous amount of power. Quite as much as the playwrights and the actors, they are the molders of taste, because the plays of their choice get not only the best staging but the most distinguished casts.

What follows is a hindsight survey of the London theatre as it revealed itself in 1967. The first thing to be said is that its private sector has changed hardly at all in the past decade. Thrillers, farces, and musicals have still been

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hopefully crowding the playbills, eked out with safe classical revivals and the odd adventurous novelty. But the scene as a whole has been transformed—and the theatre of commerce has been dwarfed—by the advent of two state-subsidized titans: the Royal Shakespeare Company, which branched out from its Stratford headquarters in 1960 to take over the Aldwych Theatre in London, and the National Theatre, which set up shop at the Old Vic in 1963. Faced with these enormous competitors, the West End producers—who never planned ahead, naïvely supposing that their middle-class, middle-aged, undiscriminating audience would be perpetually self-renewing—are hanging on to the ropes. Some of them are even demanding that their box-office gambles be safeguarded against loss by government aid. Implicit in this proposal is a self-incriminating admission: that the commercial theatre has ceased, for the most part, to be commercial.

It used to be, at least, somewhere to go for a laugh. Great comics don't readily fit into repertory companies, where their anarchic gusto tends to burst the seams of any production in which they appear; it's hard, for example, to imagine Phil Silvers as the porter in "Macbeth." (Great tragedians are much easier to accommodate. Most of the longest parts in the classical repertoire belong either to tragedy or to its house-trained, bourgeois cousin high comedy. There is room in Congreve for the genius of an Olivier but not for that of a Silvers.) The commercial stage has traditionally been the spawning ground and the stamping ground of comic talent. Latterly, however, the guffaws have been less than deafening. Brian Rix, a hard-working actor-manager who made a fortune for many years out of the kind of formula farce in which meanings, takes, and beds are invariably double, moved into the Garrick Theatre over a year ago and advertised his new home as "The Theatre of Laughter." Thus far, he hasn't found farces plausible enough or actors outrageous enough (or vice versa) to justify that hubristic subtitle. The right people for this genre, authors and performers alike, seem either to have died out or to have gone over, tamed and domesticated, to situation comedy on TV. What we've seen at the Garrick to date has been curiously academic—conventional farce as it might be re-created a century hence by a keen group of archeology students. The results have been about as jolly as the Christmas long-jumping contests in Lapland. I can't say much more for Alan Ayckbourn's "Relatively Speaking," the official laugh smash of 1967, which is an atavistic country-house comedy written with the sort of smirking cuteness that often accompanies a punning title. It's all about misconstrued relationships—a husband mistakes his mistress's boyfriend for his wife's lover, and the boyfriend mistakes the mistress's lover for her father. If any of them were to ask a couple of obvious questions, the whole uninsurable structure would collapse, and the curtain would fall inside thirty minutes. The setting was pure nostalgia: wickerwork furniture on a terrace in burning sunlight, with a willow casting its shadow on a heavily creased backcloth. The company was led by Celia Johnson and Michael Hordern, who rowed away furiously like stoical scullers trapped in a waterlogged skiff. Meanwhile, at the East End theatre where she made (and consolidated) her name with such productions as "A Taste of Honey," "The Hostage," and "Oh, What a Lovely War!," Joan Littlewood directed a bonhomous little crowd pleaser called "Mrs. Wilson's Diary." Her admirers hid their chagrin under gallant smiles, but it wasn't easy: a cozier, more rubber-fanged piece of political lampooning you could scarcely conceive. It's based on a popular column that the authors, Richard Ingrams and John Wells, contribute to the satirical fortnightly *Private Eye*. Life with the Prime Minister is seen from the viewpoint of his awed but adoring wife, in whose chatty journal Downing Street becomes the epitome of chintzy suburbia, ruled by a plump, Pooterish figure with a bad case of *folie de grandeur*. The joke is sharper on the page—where it deftly mirrors the suffocating banality of the Wilson regime—than it is on the stage. Having gone through the Littlewood treatment, it emerged as featherweight gossip, distinguished by three clever acts of impersonation: Myvanwy Jenn was a winningly gauche first lady, Bob Grant struck the right note of apologetic bluster as George Brown, and Bill Wallis was a chubby young ringer for the ringmaster himself. Clad as Batman when he

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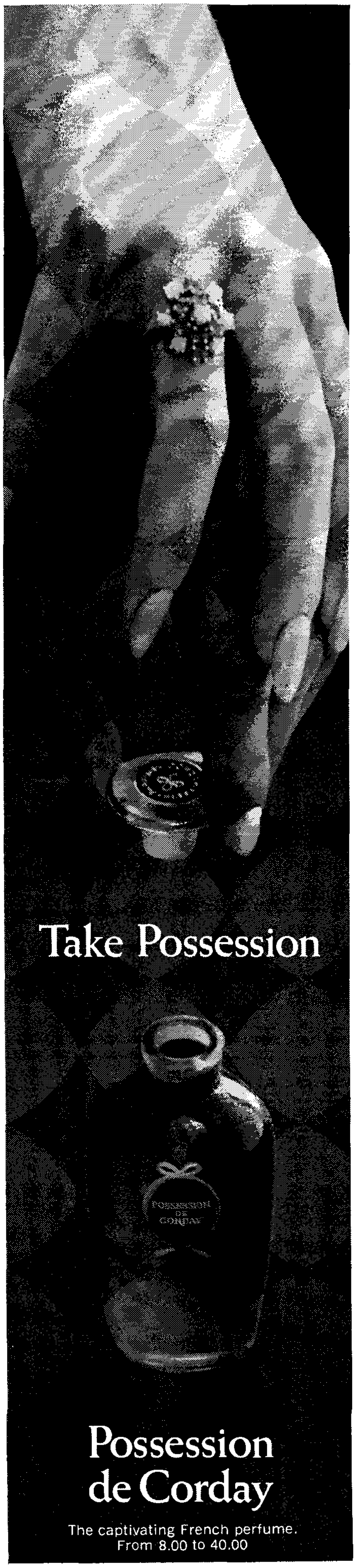
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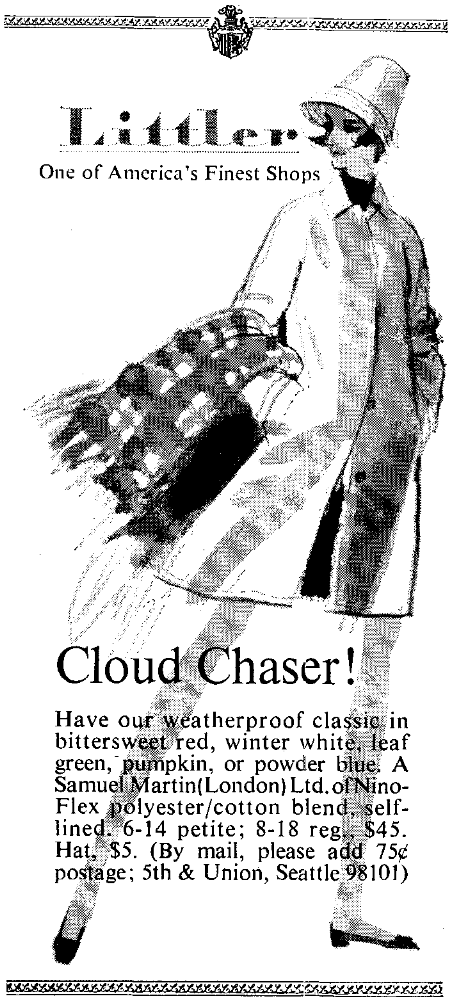
made his first entrance, Mr. Wallis later changed into Churchillian garb and sonorously declared, “I am now going into the garden to paint a brick wall with my bare hands.” From time to time, members of the cast indulged in typical Cockney ad libs, all of them robustly unfunny. The production’s failure as satire was proved by the fact that nobody either loved it or hated it.

“*Le mieux est l’ennemi du bien.*” True, but Voltaire might have added that the worse is the friend of the bad. Compared with most of what was going on around it, “Wise Child”—a bizarre first play by Simon Gray—seemed almost tolerable. “At least,” I heard someone say in the intermission, “it’s fairly *pretentious*.” The theme is sexual ambiguity, exemplified by a trio of social outcasts: a robber on the run, disguised as a middle-aged matron and holed up in a provincial hotel; his accomplice, a willowy lad with an Oedipal fixation, who is posing as his son; and the Scottish hotelier, a deeply religious homosexual named Simon (“after Simon called Peter, the fisher of men”), who sets his cap at the pseudo son. This triangle is extended by an ingenuous West Indian chambermaid to whom the robber, an impenitent hetero, takes a passing shine. After two hours of sour and only occasionally penetrating banter, matters rise to a climax of gratuitous violence—that obligatory hallmark of black comedy. The passionate Scot is clubbed to death by the junior Oedipus. But the play has not earned its right to that kind of seriousness. What we have here is a farce that has tried to get above itself and failed for want of emotional propulsion. The best acting, in the sense of psychological identification, came from Gordon Jackson as the prim, devoutly effusive Scottish queer. The best performance, in the sense of technical virtuosity, was that of Alec Guinness, who played the enforced transvestite. He skated rings round the part, his voice changing—often within a sentence, sometimes within a phrase—from a tight-lipped Kensington twitter to a beery Cockney growl. No sooner did you catch yourself peering inquisitively at his stocking tops than he recalled you to sanity with a baritone jeer. This was a marvellous display of external skills, and it fully confirmed what a shrewd critic of acting once told me: “Alec has no center. He works best on the outer edges of his personality. At the periphery of himself, he is a master.”

“Wise Child” was no isolated oddity but part of a pattern to which many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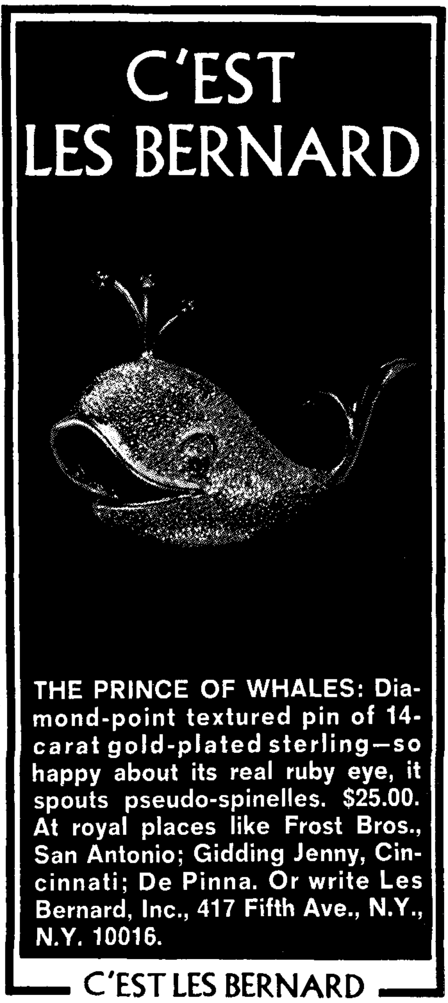
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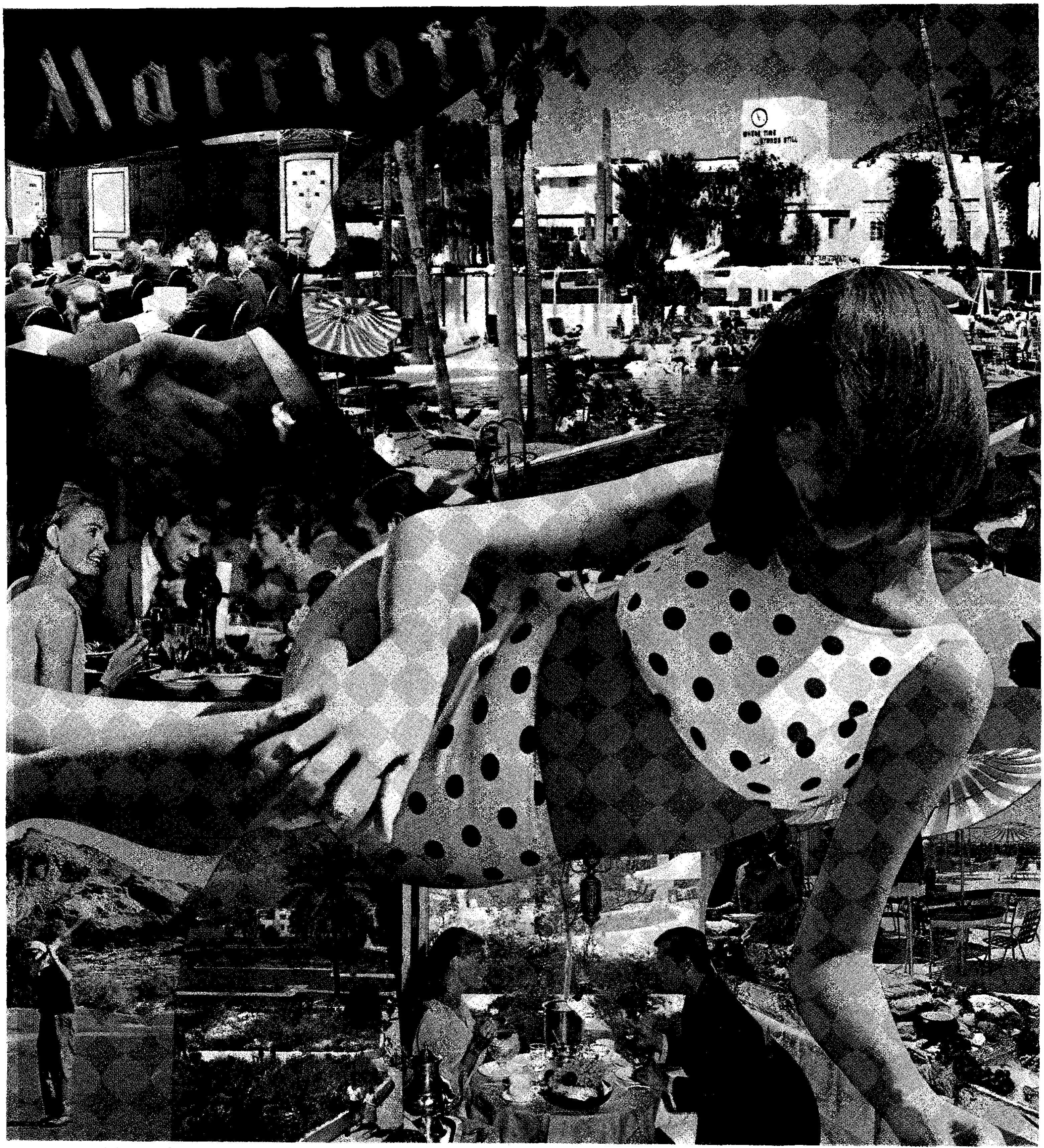

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of the younger British playwrights are at present conforming. Their characteristic mode is comic menace couched in enigmatic non sequiturs and finally erupting in arbitrary brutality; their watchword is moral noncommitment; and their martyred saint is Joe Orton—the author of "Entertaining Mr. Sloane" and "Loot"—whose short life (he was thirty-four) ended dreadfully last year, when he was battered to death by his roommate. Orton wrote shapely, deadpan comedies about the grimier aspects of human behavior, on which he cast a cool but not censorious eye. His style was often jejune, and he died before it could properly mature, but at its best it had a laconic, unshockable grace that contrasted superbly with the squalor of his subject matter. In diluted form, the Orton manner survives in his imitators. No harm in that, but they have also inherited his complete lack of interest in social and political change. The work they produce is entirely unprotesting. Calm acceptance of the evitable as well as the inevitable—such is the attitude they reflect and, by implication, recommend. (And the setting need not be modern. Witness the flamboyant fatalism of Tom Stoppard's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead"—a worm's-eye view of "Hamlet" with the doomed worms humbly acquiescing in their own extinction.) The mutinous energies that were released in 1956 by the première of John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" seem now to be temporarily exhausted. According to Hilary Spurling, the drama critic of the *Spectator*, we ought to have expected that "the primitives of the fifties would be followed by a wave of more sophisticated playwrights." Miss Spurling then refers to the famous British revue "Beyond the Fringe," in which Alan Bennett preached a comic sermon on the text "Behold, Esau my brother is an hairy man, and I am a smooth man." Using this as her springboard, she claims that the hairy age of British theatre is over, and that "just as John Osborne provided a battle cry for an earlier generation, so Mr. Bennett's is the text of our own." I won't pretend to share Miss Spurling's delight in this development. With smoothness has come detachment—a civilized virtue, to be sure, but one that tends to drive out passion.

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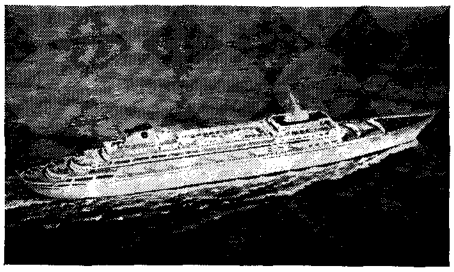

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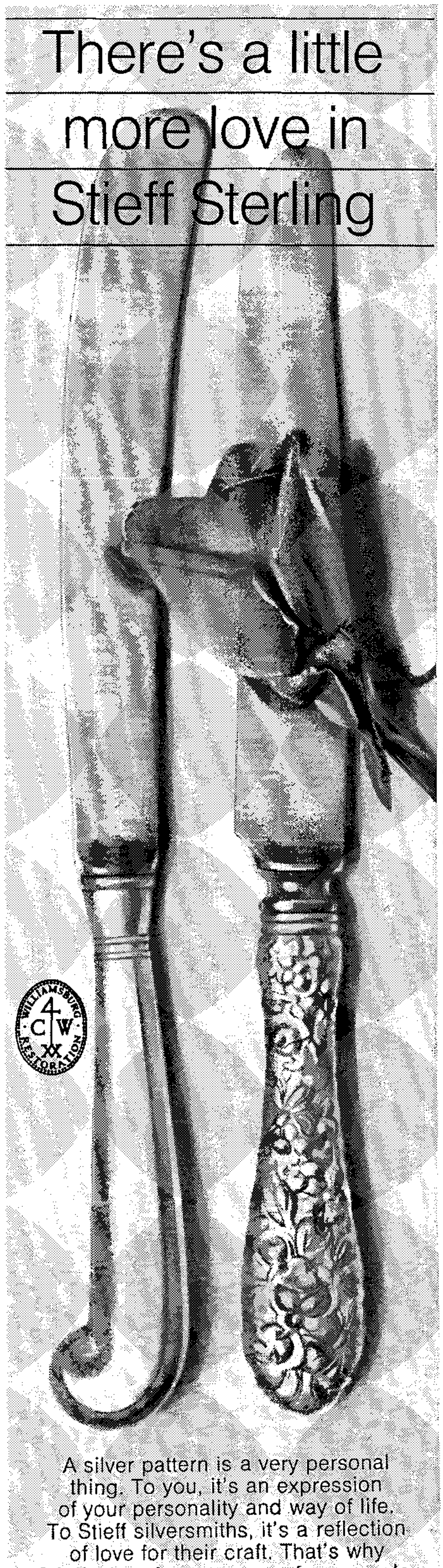
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tual mistrust in which his characters (and, by implication, most people) habitually communicate with one another, but passion is always there, just under the quick-frozen surface, and this pressure of emotion is what distinguishes his world from that of his followers. Getting him to write a play is like begging a glacier to hurry, and nothing new from his pen arrived on the London stage in 1967. He was, however, responsible for the gelid direction of "The Man in the Glass Booth," the *drame à thèse* by the actor-novelist-playwright Robert Shaw that has now moved to Broadway. This fashionably applauded piece, in transposing the Eichmann trial into fictional terms, sets out to shock us into a fresh awareness of the meaning of guilt, but it plays like a pompous detective thriller. The author's aim is to show us a new Christ figure, willing to take upon himself all the sins of the world, Jewish and Gentile alike. The thesis is fascinating, but the characters are vinyl cutouts. Donald Pleasence, who plays the principal role, resembles a parody of the late Lenny Bruce impersonating Louis B. Mayer—or so, at least, it seemed in London. Playgoers in New York, always notorious for their anglophilia, may have other views of Mr. Pleasence's performance.

THE best new British play to hit the commercial sector of the London theatre in 1967 was Peter Nichols' "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg," known on Broadway as "Joe Egg," *tout court*. It began its career, significantly, with a state-subsidized repertory company in Glasgow. From there it was transferred to the West End, with the original cast substantially intact. The London opening was one of those occasions that mark a seismographic shift in public taste: something theretofore taboo entered the realm of theatrical acceptance. How can a young provincial schoolteacher and his wife cope with reality when their child turns out to be a spastic? Only (according to Mr. Nichols, himself the father of a handicapped daughter) by treating the agony as a grotesque cosmic joke—by laughing at what would otherwise be unbearable. Cruelty cauterizes, and if you are the parents of a "human vegetable" it's saner to invent vaudeville routines about your predicament than to spend your time in floods of self-pity. The first half of the play is faultless, a model of desperate hilarity, and the London production had movingly funny performances by Joe Melia and Zena Walker as Dad and Mum. Part II

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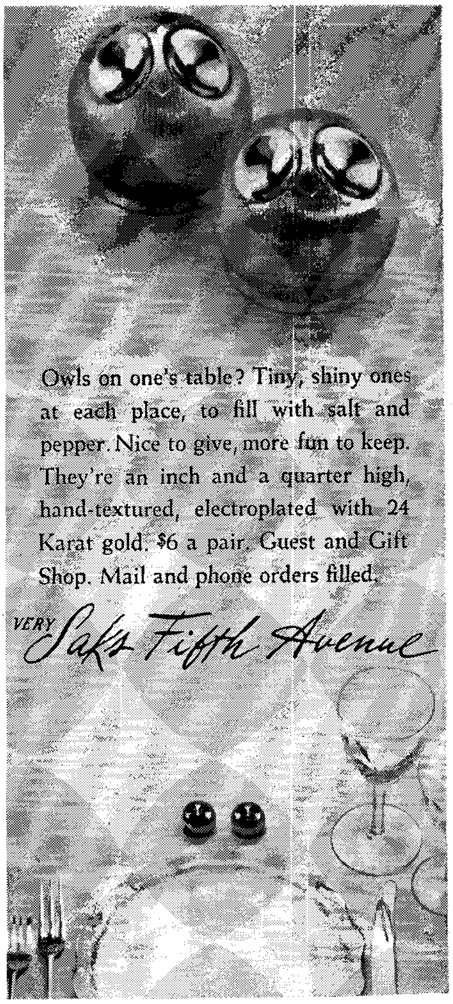
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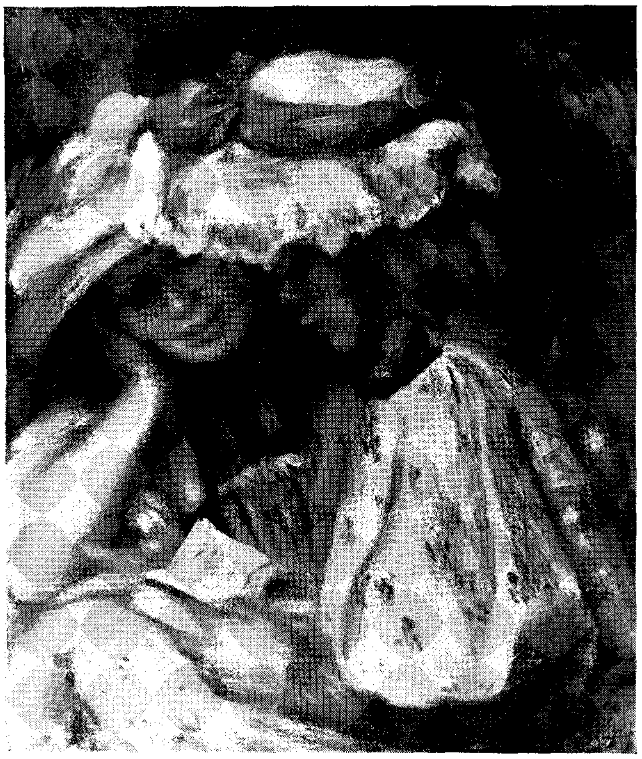

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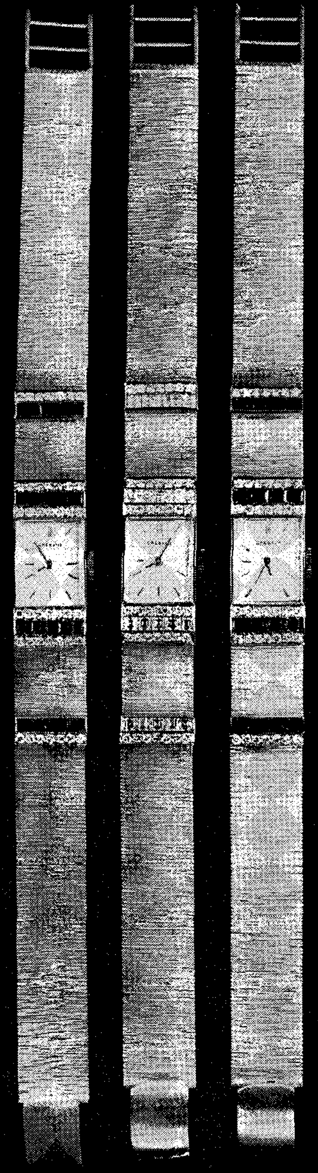

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doesn't walk the tightrope with quite the same aplomb. Mr. Nichols trumps up a melodramatic dénouement in which the husband leaves his wife after trying to freeze their daughter to death by exposing her to the nocturnal blasts of an English winter. This makes a strong ending, but the crux of the situation is that it cannot end. It is tragic precisely because it is permanent. In seeking to solve an insoluble problem, Mr. Nichols fails, but he fails at a very high level. When he slips, it is off a mountain, not a molehill. It takes great talent to steer a work of art to a position in which such mistakes are possible. I don't think it's irrelevant to harp on the fact that the play had its first showing at the hands of a state-aided company. How many commercial producers would have risked their money on a comedy about a spastic? Moreover, the play is an essentially theatrical experience, in that many of its best effects occur when one of the actors steps out of a scene and directly addresses the audience. This is a trick that never really works in movies or in television drama, where we know that the actors are addressing a single, impassive, robot spectator—the camera.

I stress these points about "Joe Egg" because I had detected, even in theatre-happy Britain, the beginnings of a grass-roots movement to demolish the idea of theatre as an art form worthy of public subsidy. Terence Hawkes, an Eng. Lit. lecturer at University College, Cardiff, led the assault with two briskly subversive talks that were broadcast a year or so ago on B.B.C. radio. The title of the first was "Stamp Out Live Theatre," which may give you some notion of Mr. Hawkes' drift. He maintains that theatre today is an archaic, literary medium, a minority cult kept alive by vested cultural interests, a fabulous invalid whose long-awaited death through public indifference has been delayed only by vast infusions of public money. Elizabethan drama, by contrast, truly reflected the vitality of its age. And what does Mr. Hawkes propose as its modern equivalent? The answer is television, which he calls "the only really 'national' theatre our society is ever likely to have." In his rhapsodic words, it offers

> an almost Elizabethan comprehension of the world; it is the new *theatrum mundi*, the "Globe," as Shakespeare's own theatre had it. For the television experience will yield not only plays as we traditionally conceive them, but also the larger area of "drama" covered by news bulletins, comedy shows, music, and other

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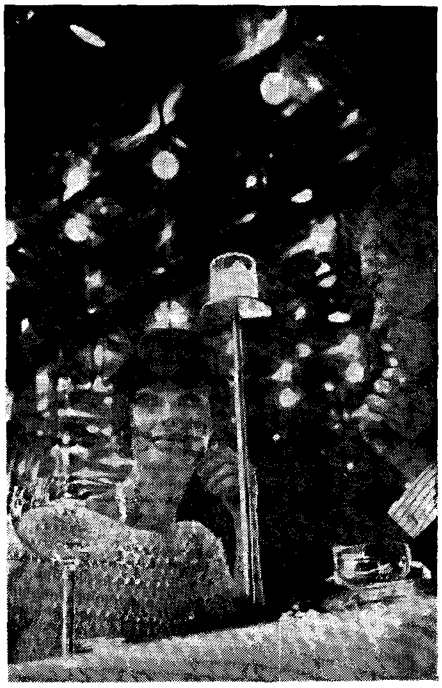

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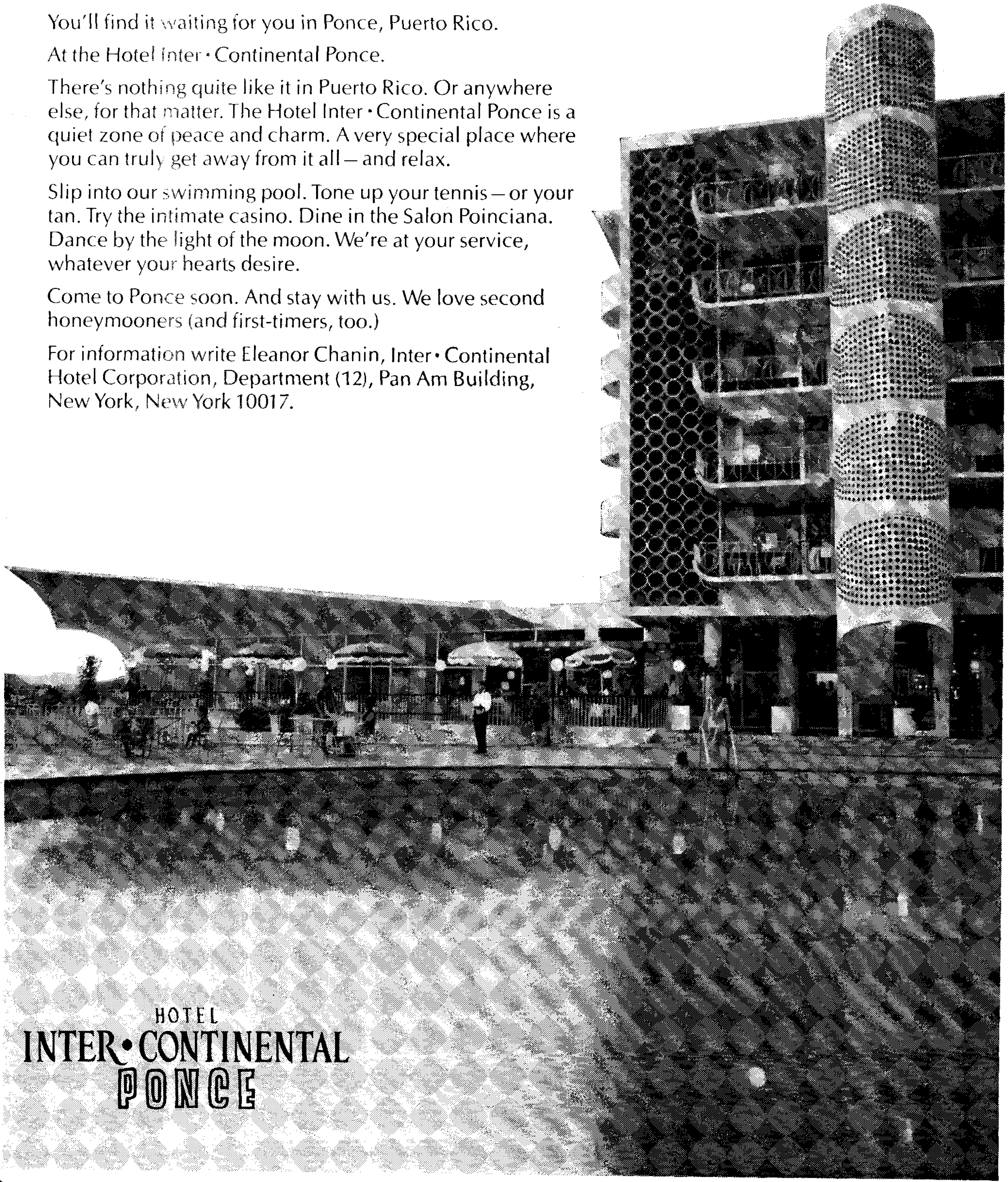

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diverse activities, *in the same unit*. . . . Television is truly unifying, truly communal, because ultimately, so far as its unities are concerned, it is truly dramatic: a worthy successor to the so-called live theatre which it has so patently usurped. . . .

A lot depends, of course, on what kind of television you are watching. The B.B.C. certainly employs many writers and directors of whose talents the stage is in envious need. But television, even at its best, is one-way communication with a fragmented audience. Theatre, on the other hand, is two-way communication with an undivided audience. It is a gathering of people with a common purpose—to be moved, amused, or instructed, or all three at the same time. It is thus a public experience, whereas television, by its very nature, is private. The presence in one room of a thousand disparate human beings simultaneously engrossed is what confers on theatre its special intensity—that, and the fact of immediacy. Most TV shows, being pre-recorded, take place in the past tense, but a stage play can exist only in the present.

Mr. Hawkes is undoubtedly right when he claims that theatre is a minority art. It always was. No more than a tiny fraction of Elizabeth Tudor's subjects ever went to the playhouse. The redeeming point is that it can speak for majorities and set up reverberations out of all proportion to the number of people who actually see it. As Peter Brook says in his recently published book "The Empty Space":

> No tribute to the latent power of the theatre is as telling as that paid to it by censorship. In most régimes, even when the written word is free, the image free, it is still the stage that is liberated last. Instinctively, governments know that the living event could create a dangerous electricity.

In taking issue with Mr. Hawkes, I don't mean to suggest that the stage should compete on all fronts with the mechanical media. Television is daily devouring (and hourly regurgitating) much that was moribund and otiose in the commercial theatre, and this is a garbage-disposal service for which all playgoers should be grateful. Instead of rushing into battle to regain ground that is better lost, the theatre should withdraw to the positions that history has prepared for it—in other words, concentrate its energies on the strongholds it is uniquely fitted to defend. I'm referring to the subsidized citadels of drama, of which London at present has three and will shortly need more. The current trio consists of the Old

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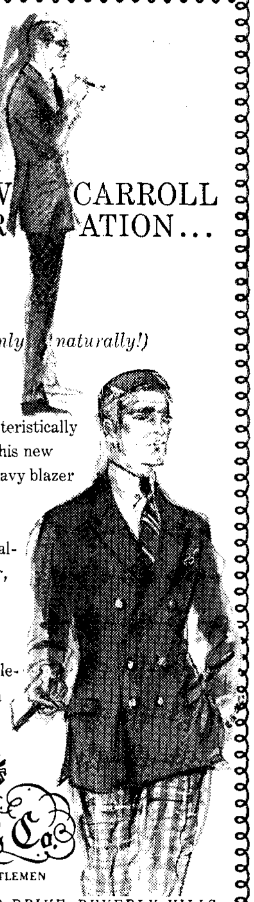

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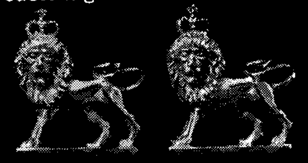

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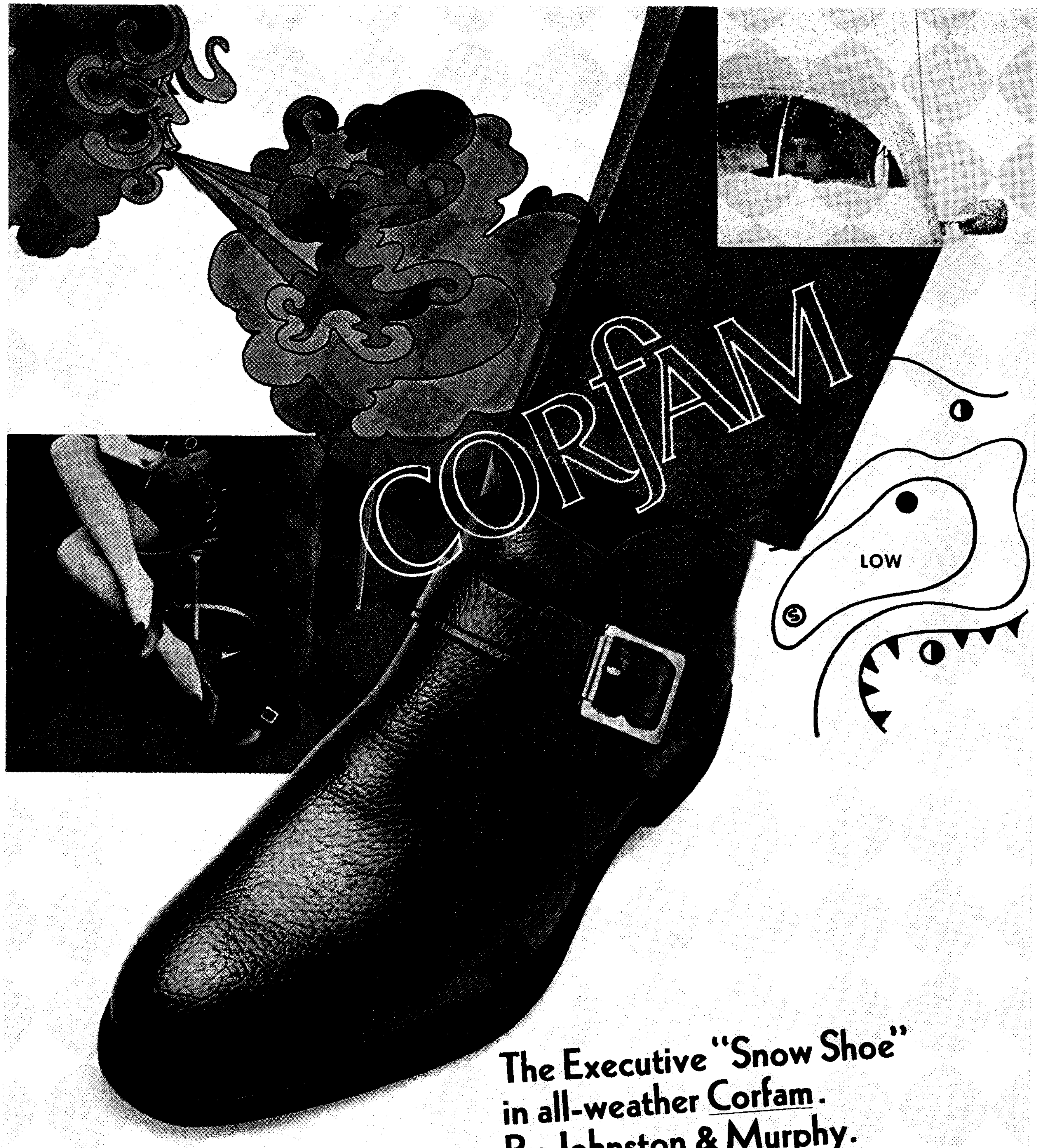

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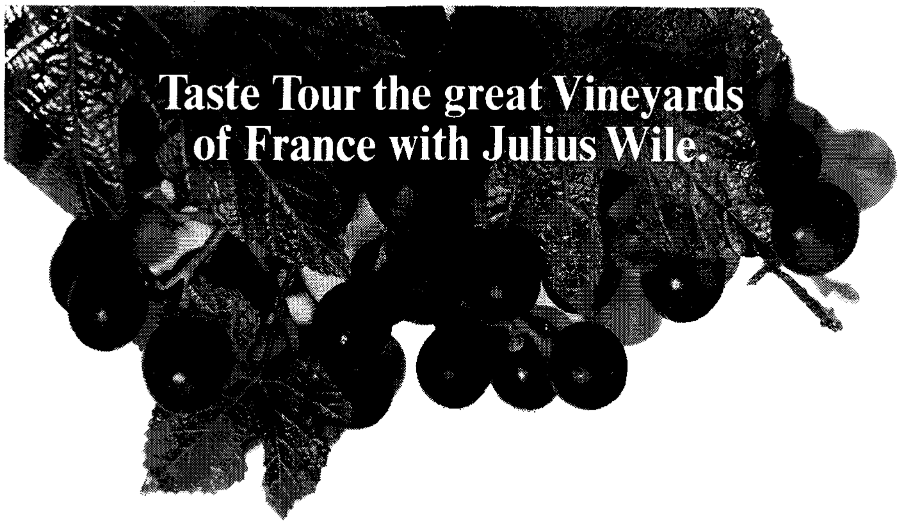
Vic, where the National Theatre is in residence (with me as its Literary Manager); the Aldwych, which is the metropolitan base of the Royal Shakespeare Company; and—smaller and poorer than these two giants—the Royal Court Theatre, in Sloane Square, which launched John Osborne and other anti-Establishment missiles.

It would be silly to pretend that the Royal Court is the driving force today that it was twelve years ago, when "Look Back in Anger" burst on a deeply resentful first-night audience. Although Osborne himself continues to write with unimpaired virulence for the theatre that made his reputation, most of the other Royal Court discoveries (e.g., John Arden, Arnold Wesker, Ann Jellicoe, N. F. Simpson, and Willis Hall) either have failed to develop as planned or have sought other outlets for their work. Experimental groups seem to need patriarchal figures, and the Royal Court had George Devine—a bright-eyed, snowy-haired idealist—to hold it on course until his premature death, in 1966. Since then, the theatre has been run by William Gaskill, a protégé of Devine's, who is highly gifted as a teacher and as an administrator but is not the most galvanic of directors. If a play's effect depends on a strong emotional thrust, Gaskill is not the man to exert it. There was a fatal listlessness, bordering on anemia, about his productions of "Macbeth" and Chekhov's "The Three Sisters." (The former, in which Alec Guinness—the least bellicose of actors—co-starred with a grumpily miscast Simone Signoret, was among the most baffling Shakespearean misdemeanors I have ever seen committed.) However, working with young people on a text that needs cool and considered exposition, Gaskill comes into his own. He directed Edward Bond's "Saved"—a study of juvenile thuggery in South London—with a relaxed precision that strengthened the play's moments of terror by its very refusal to underline them. One scene in particular stays in the mind. A gang of teenagers ambling through a park at nightfall come across an unattended pram. Casually, for want of anything better to do, they stone the baby to death. By showing how unimportant the event was to them, Gaskill made it indelibly important to us.

The Royal Court has been just as adventurous under Gaskill as it was under Devine. It hasn't unearthed a new Osborne, and its standards of acting and direction are more erratic than they used to be, but the right



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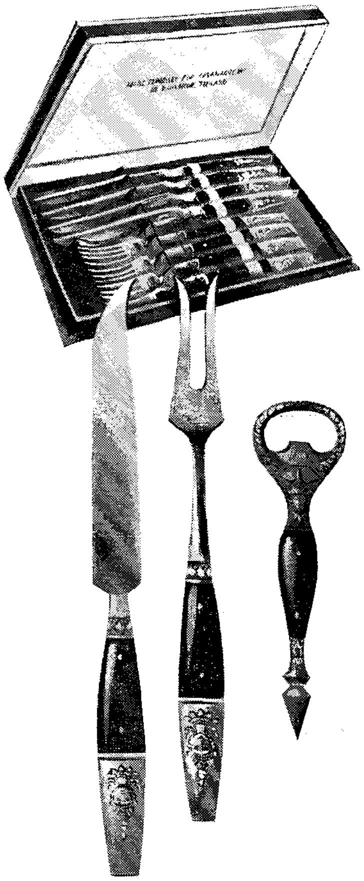

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chances are being taken. The sad fact is that, even when they come off, the public is often obtusely slow to respond. (A little more proselytizing zeal on the part of the critics would help. Preferring safety to self-exposure, the London reviewers make a fetish of being noncommittal when they are confronted with a play that states an extreme point of view. Passion is embarrassing and propaganda is distasteful. To praise a work of passionate propaganda is therefore impermissible. The middle of the road is the diplomatic course to follow. It is also the place where the traffic of history is quite certain to run over you.) Last autumn, for instance, the Royal Court presented Charles Wood's "Dingo"—a genuinely subversive dramatic document, starkly directed by Geoffrey Reeves, that deserved far bigger audiences than it got. It's the only anti-war play I know of that makes no exceptions. Written in lurid images carved out of the crudest military slang, it tackles the Second World War—the honorable war, the saving precedent, the last-ditch defense of democracy—and concludes that, on the whole, it wasn't worth fighting. In the words of the hero, a sickened and cynical N.C.O. named Dingo, it was fought "for all the usual reasons;" i.e., to preserve the balance of European power and, with it, the social and political status quo. When a patriotic chum reminds him, in 1941 or thereabouts, that he is taking part in a crusade to save six million Jews, his answer is simple: "We don't know about that yet"—the point being that the gas chambers and the other horrors of the final solution were not discovered until much later, when Hitler was virtually defeated. The play is a savage comic strip that leaves no wartime legend unscarred. The desert battle against Rommel, renowned in myth for its clean-limbed sportsmanship, is summed up in a charred and headless corpse dragged out of a burning tank and used as a ventriloquist's dummy. Captured by the Germans, Dingo finds himself in a prisoner-of-war camp that is at once a transvestite paradise and a haven from which no one in his right mind would try to escape. When the war ends, someone asks him whether he is going to vote Tory in the next election. He replies that he doesn't intend to let Churchill urinate on him twice. The line struck the Royal Court audience like a blow in the stomach; it visibly recoiled. Wood's argument may not compel consent, but it certainly compels thought. No living English

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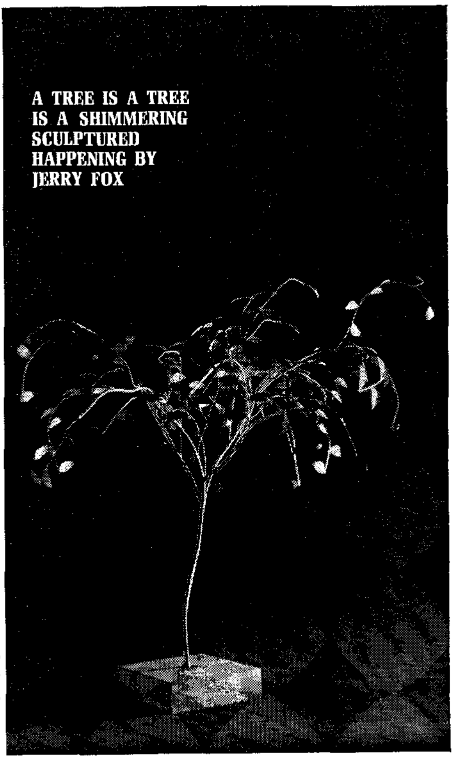

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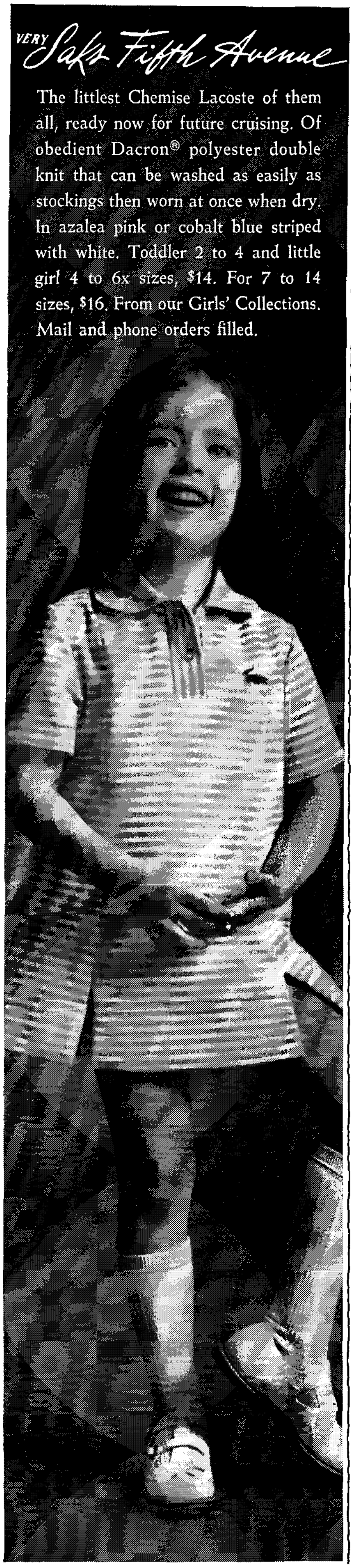
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playwright can endow ideas with greater visceral impact. Wood, who is now in his middle thirties, was too young to serve in the Second World War, and he isn't a pacifist; indeed, he volunteered for the Army when he was seventeen, and spent five years as a regular soldier. He admits that war both fascinates and repels him. Many phrases and situations from "Dingo" crop up in a film he wrote after it, called "How I Won the War." (It was directed by Richard Lester, for whom Wood also wrote the screenplays of "The Knack" and "Help!") I interviewed him about the movie for the London *Observer* not long after it had opened, and a couple of his remarks may be worth quoting apropos of "Dingo":

> There is such a thing as a just war until the first shot is fired, until the first person is killed, until the first filth starts. It's filthy from that moment on.
>
> All soldiers should wear black and slink about at night, especially those who have killed. They shouldn't be allowed to march in parades. Nobody who has killed has anything to boast about.

CLICHÉ contends that the difference between the Royal Shakespeare Company and the National Theatre is that the former (led by Peter Hall) is a director's theatre, whereas the latter (led by Laurence Olivier) is an actor's theatre. This is a facile distinction that doesn't survive close scrutiny. Rivalry obviously exists between the two great powerhouses, and it's true that the R.S.C. has devoted more time than the N.T. to experimental productions, which inevitably emphasize the director's role, but the goals and methods of the two are pretty much the same. Both are trying to create permanent acting ensembles that can move with ease from the classics to the modern repertoire. Both are hampered by the shortage of first-rate directors and by the reluctance of first-rate actors to stay in one place for long periods of time. Between them, they have only one fixed and resident star—the N.T.'s Olivier, who could earn considerably more in the commercial theatre and enormously more in movies and television.

Good actors under thirty are nearly always willing to join the big companies, but, as I have suggested, if they're in any sort of demand they usually elect to spend the vital years of their maturity—their thirties and forties—in more profitable pursuits. The English-speaking theatre is uniquely penalized in this respect by the size

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and paying power of the English-speaking audience. In a country like Germany or Sweden, where films and TV don't offer such majestic financial rewards, it's much simpler to hold a group of actors together. From time to time, in search of prestige or in order to satisfy some private ambition, the established British actor may return for a season to repertory work, but if one's aim is to build an ensemble on principles of team spirit and continuity, the fleeting irruption of a starry outsider can erode morale. In a sense, a classical ensemble is a contradiction in terms. The nature of an ensemble is egalitarian, whereas the demands of most classical drama are feudal and/or monarchic. If you're casting Macbeth, for instance, and the obvious man for the part is not a member of the company, do you sacrifice the ensemble ideal for the sake of the ideal actor, or vice versa? Or do you take the line of least resistance and choose a less exacting play? These are some of the questions that make the running of a repertory troupe such an engrossingly hellish occupation.

Both Olivier and Hall, bowing to necessity, allow their players time off to skim a little cream from the mass media. Hall said in 1966, "The only way you'll get actors to stay in a permanent company, in our Western society, is by letting them go. Then they'll come back." Sometimes, but not always. Once away from the nest, they often evolve into roving eagles instead of homing pigeons. Take the case of Nicol Williamson, a tall, loose-limbed man of thirty with receding ginger hair, reproachful eyes, a long, apprehensive face, and a voice as sharp and sour as the click of billiard balls. Fledged at the Royal Court and the R.S.C., he played the self-disgusted hero of John Osborne's "Inadmissible Evidence" in London and New York in the mid-sixties. In 1966, he gave a poleaxing demonstration of solo virtuosity in a West End production of Gogol's "The Diary of a Madman." Muttering to himself with obsessive, gossipy sibilance, his eyes warily roaming, he held the stage for more than two hours, during which time we learned all there was to be known about a frustrated minor bureaucrat who was also a pathetic male virgin, condemned to solitary confinement in masturbatory fantasies. Williamson is probably the finest all-round young actor in the English-speaking theatre. Apart from straight romantic leads, there are few major roles in world drama of which he couldn't give a memorable

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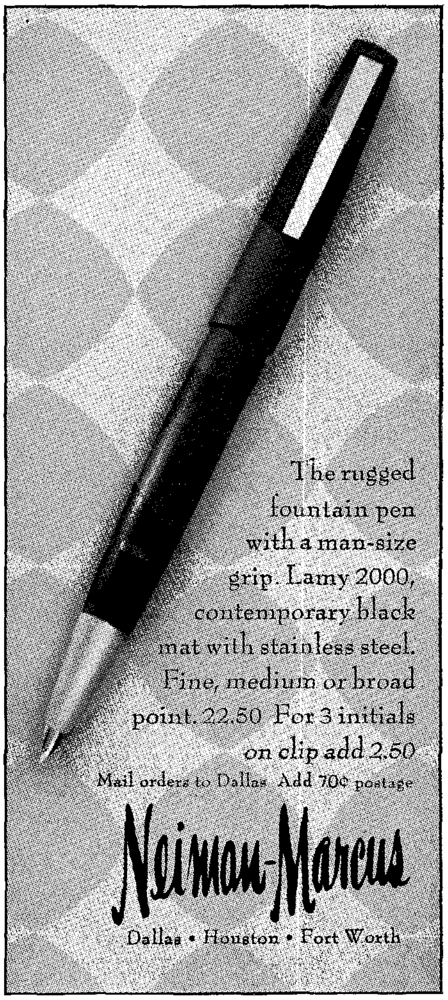
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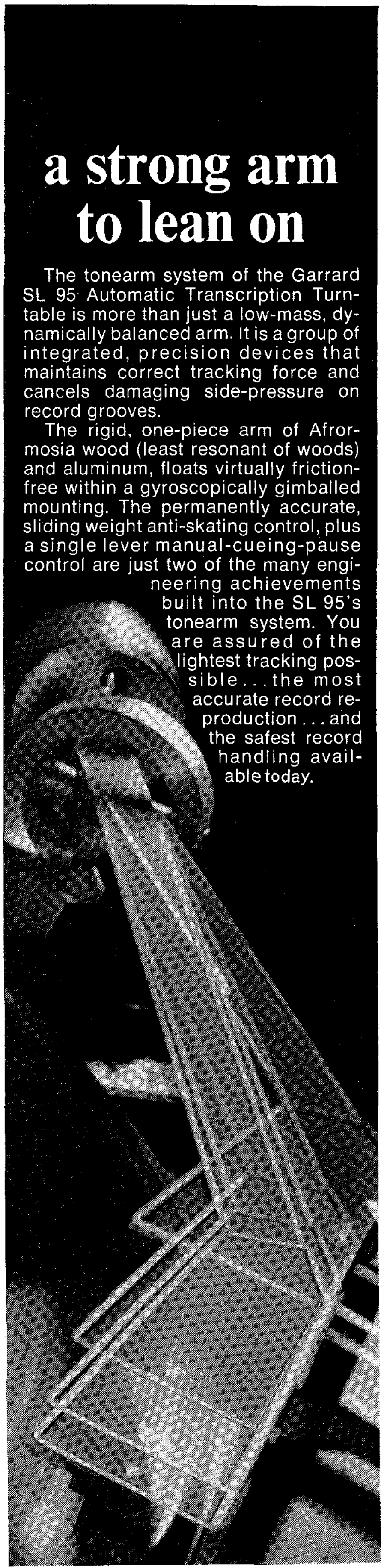

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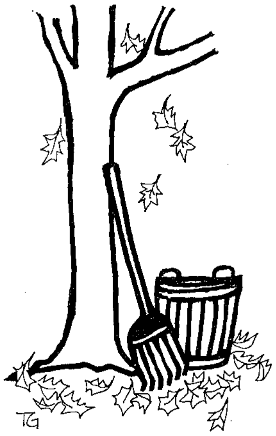
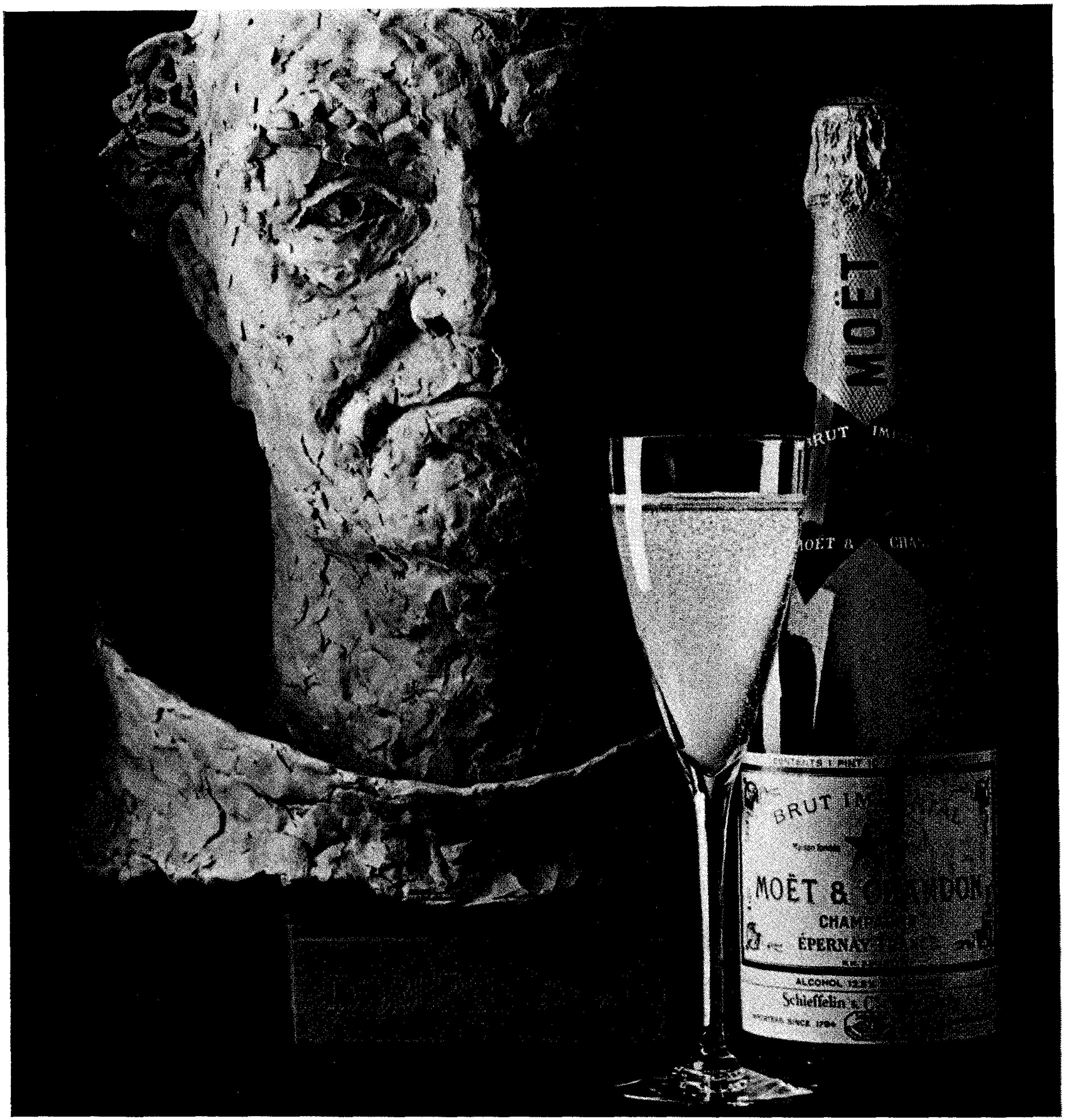
account. But he declines, absolutely, to rejoin a permanent company. He detests the idea of belonging to a group, and when you point out that at his age Irving and Olivier were testing themselves by playing every great role that came their way, he shrugs and replies that he has no intention of wrecking his acting equipment through overuse. He feels no need to prove to himself or anyone else that he is, when, or if, he cares to be, the best. He will act when—and only when—a part wholly enthralls him, which will not (he regretfully warns us) be often.

Considering the hazards that litter the path of the two big troupes, it's amazing that they have achieved such a monumental record of success. I append my notes on some of their more recent (but not necessarily most characteristic) productions, beginning with the R.S.C.:

(1) "US"—meaning both the United States and us (the British), and dealing with the war in Vietnam as it impinges on the British conscience. This collaborative venture, on which four writers worked under Peter Brook's supervision, was diffuse, frequently dazzling, and—to me—ultimately hateful. Its theatrical sophistication was extreme. Stylizing boldly, and using techniques borrowed from the Peking opera, Brook managed to encapsulate the national history of Vietnam in a few minutes of the first half. But although its manner was dashing, its matter was sedulously neutral, and cannot have caused the American Embassy a single twinge of disquiet. Every adverse comment on President Johnson's policy was carefully balanced by a sequence knocking the National Liberation Front or the North Vietnamese. The Americans, it appeared, were right-thinking fellows forced into ghastly deeds by a pack of wily Oriental warmongers. At one point, a wildly fallacious analogy was drawn between anti-Americanism and anti-Semitism, the idea being that the two were equally sinister and irrational. To this I longed to retort that the Jews were not, as far as I knew, bombing North Vietnam, and that if they were, I would be against those Jews who were planning and carrying out the operation, but that this would not make me an anti-Semite. One ecstatic reviewer praised the show because it "generalizes [Vietnam's] agony." You could sense his relief at being presented with easy generalizations about man's inhumanity to man, instead of hard, specific facts that might have driven him to the terrible necessity of forming a political judgment. The real purpose of the evening, however, was not to reach conclusions about the war but to indict the pretensions of a "typical" British liberal, played by Glenda Jackson as a neurotic hypocrite more than half in love with the violence she condemned. It was as if the most important function of the Vietnam war were to enable Brook and his friends to deride a Hampstead intellectual. Thus, a matter of huge contemporary concern was exploited and finally trivialized. At the end of the performance, the house lights went up and the cast stayed in full view, staring accusingly at the audience, which was supposed to squirm under this wordless inquisition. Two silent minutes passed, after which, still unsquirming in my third-row seat, I decided to break the deadlock. "Excuse me," I said to the actor nearest the footlights, "but are we keeping you waiting, or are you keeping us waiting?" I hope Peter Brook has forgiven me. He is the most talented director in Britain—profoundly serious yet never solemn, an authentic pioneer—and my quarrel with him is less theatrical than philosophical. In "US," as in "Marat/Sade" and his film "Lord of the Flies," he proclaims himself a total nihilist. Human beings (he is eager to demonstrate) are *inherently* destructive, originally sinful, and there is nothing we can do about it. Social and political reform, no matter how radical, cannot alter the monstrous face of Caliban. Beyond question, unregenerate man makes a far more striking dramatic impact than regenerate man, and it's revealing to note that in his celebrated R.S.C. production of "King Lear" Brook cut the lines in which Cornwall's servants offer sympathy and help to the blinded Gloucester. Someday, Brook must take on the immensely difficult, though less spectacular, task of dramatizing humanism.



(2) "The Taming of the Shrew." This is a Shakespeare text that nobody regards as sacrosanct, and Trevor Nunn—a young discovery of Peter Hall's—stuffed it to overflowing with music-hall tricks. (Like Hall, Nunn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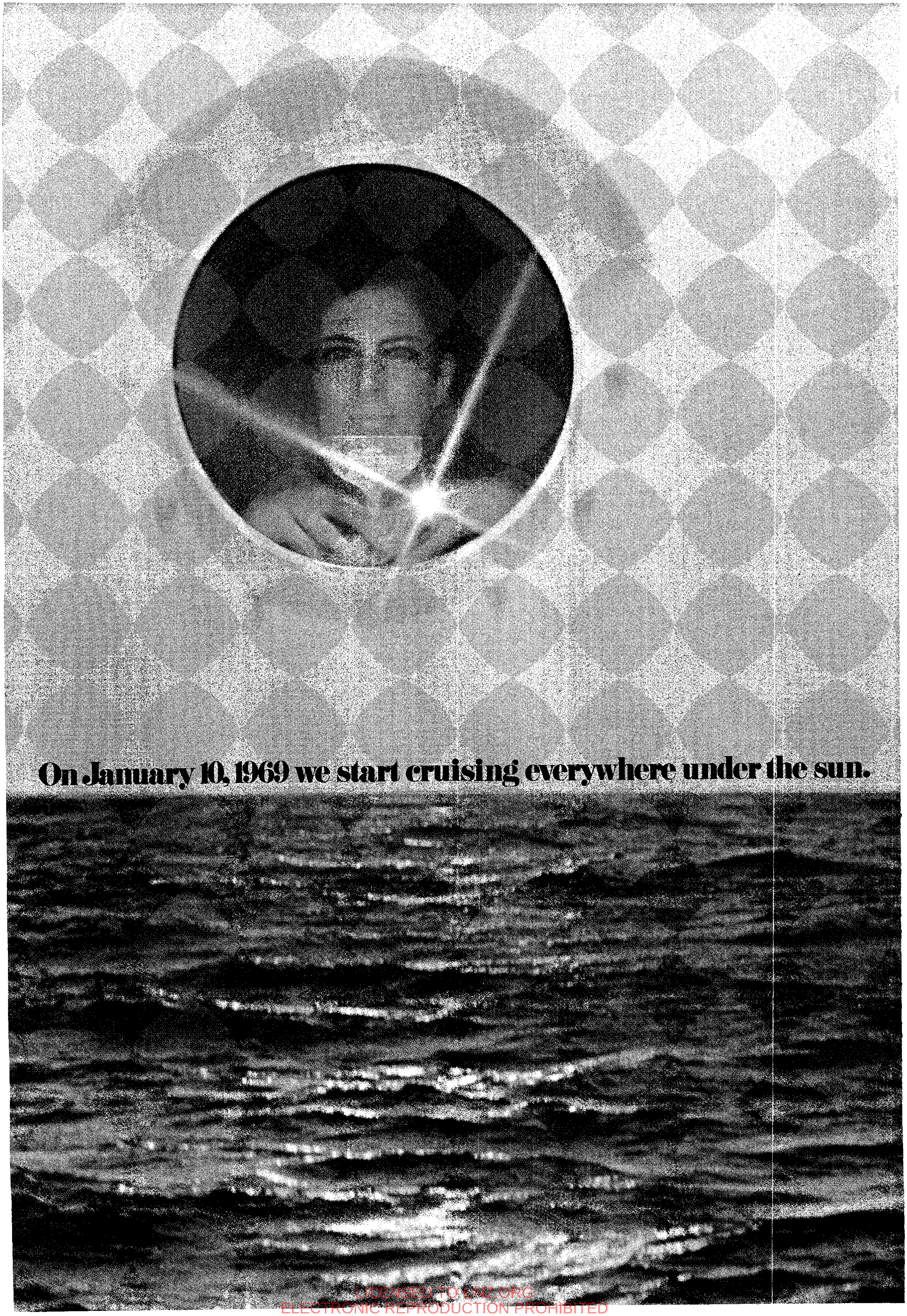
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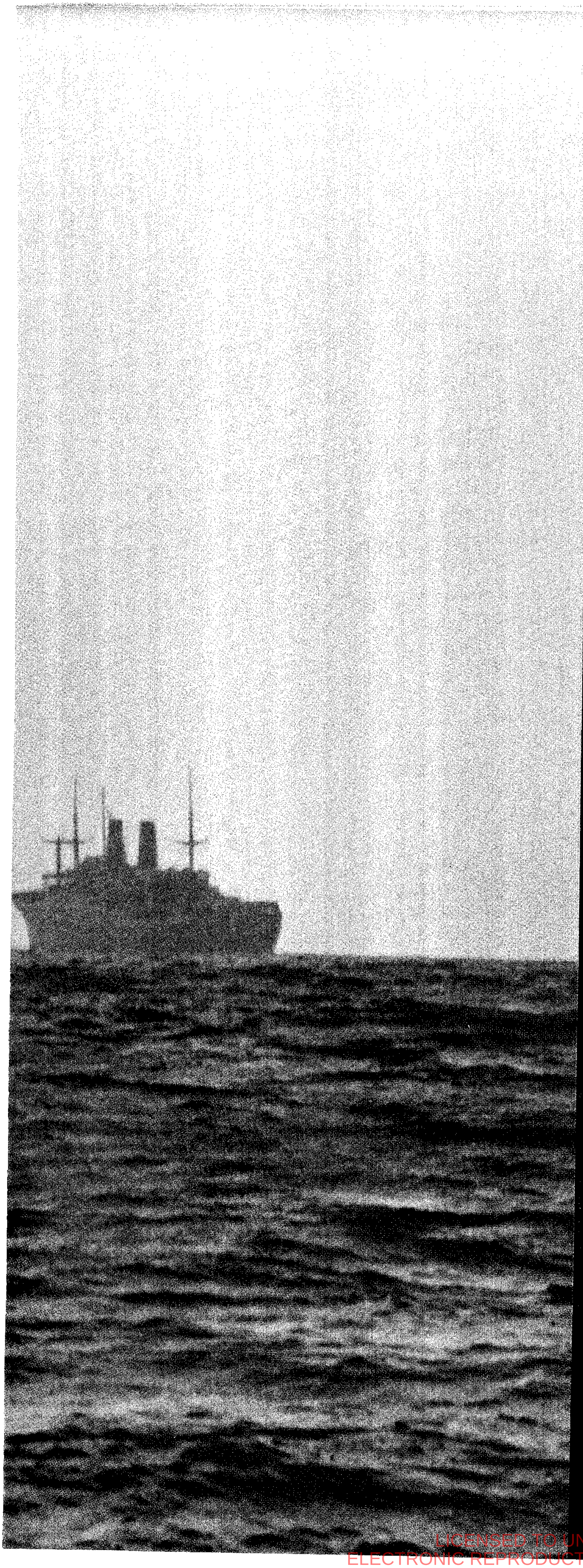

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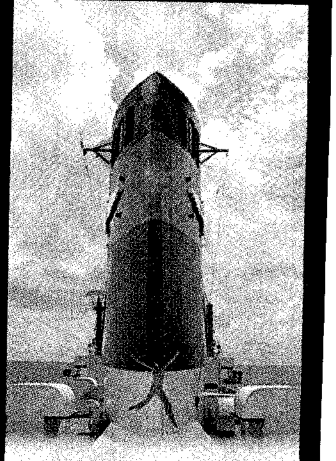

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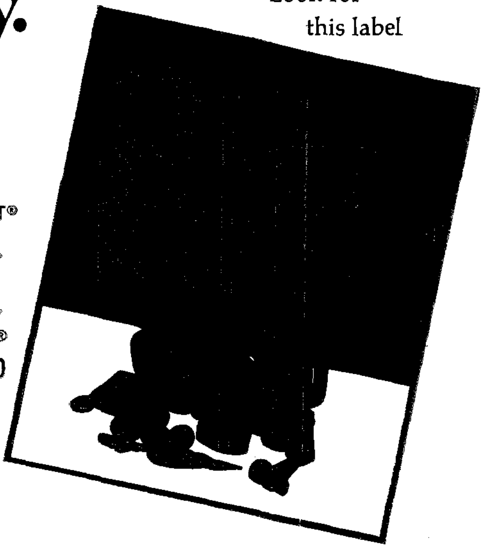

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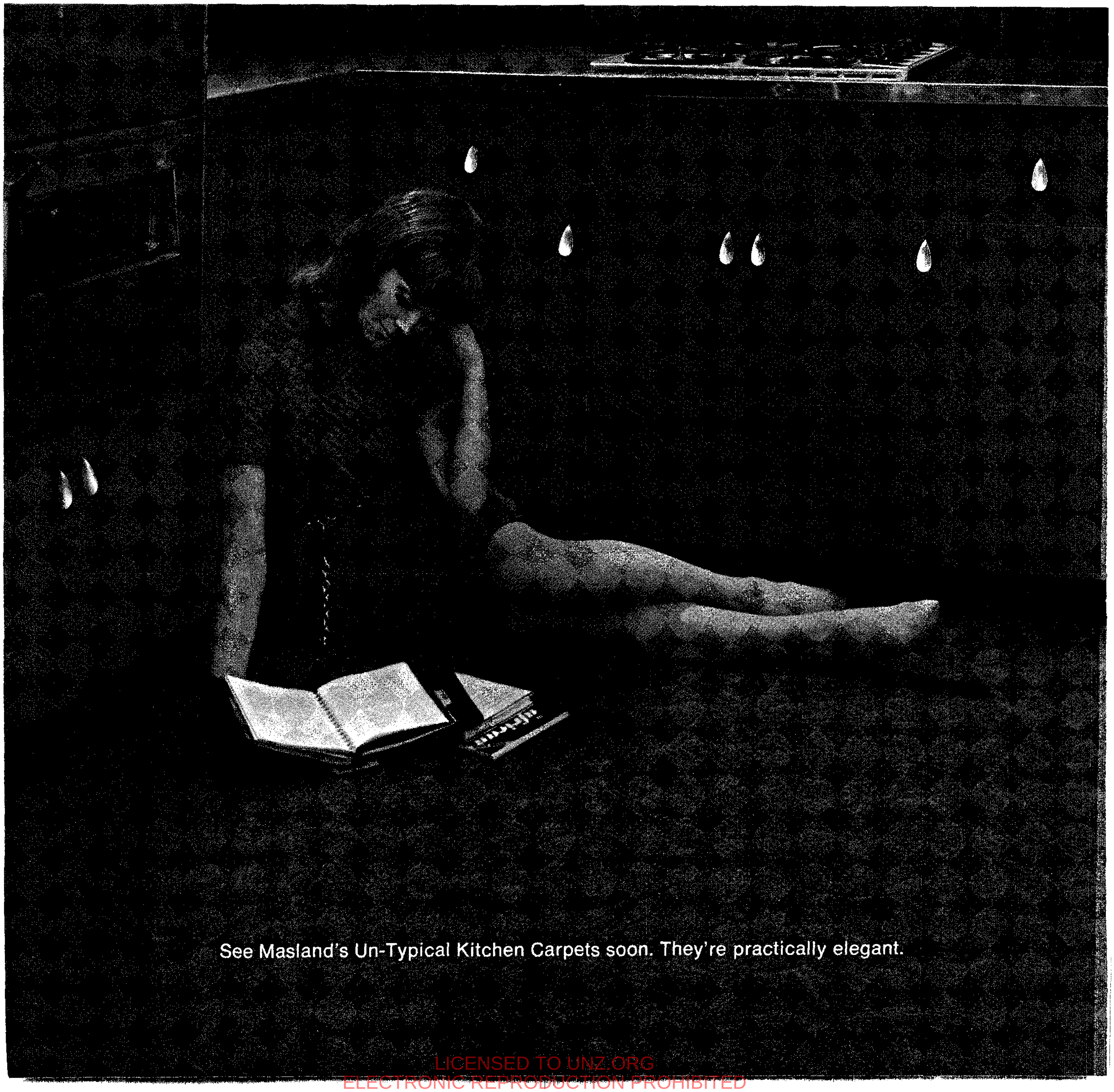

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staged his first shows when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge. Their colleague Peter Brook went to Oxford, as did Tyrone Guthrie, George Devine, Tony Richardson, and William Gaskill. If you want to be a top director in Britain, it's a wise precaution to attend one or the other of the major universities, where your work will automatically be seen by the London critics and impresarios. Olivier is an exceptional case—one of the few influential directors who aren't tentacles of the Oxbridge octopus.) Nunn started out in what we have come to recognize as the R.S.C.'s characteristic Shakespearean manner. He connected the play to its social background and "earthed" it in unglamorized reality: a bunch of travel-stained players, weary and shivering, arrive at a snowbound inn. Once they began to act out the Katharina-Petruchio story, however, the spirit of vaudeville took over. Christopher Sly, the drunken tinker for whose benefit the performance is commanded, remained onstage throughout, interrupting the action so robustly that at one juncture he even stopped it altogether. (A minor member of the troupe gave a hasty display of juggling while the others decided whose line came next.) As Baptista, father of the shrew, a comedian named Roy Kinnear was beautifully beleaguered. The moves of his fellow-actors were so arranged that he was always hemmed in, unable to take more than a step without fighting his way through a wall of human flesh. Mr. Kinnear, plump and sweating, struggled to great comic effect in this strange extremity. But a surfeit of gags can be as tiresome as a dearth, and the production eventually subsided under the weight of its own inventiveness. It lasted three and a quarter hours, which is about thirty minutes more than Shakespeare's plot can stand. Michael Williams (Petruchio) and Janet Suzman (Katharina) were a pair of bouncy young players, but the roles demanded a magnitude and a magnetism that were slightly beyond their reach. Ensemble acting seldom breeds the full extravagance of star quality.

(3) "Macbeth." As a rule, when presenting the tragedies, the R.S.C. stresses the political aspects that tend to get overlooked in conventionally "poetic" productions. For example, Peter Hall's 1965 "Hamlet" had David Warner as a princely pacifist so sickened by exposure to the world of power that he literally died laughing—bitterly and convulsively—at the prospect of surrendering his throne, after a plethora

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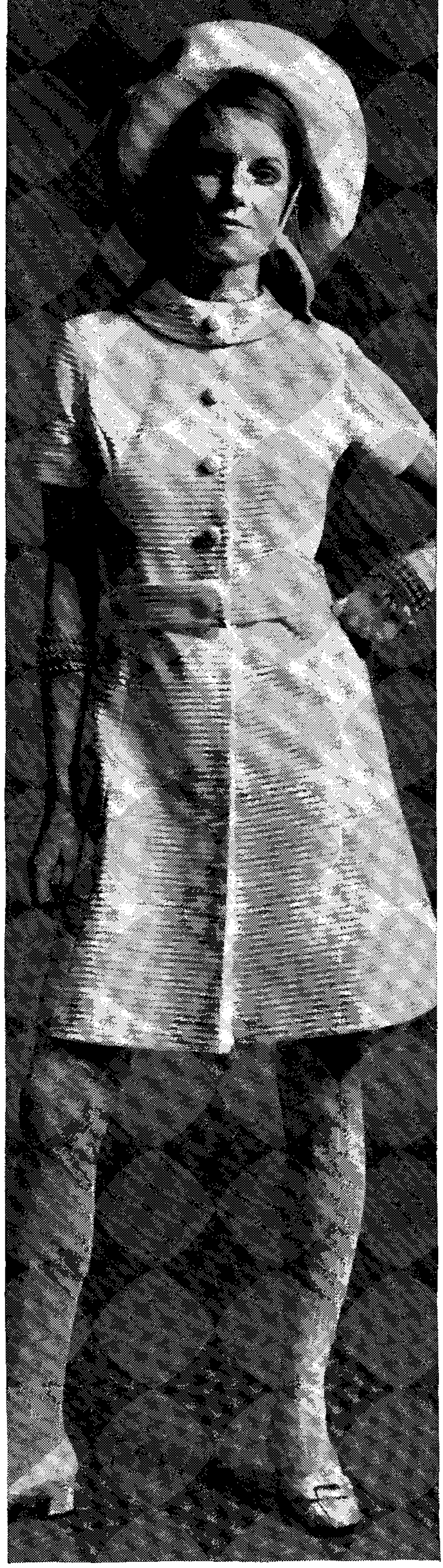

of slaughters, to a military dictator like Fortinbras. Under this treatment, the play rose vividly to life. But "Macbeth" is another matter. It issues from a supernatural world, governed by witches and primitive incantations. Although Peter Hall did his best to direct it from a Christian point of view, the result lacked conviction. He is too good a materialist to make superstition credible or metaphysics tangible. The action unfolded on an enormous, bumpy throw rug, dyed volcano red, across which the cast regally stumbled, brandishing weapons like outsize Swedish-modern fish slices. One yearned for a subplot (which Shakespeare neglected to provide) and wondered whether this monochrome portrait of demonic possession could ever enthrall a present-day audience. I believe it could, if Macbeth is played by an actor able to disclose in himself some stirring, however faint, of the passions that lead to murder for gain. Paul Scofield, our greatest player of martyrs, proved too sweet-natured for this Highland thug, too deficient in inhumanity. He glared at us harshly, flashing his eyes like a lighthouse, and spoke in a slow, staccato bark, as if dictating the lines to a deaf recording angel, but his heart wasn't truly in it. With the best will in the world, he could show us nothing of what killers are like.

Finally, my comments on three of last year's additions to the repertory of the National Theatre:

(1) "The Dance of Death." All modern plays about marriage as a battleground begin here. Writing in a frenzy of self-loathing and misogyny, Strindberg produced an incautious, unbalanced masterpiece beside which "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" looks slick and tepid. In an island fortress off the Swedish coast, the Captain and his wife, Alice—a crapulent artillery officer and a failed actress—are engaged in a war of emotional attrition that has been going on for twenty-five years before the curtain rises and will end only when the Captain, having summoned up his last breath to spit in Alice's face, dies of a heart attack. ("I love her, and she loves me," Strindberg said of his second wife, "and we hate each other with a wild hatred, born of love.") Their life together is a prolonged bout of mutual mauling, interspersed with brief periods of exhaustion during which they lick each other's wounds. It reminds one of a famous remark about the wedding of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh—that it was a good thing they married one another, because that

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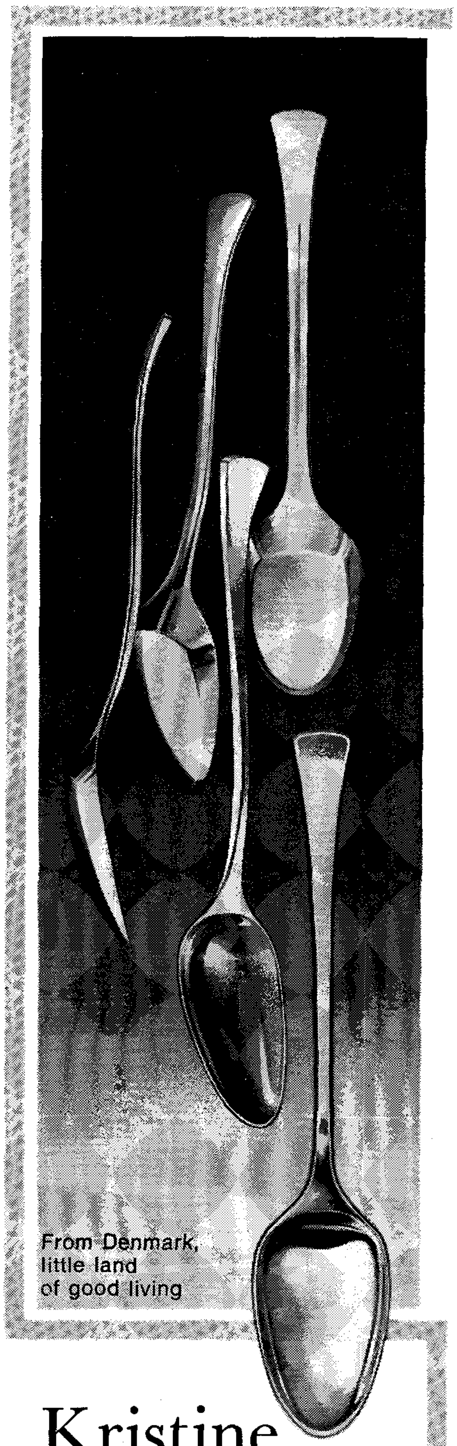

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meant two miserable people in the world instead of four.

Strindberg drew out the misery into two full-length plays. The N.T.'s production, directed by Glen Byam Shaw, compresses it into one. There is no attempt to extract from the text symbolic overtones of the kind that have sometimes been read into it. It is taken at face value—as a realistic portrait, warts and all, of two outstandingly warty people. What emerges is a genuinely black comedy punctuated by moments of terror. This approach enables Geraldine McEwan, a brilliant comedienne, to play the wife as a desperate bitch instead of a satanic monster, and it evokes from Olivier one of the half-dozen best performances I have ever seen him give. Crew-cut and jackbooted, he glowers at Miss McEwan with a thunderous stoicism that explodes, whenever his insults or intrigues succeed in wounding her, into transports of malevolent glee. A positive fury of delight consumes him when the motives of others are shown to be as base as his own. He grants us naked glimpses—thrown off like dewdrops from the lion's mane—of destructive impulses that we instantly recognize in ourselves but that we have rarely seen in other actors. In this mood, Olivier makes his own rules. He doesn't care how far he goes, or whose derision he risks. One glare from those baleful blue eyes—as Peter O'Toole observed after Olivier directed him in "Hamlet"—is enough to turn anyone to stone. (A footnote: Actors, as a breed, are intensely vulnerable creatures—so vulnerable that they can assert themselves only when they are disguised as other people. Yet if they reach the heights of their profession, they are apt to spend most of their time playing military men. Look at Olivier's career up to 1963, when the N.T. was founded: it is dominated by roles like Henry V, Richard III, Hotspur, Antony, Macbeth, and Coriolanus. And since 1963 his greatest parts have been Captain Brazen in Farquhar's "The Recruiting Officer," Othello, and the hero of "The Dance of Death." The classical repertoire is a long and heterogeneous parade, but it is led by warriors.)

(2) "Tartuffe." Perhaps Molière is simply unworkable in English. Perhaps our ears can never accept the chiming glibness of rhymed couplets, even when they're as cleverly fashioned as they are in Richard Wilbur's translation. Perhaps the French overrate the only classic playwright they ever had who wrote about bourgeois

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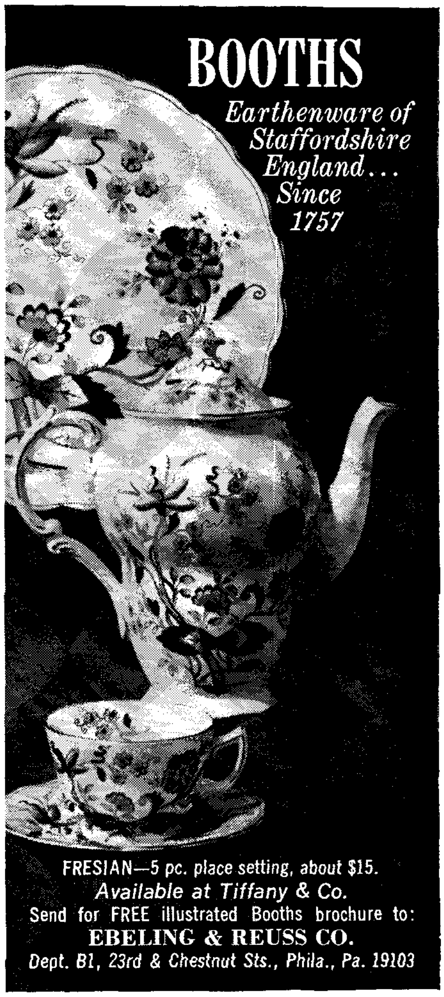

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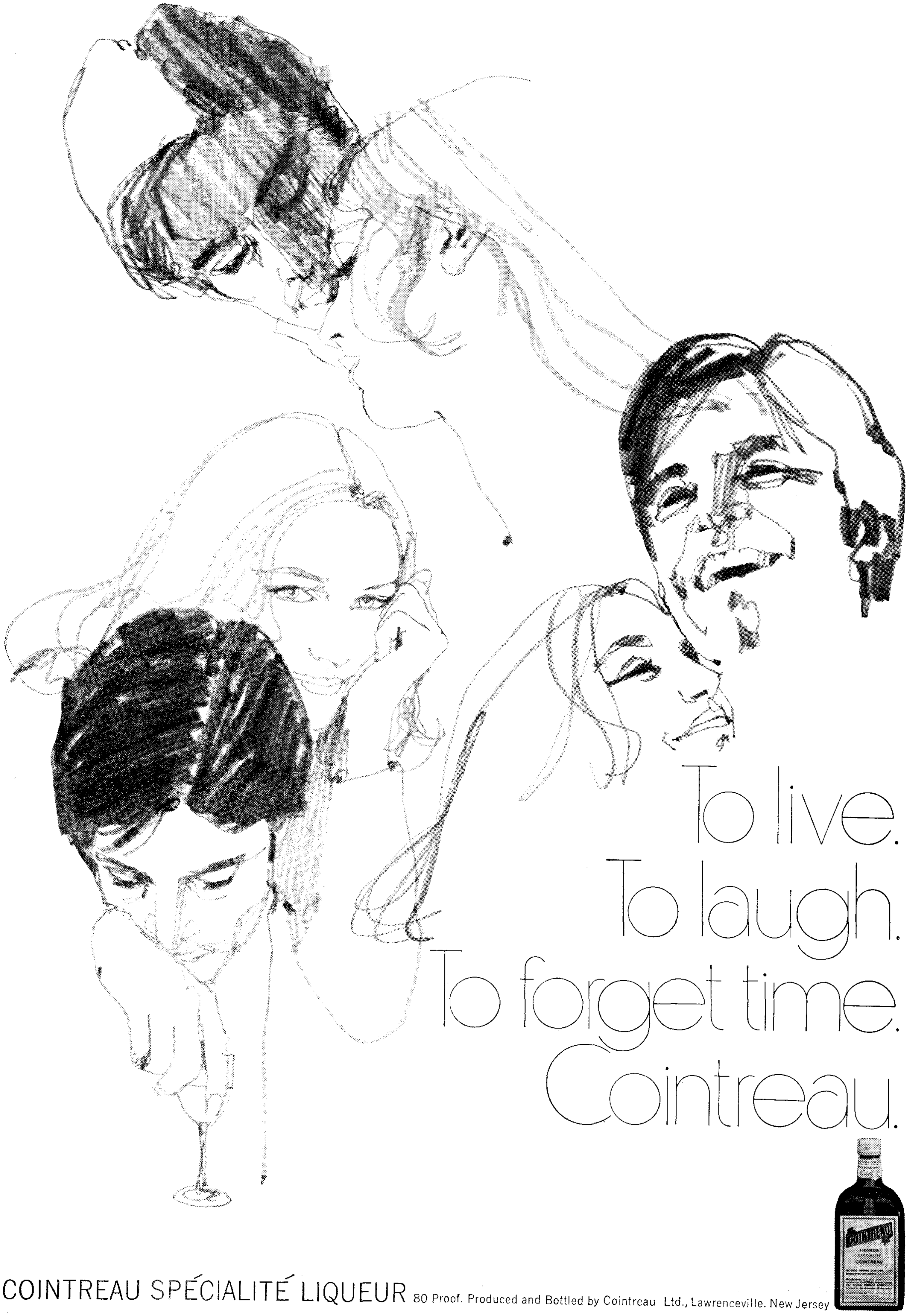
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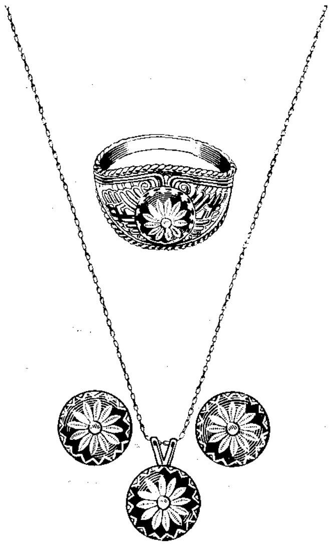
(as opposed to royal or upper-class) life. Perhaps religious hypocrisy, though it was a flaming issue three centuries ago, cannot nowadays be other than a stillhatched duck. Perhaps the N.T. was wrong to cast John Gielgud, a master of exquisite restraint, as the exuberantly credulous Orgon, who sacrifices his home and his kin to the whims of a pious impostor. Perhaps Tyrone Guthrie, who directed, might have dug closer to the dark roots of the weird, enraptured affection that Orgon feels for Tartuffe. For whatever reasons, the production did not jell, and Gielgud's incursions into it, though unfailingly elegant, were somehow spectral, like those of Banquo's ghost into the festivities at Inverness. On the credit side, there was a definitive, partridge-plump, biscuit-crisp performance of Dorine, the sassy housemaid, from Joan Plowright, on whose lips the bromides of common sense sounded like jewels of celestial wit, and though I'm not sure that it's absolutely necessary to give Tartuffe a broad rural accent, I've no doubt about the rightness of playing him as a virile youngster rather than as a sleazy middle-aged lecher. The N.T.'s Tartuffe was a fanatical peasant who wouldn't be out of place in Hardy's Wessex, or even in "Cold Comfort Farm." Although Robert Stephens hammed up the rusticity a little too much, this interpretation did a lot to account for Orgon's idolatry (a form of *nostalgie de la boue*), and the emphasis on youth was strictly in keeping with what we know of the author's intentions. When Du Croisy created the part, in 1664, he was only thirty-four years old; the bad French tradition of entrusting it to senior actors dates from long after Molière's death.

(3) "As You Like It"—directed by Clifford Williams, with an all-male cast. This is thin ice most delicately trodden. The idea came from Jan Kott, the Polish scholar and critic whose theories about Shakespeare have been turning up in recent years all over the European theatre. It was Kott who hinted that there were correspondences between the world of Samuel Beckett and the world of "King Lear," and this was the clue on which Peter Brook based his Stratford production of that play. In an essay called "Shakespeare's Bitter Arcadia," Kott maintains that if there is room for Beckett in "Lear," there is also room for Jean Genet in "As You Like It." Citing an impressive battery of supporting texts, he demonstrates that the erotic ideal of the Renaissance was neither male nor female but some-



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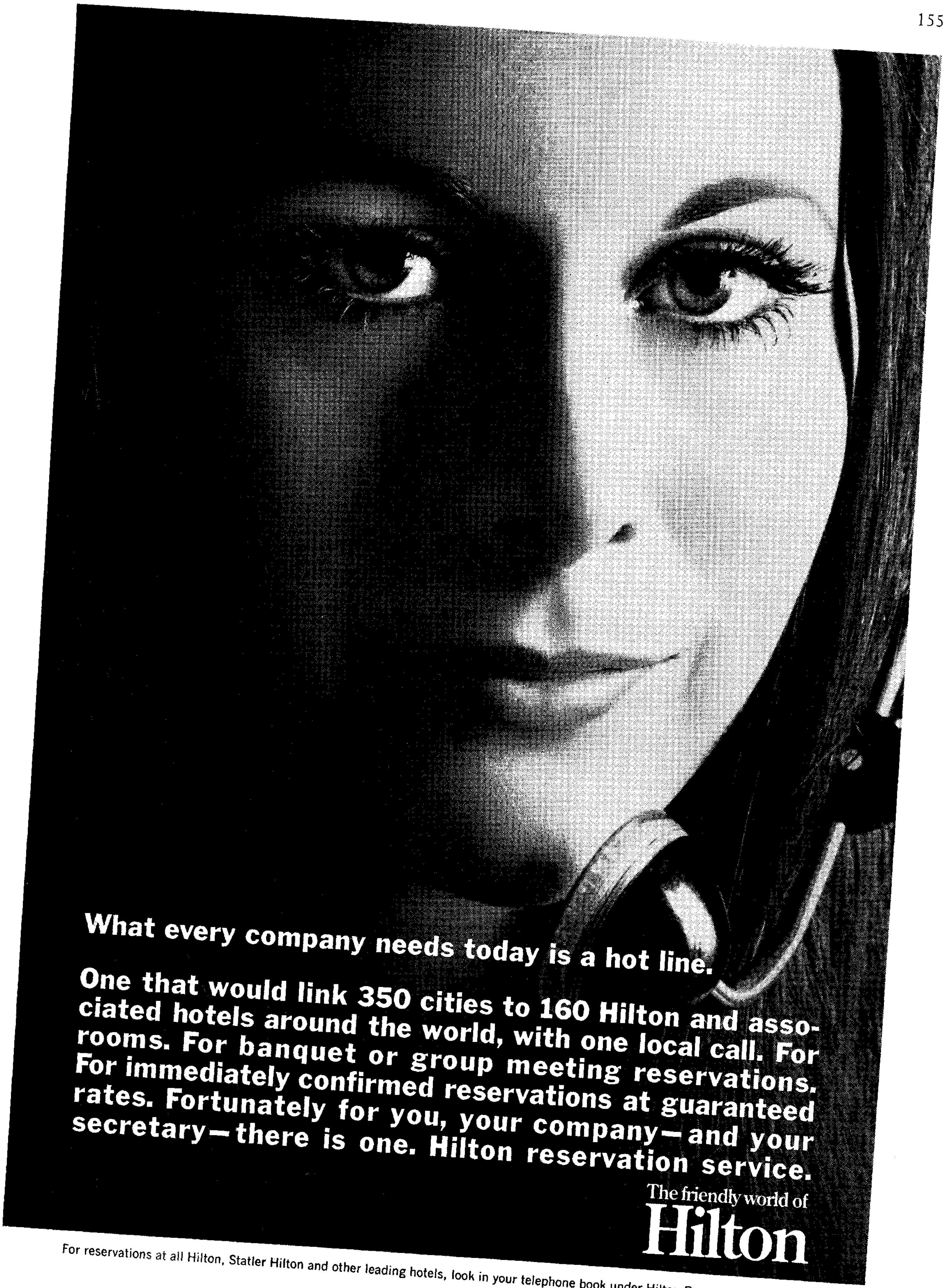

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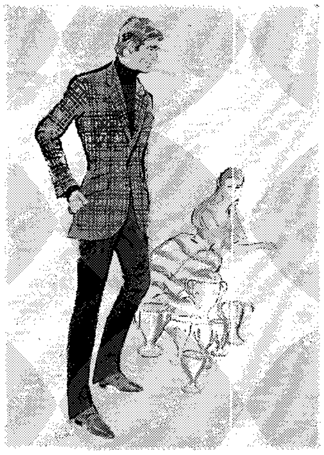
thing in between—"the perfect androgyne" (as he describes it), in whom the two sexes meet and commingle. Examples of this perfection are to be found in the girlish beauty of the three Florentine Davids, by Donatello, Verrocchio, and Michelangelo. Plato's "Symposium," which ranked the love of men for youths among the highest manifestations of human affinity, exerted a pervasive influence on sixteenth-century modes of sensibility and was studied with relish in Elizabethan England. In Kott's view, the beloved boy whom Shakespeare extols in Sonnet XX as "the master mistress of my passion" is a neo-Platonic forerunner of Viola in "Twelfth Night" and Rosalind in "As You Like It." The suggestion is not that Shakespeare was homosexual—merely that he used the theatrical convention of his age, whereby boys played girls, to illustrate a generally accepted idea of love as an emotion "free from the limitations of sex." Writing in the pre-Kott era, Harley Granville-Barker made much the same point:

> Shakespeare turned a limitation to account, made loss into a gain. Feminine charm—of which the modern stage makes such capital—was a medium denied him. So his men and women encounter upon a plane where their relation is made rarer and intenser by poetry, or enfranchised *in a humour which surpasses more primitive love-making*. And thus, perhaps, he was helped to discover that the true stuff of tragedy and of the liveliest comedy lies beyond sensual bounds. His studies of women seem often to be begun from some spiritual paces beyond the point at which a modern dramatist leaves off. Curious that not a little of the praise lavished upon the beauty and truth of them—mainly by women—may be due to their having been written to be played by boys!

Here is Kott's summary of the love scenes in the forest of Arden:

> An actor disguised as a girl plays a girl disguised as a boy. Everything is real and unreal, false and genuine at the same time. And we cannot tell on which side of the looking-glass we have found ourselves.

This was the area of ambiguity that Clifford Williams set out to explore at the Old Vic. As soon as the casting was announced, it was objected that boys, rather than men, should be playing the female parts, but the complaint was historically groundless. Although Elizabethan boy actors began their careers at the age of twelve or thirteen, they went on performing into their late teens and often beyond. Some of them even returned to their craft in 1660, when the theatres reopened after they



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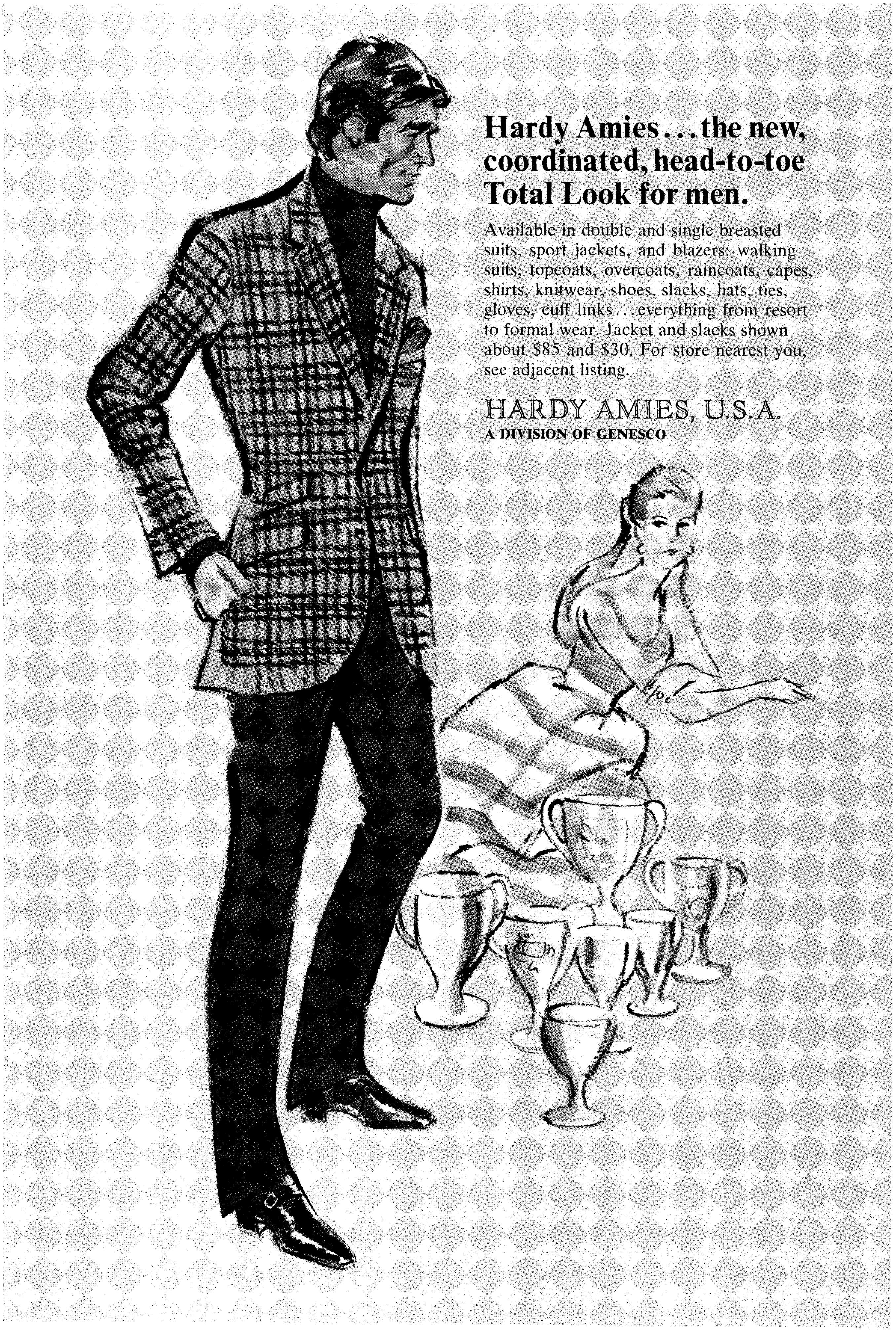

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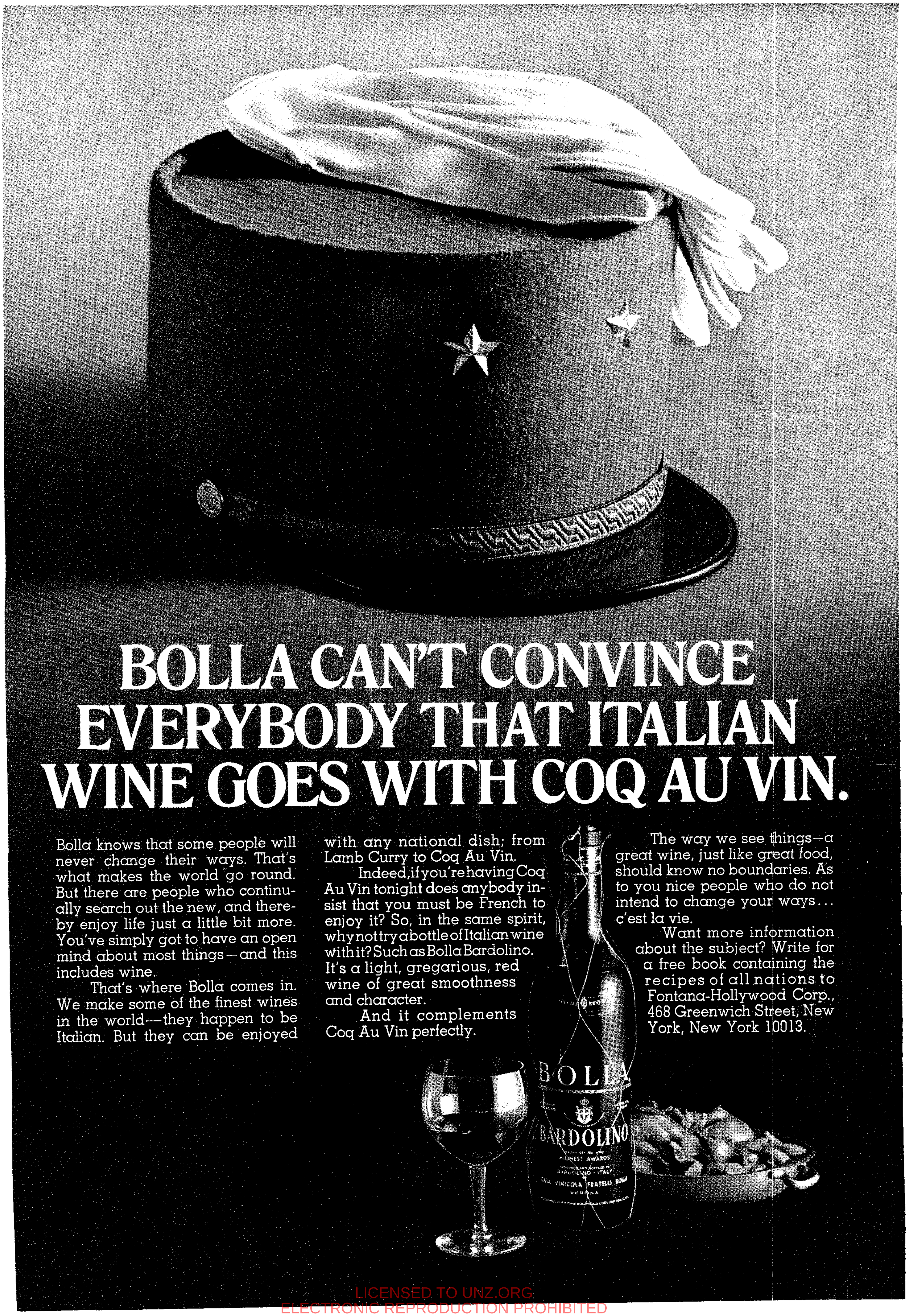

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had been closed by the Puritans for eighteen years, and I refuse to believe that Shakespeare wrote Cleopatra to be played by a piping pubescent. People came to the first night of the N.T. production expecting scandals and camp titillation. What they got was a serenely chaste eroticism. There was no sylvan lushness in Ralph Koltai's molded-plastic settings, which were icy in their austerity, and the same designer's costumes—modern, verging on Martian, in cut—swathed the actors in chill and gleaming sheaths of plastic. The effect, though cool, was still romantic. When Ronald Pickup, as Rosalind, looking like the young Garbo in a white trouser suit, played at love with Jeremy Brett's Orlando, there were eerie moments when sex was transcended and each seemed to forget the other's gender. "Who do you speak to?" Rosalind suddenly asked her lover, and he replied, "To her that is not here"—but only after a flustered pause that betrayed authentic doubt. Was he in love with the absent girl, the present boy, the feigned boy-girl, or a combination of all three? Performed by men, the play loses none of its quality as a poetic idyll. If anything, it gains in finesse. As Desmond McCarthy once said, "it may be of some significance that the decline of poetical drama . . . begins when women begin to take women's parts."

ONE problem remains to be solved before the British theatre can prosper as it should. We must make sure that the state-aided troupes are artistically autonomous, and not subject, as they are at present, to the meddling authority of governing boards. When this reform has been carried through, there will be nothing drastically wrong with the British theatre that a few more subsidized companies—some in London, some in the regional centers—could not quite handily cure.

—KENNETH TYNAN

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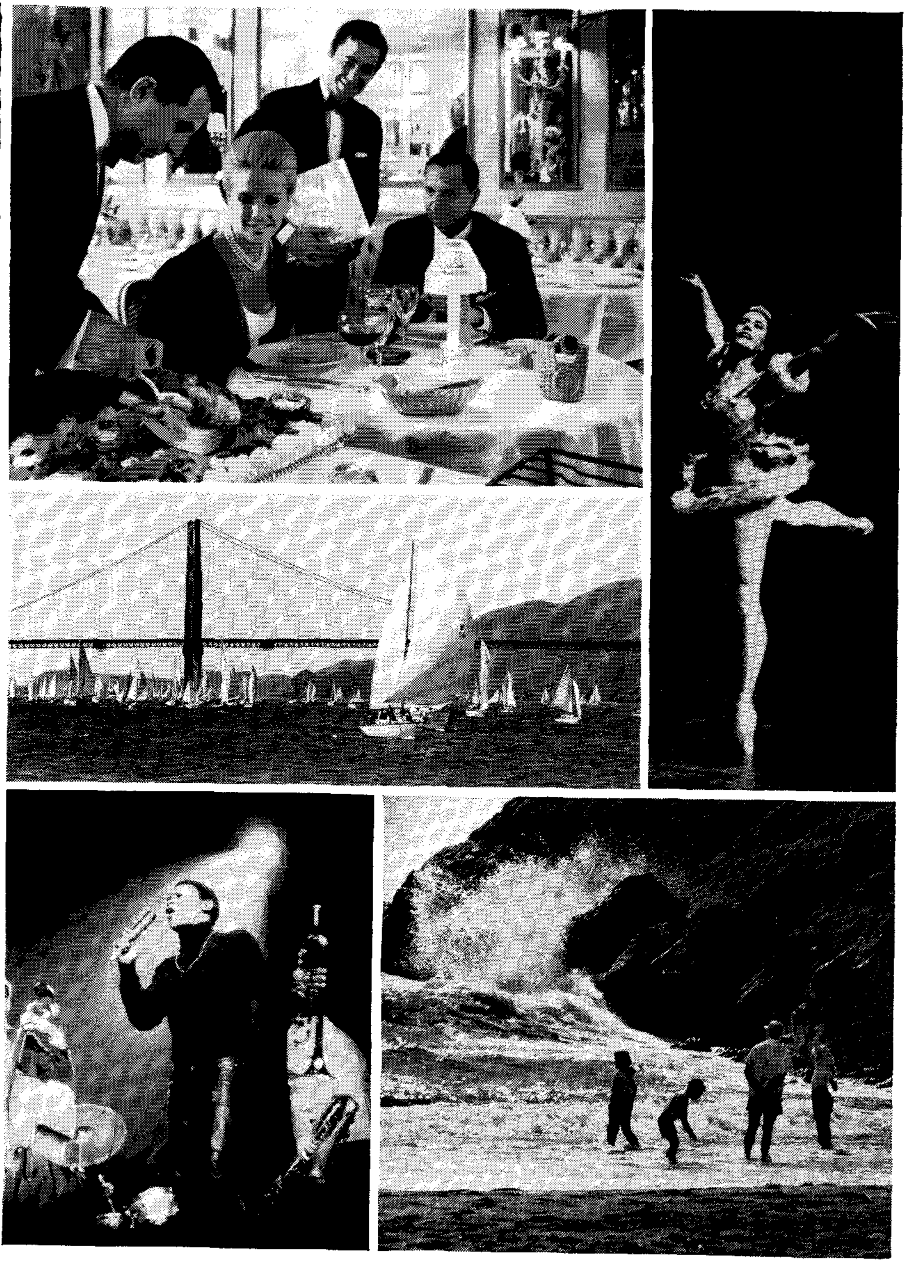

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Since omitting to state material facts is the essence of using inside information, the statute—while it does not forbid insiders to buy their own stock, or to keep any profit from selling it, provided they have held on to the stock for more than six months—would seem to outlaw the stacked deck. In practice, though, until very recently the 1942 rule was treated almost as if it didn't exist; it was invoked by the Securities and Exchange Commission (the federal regulatory agency set up under the Securities Exchange Act) only rarely, and then in cases so flagrant that they could probably have been prosecuted simply under common law. And there were apparently good reasons for this laxity. For one thing, it has been widely argued that the privilege of cashing in on their corporate secrets is a necessary incentive to business executives, goading them to their best efforts; a few authorities even coolly maintain that the uninhibited presence of insiders in the market, however offensive to the spirit of fair play, is essential for a smooth, orderly flow of trading. Another contention is that almost all stock traders, whether or not they are technically insiders, possess and conceal inside information of one sort or another—or, at least, hope and believe they do—and that an evenhanded application of Rule 10b-5 would therefore result in nothing less than chaos on Wall Street. So in letting the rule rest almost untroubled in the rule book for twenty years the S.E.C. seemed to be consciously refraining from hitting Wall Street in one of its most vulnerable spots. But then, after a couple of preliminary jabs, it went for the spot with a vengeance. The lawsuit in which it did so was a civil complaint against the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company and thirteen men who were directors or employees of that com-

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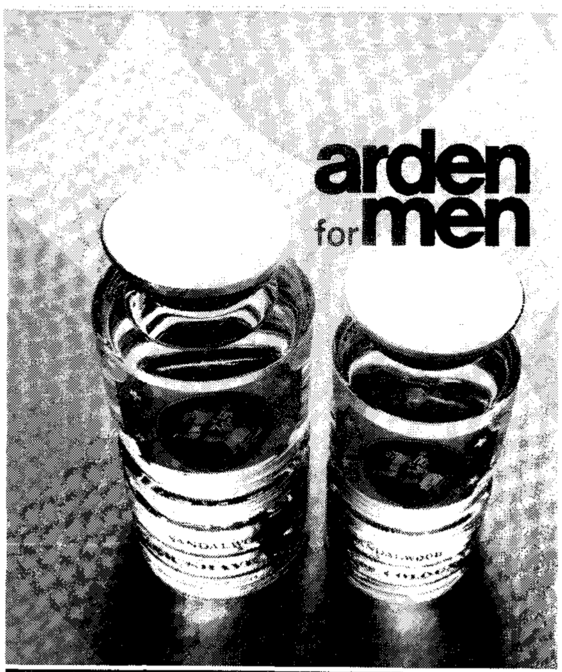

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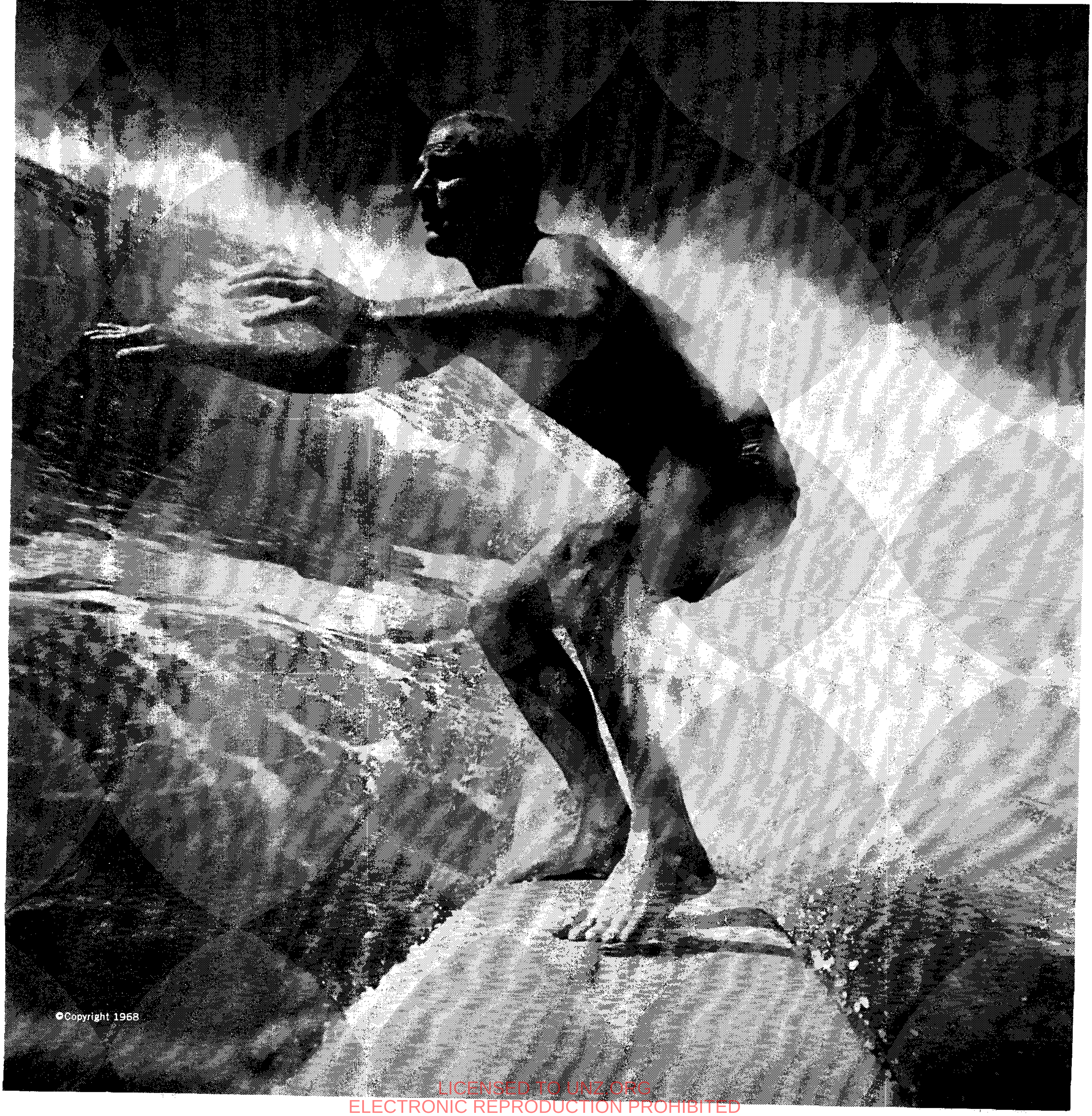

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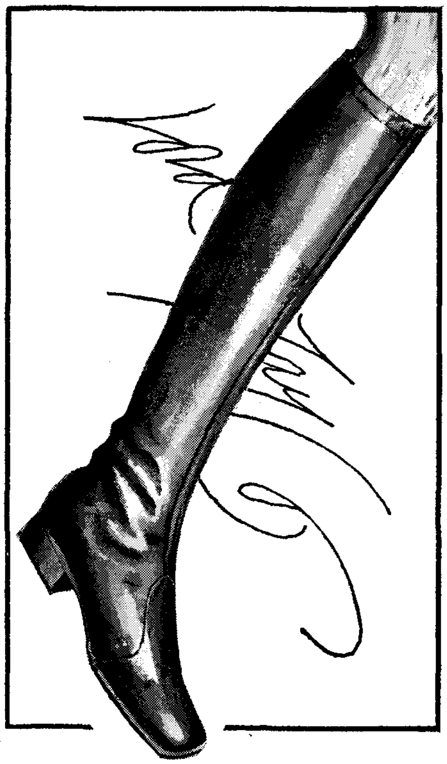

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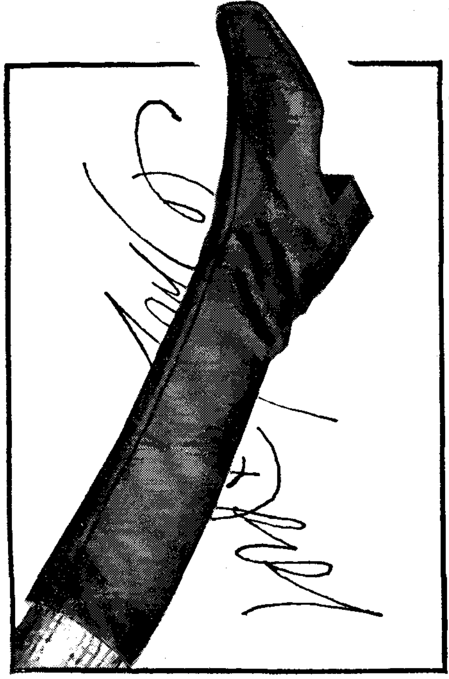

pany, and the case was tried without a jury in the United States District Court in Foley Square between May 9th and June 21st of 1966. Several appeals in the case are still pending, but, as the presiding judge, Dudley J. Bonsal, remarked mildly at one point during the trial, "I guess we all agree that we are plowing new ground here to some extent." Plowing, and perhaps sowing, too; Henry G. Manne, in a recent book entitled "Insider Trading and the Stock Market," says that the case presents in almost classic terms the whole problem of insider trading, and he expresses the opinion that its resolution, when all appeals are settled, "may determine the law in this field for many years to come."

THE events that led to the S.E.C.'s action started in March, 1959, when Texas Gulf, a New York City-based company and the world's leading producer of sulphur, began conducting aerial geophysical surveys over the Canadian Shield, a vast, barren, forbidding area of eastern Canada that in the distant but not forgotten past had proved to be a fertile source of gold. What the Texas Gulf airmen were looking for was neither sulphur nor gold. Rather, it was sulphides—deposits of sulphur occurring in chemical combination with other useful minerals, such as zinc and copper—and they hoped to find them in sufficient quantity so that Texas Gulf could diversify its activities and be less dependent upon sulphur, the market price of which had been slipping. From time to time during the two years that the surveys intermittently went on, the geophysical instruments in the scanning planes would behave strangely, their needles jiggling in such a way as to indicate the presence of electrically conductive material in the earth. The areas where such things happened, called "anomalies" by geophysicists, were duly logged and mapped by the surveyors. All told, several thousand anomalies were found. It is a long way from an anomaly to a workable mine—the worthless iron pyrites called fool's gold, and even water, will set the needles quivering—but several hundred of the anomalies that the Texas Gulf men had found were considered worthy of investigation on the ground. Among the most promising-looking was one at a place designated on their maps as the Kidd-55 Segment—one square mile of muskeg marsh, lightly wooded and almost devoid of outcropping rock, about fifteen miles north of Timmins, Ontario, an

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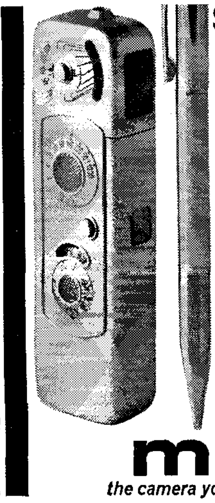

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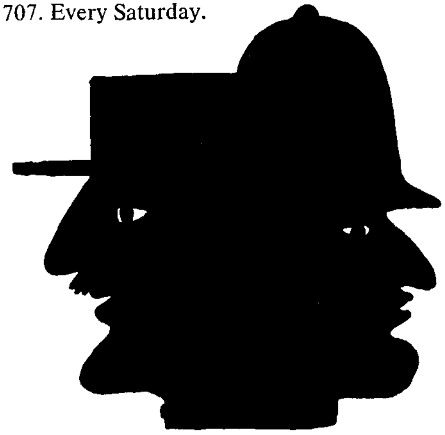

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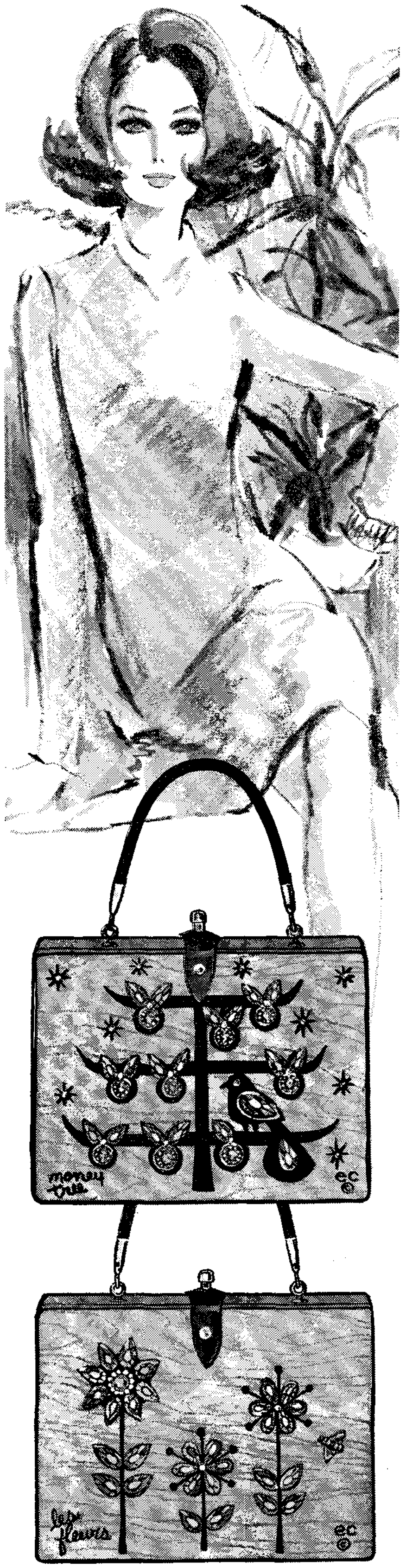

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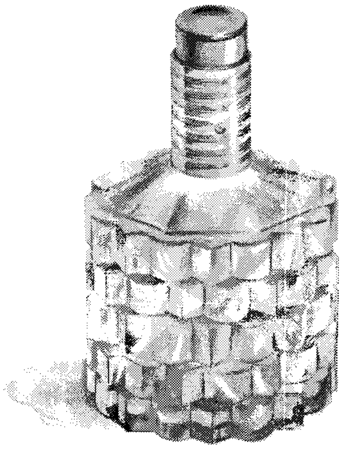
old gold-mining town some three hundred and fifty miles northwest of Toronto. Since Kidd-55 was privately owned, the company's first problem was to get title to it, or to enough of it to make possible exploratory ground operations. For a large company to acquire land in an area where it is known to have engaged in mining exploration obviously involves extreme delicacy, and not until June, 1963, was Texas Gulf able to get an option to drill in the northeast quarter section of Kidd-55. On October 29th and 30th of that year, a Texas Gulf engineer, Richard H. Clayton, conducted a ground electromagnetic survey of the northeast quarter and was satisfied with what he found. A drill rig was moved to the site, and on November 8th the first test hole was begun.

There followed a thrilling, if uncomfortable, several days at Kidd-55. The man in charge of the drilling crew was a young Canadian geologist for Texas Gulf named Kenneth Darke, a cigar smoker with a rakish gleam in his eye, who looked a good deal more like the traditional notion of a mining prospector than like the organization man he was. For three days, the drilling went on, bringing out of the earth a cylindrical core of material about an inch and a quarter in diameter, which was the first actual sample of what the rock under Kidd-55 contained. As the core came up, Darke studied it critically, inch by inch and foot by foot, using no instruments but only his eyes and his knowledge of what various mineral deposits look like in their natural state. On the evening of Sunday, November 10th, by which time the drill was down a hundred and fifty feet, Darke telephoned his immediate superior, Walter Holyk, Texas Gulf's chief geologist, at his home in Stamford, Connecticut, to report on his findings so far. (He made the call from Timmins, since there was no telephone at the Kidd-55 drill site.) Darke, Holyk has since said, was "excited." And so, apparently, was Holyk after he had heard what Darke had to say, because he immediately set in motion quite a corporate flap for a Sunday night. That same evening, Holyk called his superior, Richard D. Mollison, a Texas Gulf vice-president who lived near him, in Old Greenwich, and—still the same evening—Mollison called *his* boss, Dr. Charles F. Fogarty, executive vice-president and the company's No. 2 man, in nearby Rye, to pass Darke's report on up the line. Further reports were made the next day through the same chain of com-



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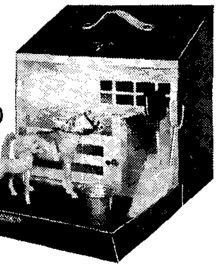

mand—Darke to Holyk to Mollison to Fogarty. As a result of them, Holyk, Mollison, and Fogarty all decided to go to Kidd-55 and see for themselves.

Holyk got there first; he arrived at Timmins on November 12th, checked in at the Bon Air Motel, and got out to Kidd-55 by jeep and muskeg tractor in time to see the completion of the drill hole and to help Darke visually estimate and log the six-hundred-and-fifty-five-foot core. By this time, the weather, which had hitherto been passable for Timmins in mid-November, had turned nasty. In fact, it was "quite inclement," Holyk, a Canadian in his forties with a doctorate in geology from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has since said. "It was cold, windy, threatening snow and rain, and we were much more concerned with personal comfort than we were with the details of the core hole." To add to the difficulty of working outdoors under such conditions, some of the core had come out of the ground covered with grease, which had to be washed away with gasoline before its contents could even be guessed at. Despite all difficulties, Holyk succeeded in making an appraisal that was, to say the least, startling. The core, he estimated, had an average copper content of 1.15 per cent and an average zinc content of 8.64 per cent. A Canadian stockbroker with special knowledge of the mining industry later remarked that a drill core of such length and such mineral content "is just beyond your wildest imagination."

TEXAS GULF didn't have a surefire mine yet; there was always the possibility that the mineral vein was a long, thin one, and that by a fantastic chance the drill had happened to go "down dip"—that is, straight into the vein like a sword into a sheath. What was needed was a pattern of several drill holes, beginning at different spots on the surface and entering the earth at different angles, to establish the shape and limits of the deposit. And such a pattern could not be made until Texas Gulf had title to the remaining three-quarters of Kidd-55. Getting title would take time, if it was possible at all, but meanwhile there were several steps that the company could and did take. The drill rig was moved away from the test hole. Cut saplings were stuck in the ground around the hole to restore the appearance of the place to something like its natural state. A second test hole was drilled, as ostentatiously as possible, some distance away, at a place where

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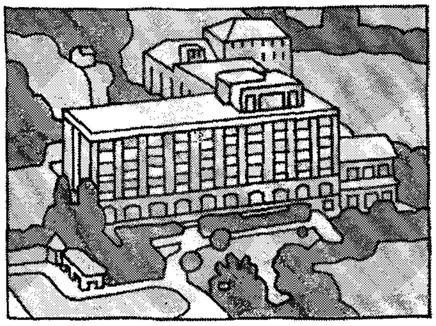

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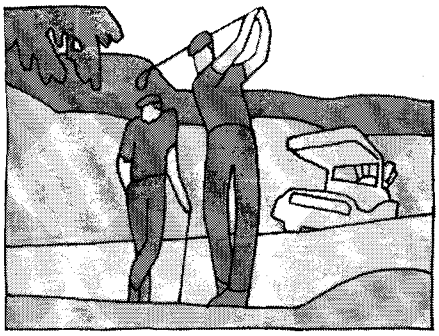

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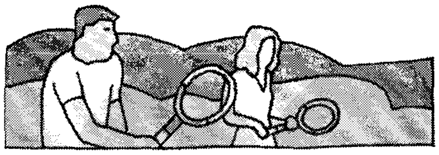

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a barren core was expected—and found. These camouflage measures, which were in conformity with long-established practice among miners who suspect that they have made a strike, were supplemented by an order from Texas Gulf's president, Claude O. Stephens, that no one outside the actual exploration group—even within the company—should be told what had been found. Late in November, the core was shipped off in sections to the Union Assay Office, in Salt Lake City, for scientific analysis of its contents. And meanwhile, of course, Texas Gulf began discreetly putting out feelers for the purchase of the rest of Kidd-55.

And meanwhile, too, other measures, which may or may not have been related to the events north of Timmins, were being taken. On November 12th, Fogarty bought three hundred shares of Texas Gulf stock; on November 15th he bought seven hundred more, on November 19th five hundred more, and on November 26th two hundred more. Clayton bought two hundred on November 15th. Mollison bought a hundred on the same day, and *Mrs.* Holyk bought fifty on November 29th and a hundred more on December 10th. These purchases, as things turned out, were only the harbingers of a period of apparently intense affection for Texas Gulf stock among certain of its officers and employees, and even some of their friends. In mid-December, the report on the core came back from Salt Lake City, and it showed that Holyk's rough-and-ready estimate had been amazingly accurate; the copper and zinc contents were found to be almost exactly what he had said, and there were 3.94 ounces of silver per ton thrown in as a sort of bonus. Late in December, Darke made a trip to Washington and vicinity, where he recommended Texas Gulf stock to a girl he knew and to her mother. These two, who came to be designated in the trial as the "tippees," subsequently passed along the recommendation to two other persons, who, logically, thereby became the "sub-tippees." Between December 30th and the following February 17th, Darke's tippees and sub-tippees purchased, all told, twenty-one hundred shares of Texas Gulf stock; in addition, they purchased what are known in the brokerage trade as "calls" on fifteen hundred more shares. A call is an option to buy a stated amount of a certain stock at a fixed price—ordinarily, near the current market price—at any time during a stated period. Calls on most

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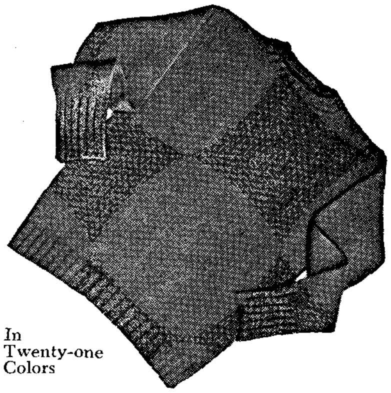

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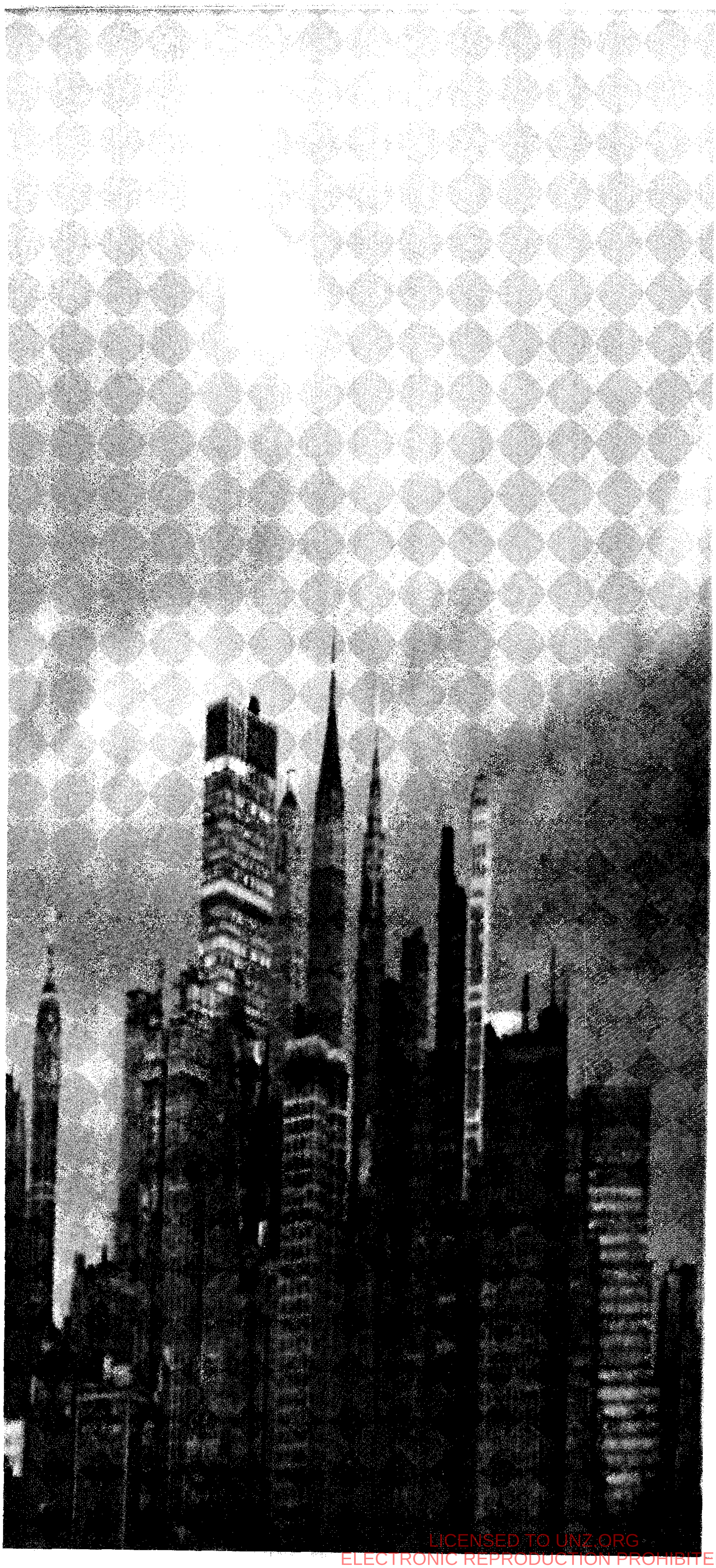

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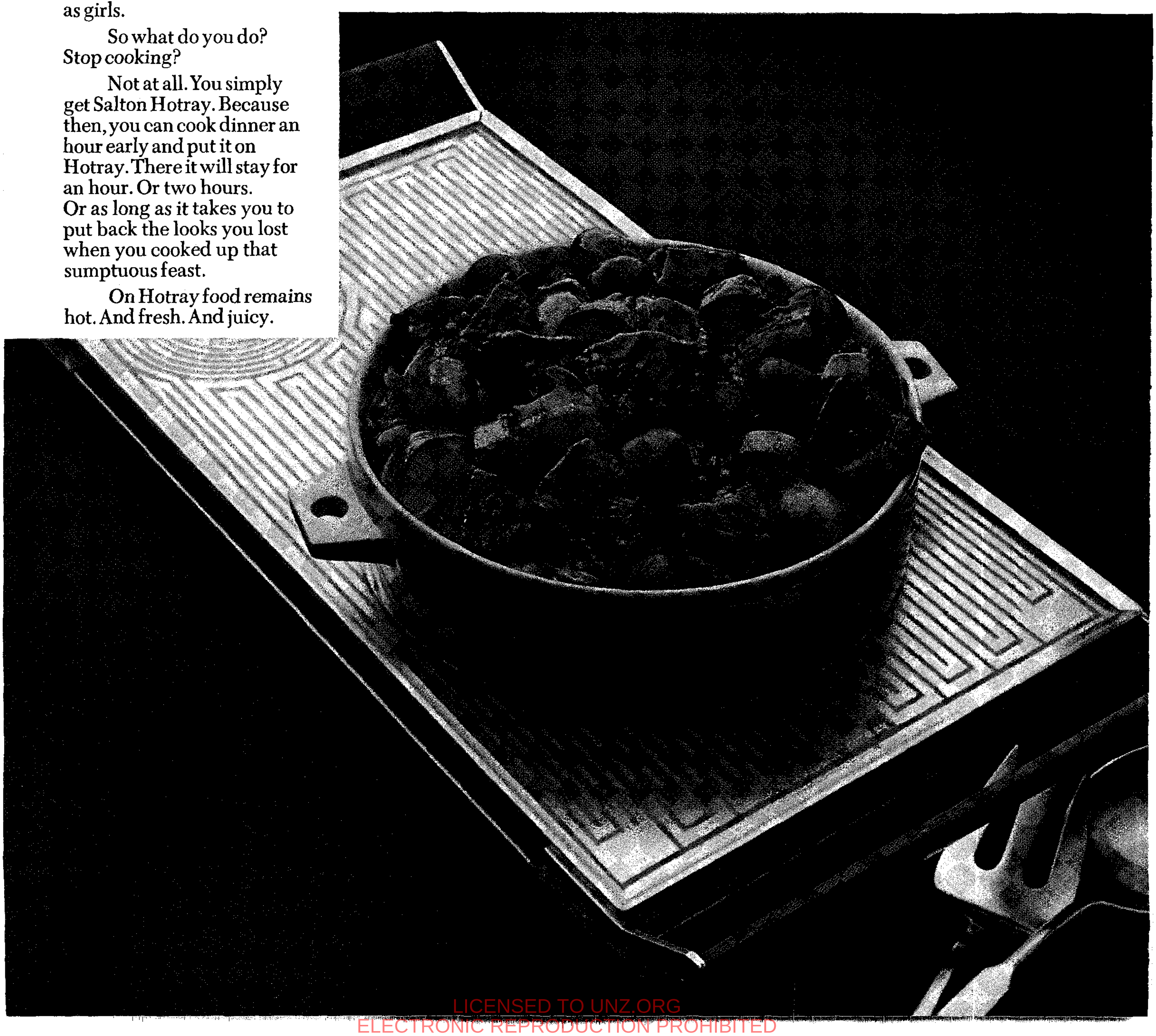

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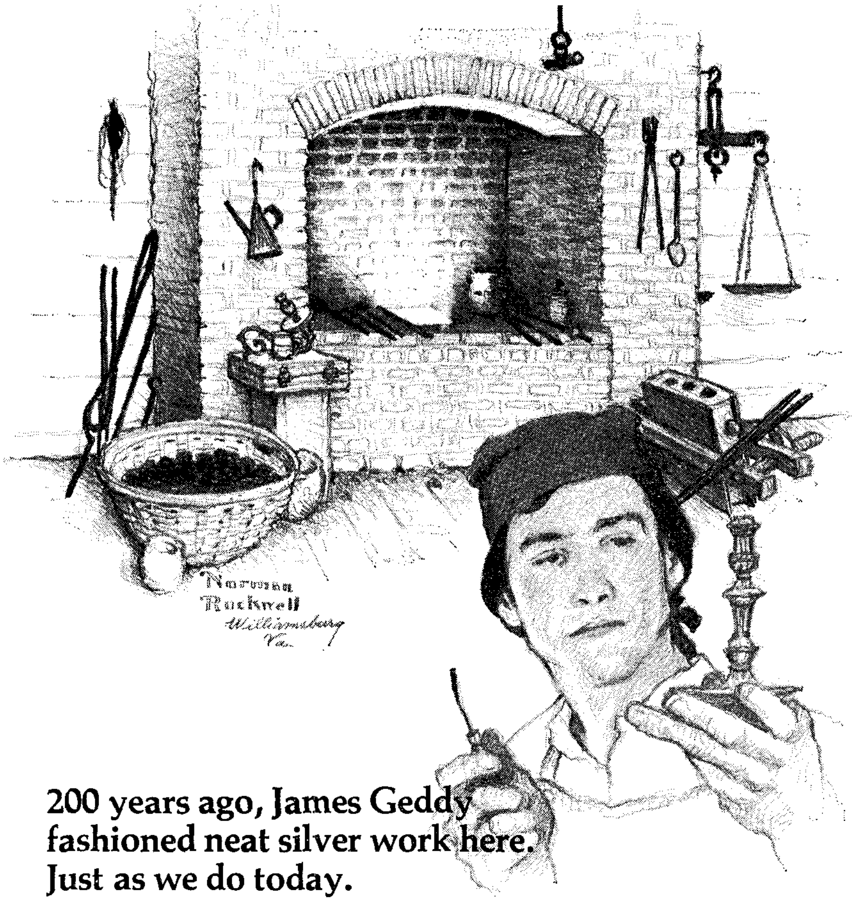
Back in Timmins, Darke, temporarily out of business as a geologist because of the winter freeze and the land-ownership problem at Kidd-55, seems to have managed to keep time from hanging heavy on his hands. In January, he entered into a partnership with another Timmins man—not a Texas Gulf employee—to stake and claim Crown lands around Timmins for their own benefit. In February, he told Holyk of a barroom conversation that had occurred in Timmins one cold winter evening, during which an acquaintance of his let fall that he had heard rumors of a Texas Gulf strike nearby and was therefore going to stake a few claims of his own. Horrified, Holyk, as he recalled later, told Darke to reverse the previous policy of avoiding Kidd-55 like the plague and to "go right into the . . . area and stake all the claims we need to steer away this acquaintance. Give him a helicopter ride or anything—just get him out of the way." Darke presumably complied with this order. Moreover, during the first three months of 1964 he bought three hundred shares of Texas Gulf outright, bought calls on three thousand additional shares, and added several more persons—one of them his brother—to his list of tippees. Holyk and Clayton were somewhat less financially active during this period, but they did add substantially to their Texas Gulf holdings. Holyk and his wife particularly favored the use of calls, which they had scarcely heard of before but which were becoming quite the rage in Texas Gulf circles.

Signs of spring began to show at last, and with them came a triumphant conclusion to the company's land-acquisition program. By March 27th, Texas Gulf had pretty much what it needed; that is, it had either clear title or mineral rights to the three remaining sections of Kidd-55. After a final burst of purchases of Texas Gulf stock by Darke, his tippees, and his sub-tippees



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on March 30th and 31st (altogether six hundred shares, plus calls on fifty-one hundred more shares), drilling was resumed *in the still frozen muskeg* at Kidd-55, with Holyk and Darke both on the site this time. The new hole was begun at a point some distance from the first and at an oblique angle to it. Observing and logging the core as it came out of the ground, Holyk found that he could scarcely hold a pencil because of the cold, but he must have been warmed inwardly by the fact that promising mineralization began to appear after the first hundred feet. He made his first progress report to Fogarty by telephone on April 1st. Now a gruelling daily routine was adopted at Timmins and at Kidd-55. The actual drilling crew stayed at the site continuously, while the geologists, in order to keep their superiors in New York posted, had to make frequent trips to Timmins to telephone, and, what with seven-foot snowdrifts along the way, the fifteen-mile trek between the town and the drilling camp customarily took from three and a half to four hours. One after another, new drill holes, begun at different places around the anomaly and pitched at different angles to it, were plunged into the earth. At first, only one drill rig could be used, because of a shortage of water, which was necessary to the operation; the ground was frozen solid and covered by deep snow, and water had to be laboriously pumped from under the ice on a pond about half a mile from Kidd-55. A third hole was finished on April 7th, and a fourth immediately begun with the same rig; the following day, the water shortage having eased somewhat, a fifth hole was inaugurated with a second drill rig, and two days after that—on April 10th—a third rig was pressed into service to drill still another hole. All in all, during the first days of April the principals in the affair were kept busy; in fact, during that period their buying of calls on Texas Gulf seems to have come to a standstill.

Little by little, the drilling revealed the lineaments of a huge ore deposit; the third hole established that the original one had not gone "down dip," the fourth established that the mineral vein was satisfactorily deep, and so on. At some point—the exact point later became a matter of dispute—Texas Gulf realized that it had a workable mine of considerable proportions, and as this point approached, the focus of attention shifted from the drillers and geologists to staff men and financiers, who were to be the principal target of the S.E.C.'s

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ly got across to the public when it appeared in Monday morning's newspapers, because Texas Gulf stock was not nearly as buoyant early that week as it might have been expected to be if the enthusiastic *Times* and *Herald Tribune* stories had gone unchallenged. The stock, which had been selling at around 17 or 18 the previous November and had crept up over the intervening months to around 30, opened Monday on the New York Stock Exchange at 32—a rise of nearly two points over Friday's closing—only to sink to 30⅞ before the day's trading was over, and to slip off still further on the following two days, at one moment on Wednesday touching a low of 28⅞. Evidently, investors and traders had been considerably impressed by Texas Gulf's Sunday mood of depreciation. But on those same three days Texas Gulf people in both Canada and New York seem to have been in quite another mood. At Kidd-55 on Monday the thirteenth—the day the low-keyed press release was reported in the newspapers—the mill test hole was completed and a reporter for the *Northern Miner* who had shown up was briefed on the findings by Mollison, Holyk, and Darke. The things they told the reporter make it clear, in retrospect, that, whatever the drafters of the release may have believed on Sunday, the men at Kidd-55 knew on Monday that they had a mine, and a big one. However, the world was not to know it—or at least not from that source—until Thursday morning, when the next issue of the *Miner* appeared in subscribers' mail and on newsstands.

Tuesday evening, Mollison and Holyk flew from Timmins to Montreal to attend the annual convention of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, a gathering of several hundred leading mining and investment people. Upon arriving at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, where the convention was in progress, Mollison and Holyk were startled to find themselves greeted like film stars. The place had evidently been humming all day with rumors of a Texas Gulf discovery, and everyone wanted to be the first to get the lowdown on it; in fact, a battery of television cameras had been set up for the express purpose of covering whatever statement the emissaries from Timmins might want to make. Not being authorized to make *any* statement, Mollison and Holyk fled the Queen Elizabeth and holed up for the night in a motel at the Montreal airport. The following day—Wednesday,

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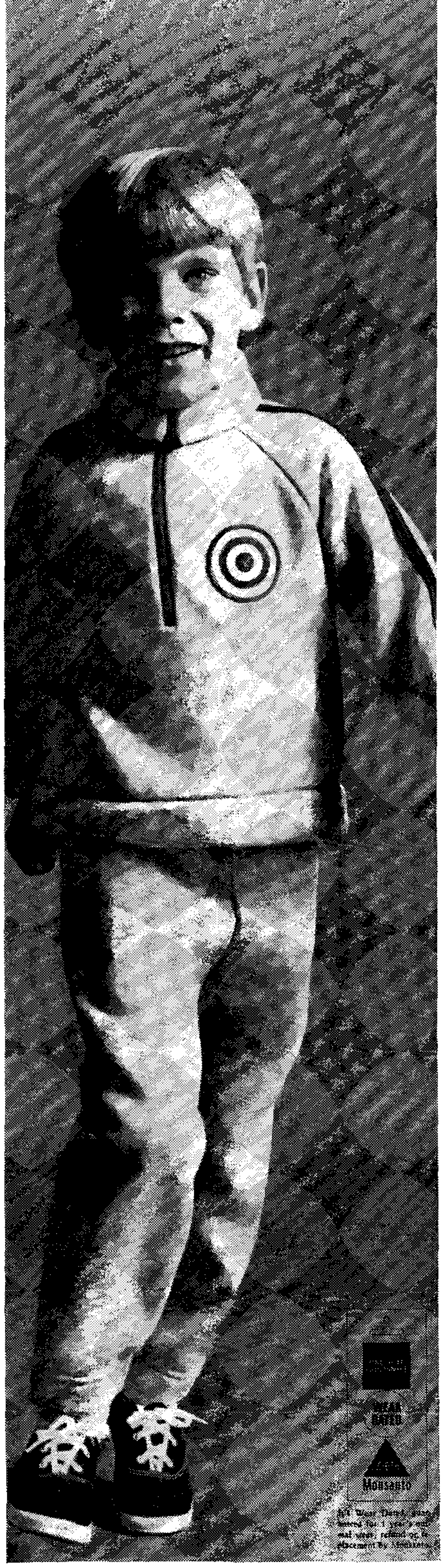
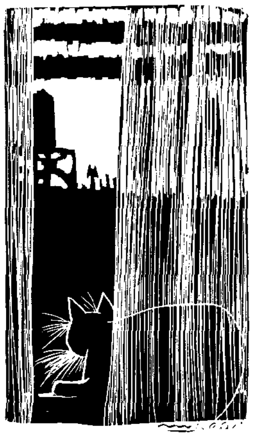


April 15th—they flew from Montreal to Toronto in the company of (by prearrangement) the Minister of Mines of the Province of Ontario and his deputy. En route, they briefed the Minister on the Kidd-55 situation, whereupon he declared that he wanted to clear the air by making a public announcement on the matter as soon as possible. With Mollison's help, he drafted such an announcement. According to a copy that Mollison made and kept, it stated, in part, that "the information now in hand . . . gives the company confidence to allow me to announce that Texas Gulf Sulphur has a minable body of zinc, copper, and silver ore of substantial dimensions that will be developed and brought to production as rapidly as possible." Mollison and Holyk were led to believe that the Minister would make his statement over radio and television in Toronto at eleven o'clock that evening, and that Texas Gulf's good news would thus become public property a few hours before the *Northern Miner* appeared, early the next day. But, for reasons that have never been given, the Minister did not make the announcement that evening.

At Texas Gulf headquarters in New York, there was a similar atmosphere of mounting crisis. The regular monthly meeting of the board of directors was scheduled for Thursday morning, and on Monday Francis G. Coates, a director who lives in Houston and who hadn't heard of the Kidd-55 strike, telephoned Stephens to inquire whether he should bother to come. Stephens said he should, but didn't explain why. Better and better news kept filtering in from the drill site, and sometime on Wednesday the Texas Gulf officers decided that it was time to compose a new press release, which would be issued at a press conference following the Thursday-morning directors' meeting. Stephens, Fogarty, and David M. Crawford, the company's secretary, composed the release that afternoon. This time around, the release was based on the very latest information, and, moreover, its language was devoid of both repetition and equivocation. It read, in part, "Texas Gulf Sulphur Company has made a major strike of zinc, copper, and silver in the Timmins area. . . . Seven drill holes are now essentially complete and indicate an ore body of at least 800 feet in length, 300 feet in width, and having a vertical depth of more than 800 feet. This is a major discovery. The preliminary data indicate a reserve of more than 25 million tons of ore." In explanation of the striking difference between this release and the one of four days earlier, the new one stated that "considerably more data has been accumulated" in the interim. And no one could deny this; a reserve of more than twenty-five million tons of ore meant that the value of the ore was not the two hundred million dollars that had been alleged to be calculable a week earlier but, rather, many times that much.

In the course of the same feverish day in New York, Richard Clayton, the Texas Gulf engineer who had conducted the first electromagnetic survey of the area, and Crawford, the company secretary, found time to call their brokers and order themselves some Texas Gulf stock—two hundred shares for Clayton, three hundred for Crawford. And Crawford soon decided that he hadn't plunged deeply enough; shortly after eight o'clock the next morning, after an apparently preoccupied night at the Drake Hotel, he awakened his broker with a second phone call and doubled his order.



ON Thursday morning, the first hard news of the Timmins strike spread through the North American investment world, rapidly but erratically. Between seven and eight o'clock, mailmen and newsstands in Toronto began to distribute copies of the *Northern Miner* containing the article by the reporter who had visited Kidd-55. He described the strike with a good deal of mining jargon but did not omit to call it, in language comprehensible to anyone, "a brilliant exploration success" and "a major new zinc-copper-silver mine." At about the same time, the *Miner* was on its way out to subscribers in Detroit and Buffalo, and a few hundred newsstand copies seem to have arrived in New York between nine and ten o'clock. The paper's appearance here, however, was preceded by telephone reports on its contents from Toronto, and by about nine-fifteen the news that Texas Gulf had hit it big for sure was the talk of New York brokerage offices. A customer's man in the Sixtieth Street office of E. F. Hutton & Co. com-

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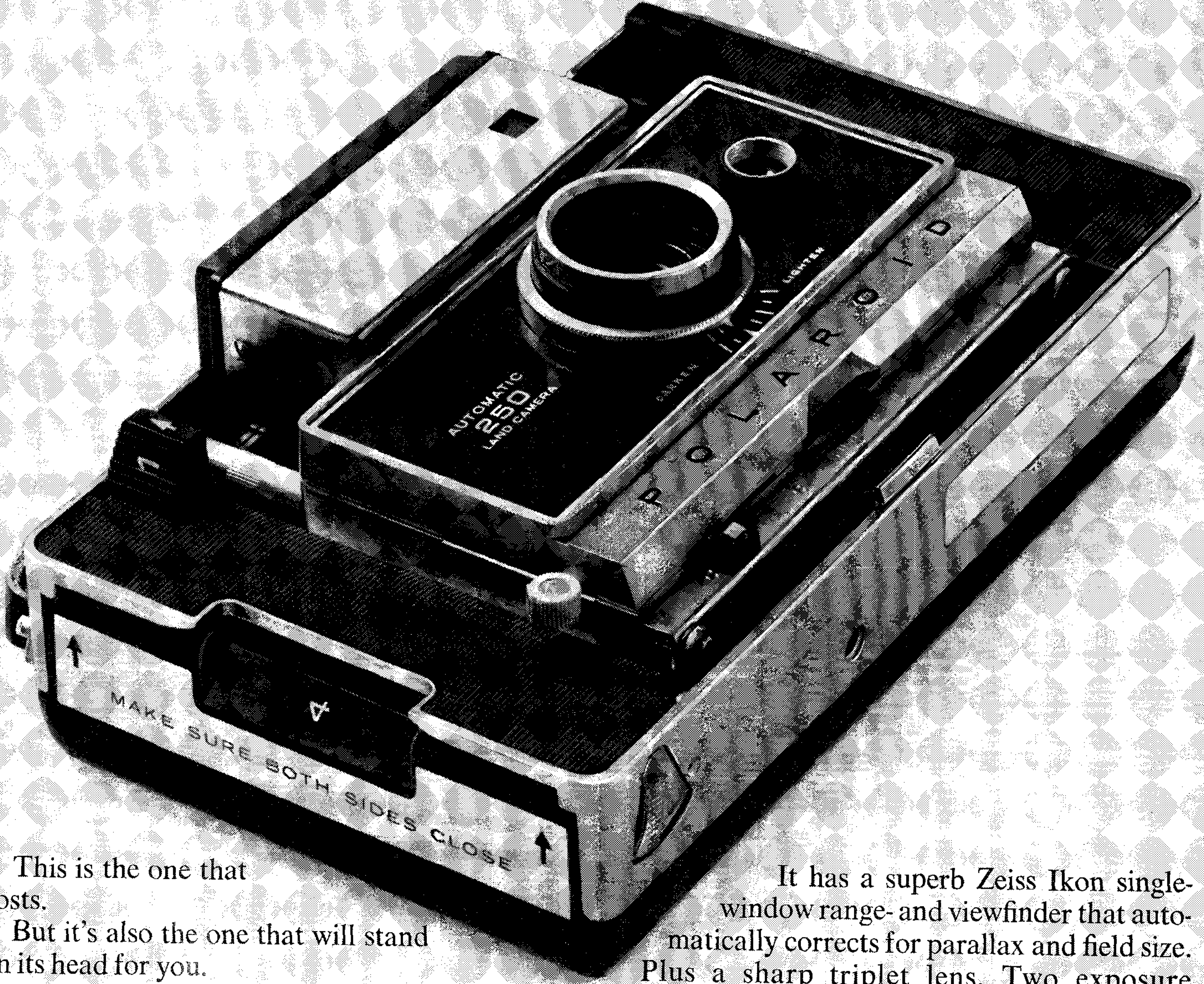

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plained later that his broker cronies had been so eager to natter on the telephone about Texas Gulf early that morning that they substantially prevented him from communicating with his customers; however, he did manage to squeeze in a call to two of them, a husband and wife, for whom he was able to turn a rather quick profit in Texas Gulf—to be exact, a profit of $10,500 *in less than an hour.* ("It is quite clear that we are all in the wrong business," Judge Bonsal commented when he heard this. Or, as the late Wieland Wagner once remarked in another context, "I shall be quite explicit. Valhalla is Wall Street.") On Wall Street itself early that day, the traders at the Luncheon Club, which serves as a breakfast club before the Stock Exchange's ten-o'clock opening, were all munching on the Texas Gulf situation along with their toast and eggs.

At the directors' meeting at 200 Park, which began promptly at nine, the directors were shown the statement that was shortly to be released to the press, and Stephens, Fogarty, Mollison, and Holyk, as representatives of the exploration group, commented in turn on the Timmins discovery. Stephens also stated that the Ontario Minister of Mines had announced the discovery in Toronto the previous evening (a misstatement, of course, although an unintentional one; actually, the Minister was making his announcement to the Ontario Parliament press gallery in Toronto at almost the same moment that Stephens was speaking). The directors' meeting ended at about ten o'clock, whereupon a clutch of reporters—twenty-two of them, representing many of the major United States newspapers and magazines, general and financial—trooped into the boardroom for the press conference, the Texas Gulf directors all remaining in their places. Stephens distributed copies of the press release to the reporters, and then, in fulfillment of a curious ritual that governs such affairs, read it aloud. While he was engaged in this redundant recital, various reporters drifted away ("They began sort of leaking out of the room" was the way Lamont put it later) to telephone the sensational news to their publications; still more of them slipped out during the events that rounded out the press conference—the showing of some innocuous color slides of the countryside around Timmins, and an exhibition and explanation by Holyk of some drill cores—and by the time it ended, at around ten-fifteen, only a handful of reporters were left. This

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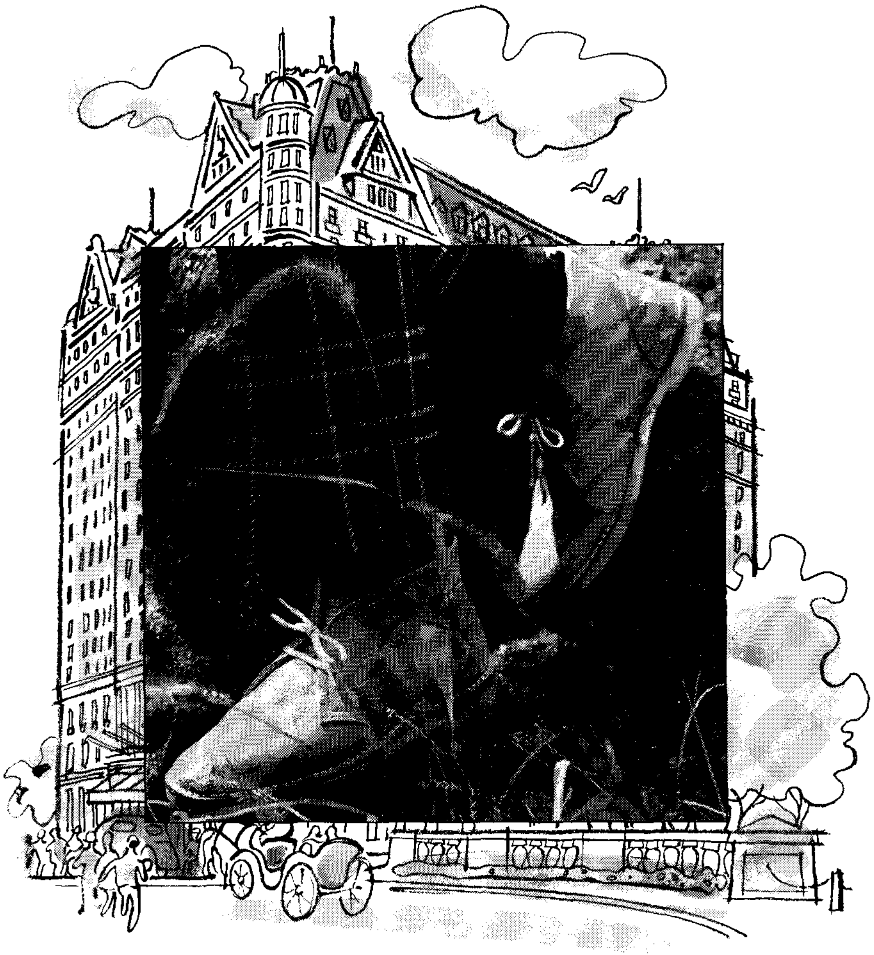
certainly did not mean that the affair had been a flop. On the contrary, a press conference is perhaps the only kind of show whose success is in direct proportion to the number of people who leave before it is over.

The actions of two of the Texas Gulf directors—Coates and Lamont—during the next half hour or so were to give rise to a particularly controversial part of the S.E.C.'s complaint. The essence of the controversy was timing—specifically, the timing of Coates' and Lamont's maneuvers in relation to the dissemination of the Texas Gulf news by the Dow-Jones News Service. This is a spot-news facility for investors in the form of a teletype machine that is physically similar to a stock-quotation ticker except that the paper it emits is considerably wider, giving rise to its nickname, "the broad tape." Few investment offices in the United States are without such a machine, and the service's prestige is such that in some investment circles the moment a piece of news becomes public is considered to be determined by the moment it crosses the broad tape. On the morning of Thursday, April 16, 1964, a Dow-Jones reporter was among those who left the Texas Gulf press conference early to telephone the news to his office. According to his recollection, the reporter made his call between ten-ten and ten-fifteen, and normally an item of such importance would begin to be printed out by Dow-Jones machines in offices from coast to coast within two or three minutes. In fact, though, the Texas Gulf story did not begin to appear on the tape until ten-fifty-four—an entirely inexplicable lapse of forty-odd minutes. The mystery of the broad-tape message, like the mystery of the Minister of Mines' announcement, was left unravelled in the trial on the ground of irrelevance; an engaging aspect of the rules of evidence is their tendency to leave a few things to the imagination.

Coates, the Texan, was the first director to embark upon what he can hardly have thought of at the time as a historically significant course. Either before or immediately after the end of the press conference, he went into an office adjoining the boardroom, where he borrowed a telephone and called his son-in-law, H. Fred Haemisegger, who is a stockbroker in Houston. Coates, as he related later, told Haemisegger of the Texas Gulf discovery and added that he had waited to call until "after the public announcement," because he was "too old to get into trouble with the S.E.C." He then



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placed an order for two thousand shares of Texas Gulf stock, to be divided among four family trusts of which he was a trustee but not a beneficiary. The stock, which had opened on the Stock Exchange some twenty minutes earlier at a fraction above 30 in very active but by no means decisively bullish trading, was now rapidly on its way up, but by moving quickly Haemisegger managed to buy the block for Coates at between 31 and 31⅝, for he got his order in to his firm's floor broker well before the unaccountably delayed news began to come over the broad tape.

Lamont, in the Wall Street tradition of plungers rather than the Texas one, made his move with decision but with an elegant, almost languorous lack of hurry. Instead of leaving the boardroom at the conclusion of the press conference, he stayed there for about twenty-five minutes, not doing much of anything. "I milled around . . . and listened to some of them chatter and talk with each other and slap people on the back," he recounted later. Then, at ten-thirty-nine or ten-forty, he went to a nearby office and telephoned a colleague and friend of his at the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company—Longstreet Hinton, the bank's executive vice-president and the head of its trust department. Earlier in the week, Hinton had asked Lamont if he, as a Texas Gulf director, could shed any light on the rumors of an ore discovery that were appearing in the press, and Lamont had replied that he couldn't. Now Lamont, as he recalled later, told Hinton that "there was news which had come out, or was shortly coming out, on the ticker which would be of interest to him regarding Texas Gulf Sulphur." "Is it good?" Hinton asked, and Lamont replied that it was "pretty good" or "very good." (Neither man could later be sure which he said, but it doesn't matter, since in New York bankerese "pretty good" *means* "very good.") In any case, Hinton did not follow Lamont's advice to look at the Dow-Jones ticker, even though a machine was ticking twenty feet from his office; instead, he immediately called the bank's trading department and asked for a market quotation on Texas Gulf. After getting it, he placed an order to buy three thousand shares for the account of the Nassau Hospital, of which he was treasurer. All this took no more than two minutes from the time Lamont had left the boardroom. The order had been transmitted from the bank to the Stock Exchange and exe-

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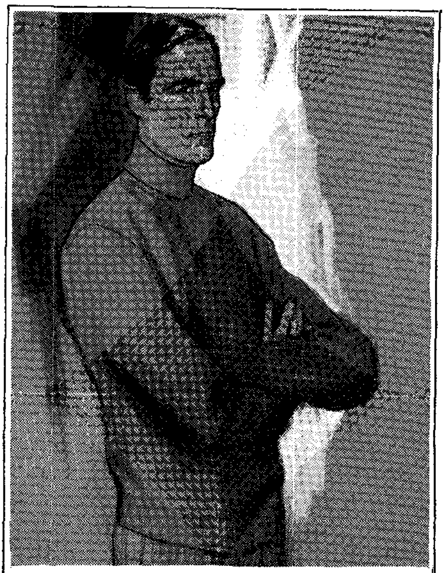
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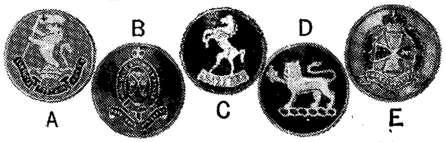

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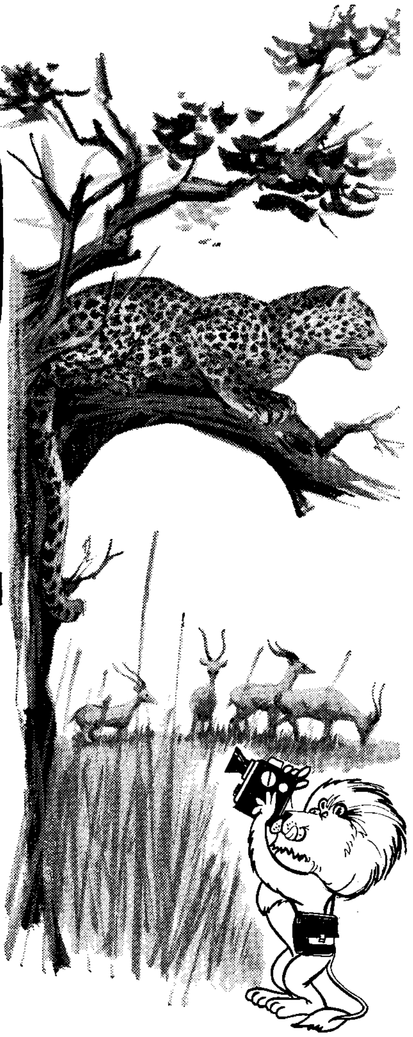
cuted, and the Nassau Hospital had its stock, before Hinton could have seen anything about Texas Gulf on the broad tape if he had been looking at it. But he was not looking at it; he was otherwise occupied. After placing the Nassau Hospital order, he went to the office of the Morgan Guaranty officer in charge of pension trusts and suggested that he buy some Texas Gulf for *his* trusts. In a matter of less than half an hour, the bank had ordered seven thousand shares for its pension fund and its profit-sharing account—two thousand shares before the announcement had begun to appear on the broad tape, and the rest either while it was appearing or within a few minutes afterward. A bit more than an hour after that—at 12:33 P.M.—Lamont bought three thousand shares for himself and members of his family, this time having to pay 34½ for them, since Texas Gulf was now on its way up for fair. As it was to continue to be for days, months, and years. It closed that afternoon at 36⅜, it reached a high of 58⅜ later that month, and by the end of 1966, when ore was at last being commercially produced at Kidd-55, and the enormous new mine was expected to account for one-tenth of Canada's total annual production of copper and one-quarter of its total annual production of zinc, the stock was selling at over 100. Anyone who had bought Texas Gulf between November 12, 1963, and the morning (or even the lunch hour) of April 16, 1964, had therefore at least tripled his money.

PERHAPS the most arresting aspect of the Texas Gulf trial—apart from the fact that a trial was taking place at all—was the vividness and variety of the defendants who came before Judge Bonsal, ranging as they did from a hot-eyed mining prospector like Clayton (a genuine Welshman with a degree in mining from the University of Cardiff), through vigorous and harried corporation nabobs like Fogarty and Stephens, to a Texas wheeler-dealer like Coates and a polished Brahmin of finance like Lamont. (Darke, who had left Texas Gulf's employ soon after April, 1964, to become a private investor—which may or may not indicate that he had become a man of independent means—gave a deposition in Canada but declined to appear at the trial, on the ground that his Canadian nationality put him beyond the reach of subpoena by a United States court. The S.E.C. grieved loudly over this refusal, but defense coun-



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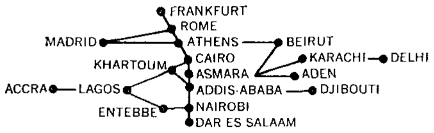

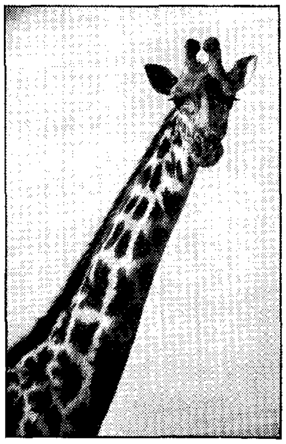

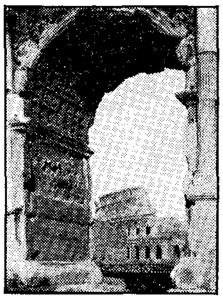

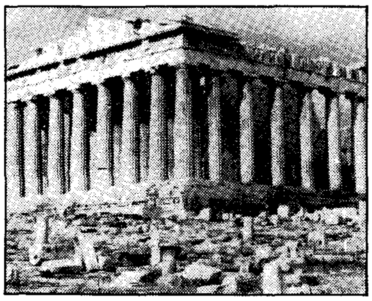

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sel scornfully insisted that the agency was really delighted to have Darke absent, since it could then paint him as a Mephistopheles hiding in the wings.) The S.E.C.—after its counsel, Frank E. Kennamer, Jr., had roundly announced his intention to "drag to light and pillory the misconduct of these defendants"—asked the court to issue a permanent injunction prohibiting Fogarty, Mollison, Crawford, Holyk, Darke, Clayton, and several other corporate insiders who had bought stock or calls between November 8, 1963, and April 15, 1964, from ever again "engaging in any act . . . which operates or would operate as a fraud or deceit upon any person in connection with the purchase or sale of securities." (Since this was a civil action, there was no question of jail or a fine for anyone.) And, charging that the pessimistic April 12th press release was deliberately deceptive, the S.E.C. also asked that because of it Texas Gulf be enjoined from ever again "making any untrue statement of material fact or omitting to state a material fact." Further—and here the agency was breaking entirely new ground—it prayed that the court order the defendants to make restitution to the persons they had allegedly defrauded by buying stock or calls from them on the basis of inside information. Apart from the question of loss of corporate face, the nub of the matter here lay in the fact that such a judgment, if granted, might well open the way for legal action against the company by *any* stockholder who had sold his Texas Gulf stock to *anybody* in the period between the first press release and the second one, and since the shares that had changed hands during that period ran into the hundreds of thousands, it was a nub indeed.

Aside from legal technicalities, defense counsel based its case on the argument that the information yielded by the first drill hole, in November, had made the prospect of a workable mine not a sure thing but only a sporting proposition, and, to buttress this argument, it paraded before the Judge a platoon of mining experts, who testified learnedly as to the notorious fickleness of first drill holes, some of the witnesses going so far as to say that the hole might very well have turned out to be not an asset but a liability to Texas Gulf. The people who had bought stock or calls during the winter insisted that the drill hole had had little or nothing to do with their decision—they had been motivated simply by the feeling that Texas Gulf was a good in-

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vestment at that juncture on general principles—and Clayton attributed his abrupt appearance on the scene as a substantial investor to the fact that he had just married a well-to-do wife. The S.E.C. countered with its own parade of experts, who maintained that the nature of the first core had been such as to make the existence of a rich mine an overwhelming probability, and that therefore those who had knowledge of it had possessed a material fact. As the S.E.C. put it saltily in a post-trial brief, "The argument that the defendants were free to purchase the stock until the existence of a mine had been established beyond doubt is equivalent to saying that there is no unfairness in betting on a horse entered in a race knowing that the animal has received an illegal stimulant because in the homestretch the horse might drop dead." Defense counsel declined to be drawn into argument on the equine analogy. As for the pessimistic April 12th release, the S.E.C. made much of the fact that Fogarty, its chief drafter, had based it on information that was almost forty-eight hours old, despite the fact that communications between Kidd-55, Timmins, and New York were relatively good at the time, and expressed the view that "the most indulgent explanation for his strange conduct is that Dr. Fogarty simply did not care whether he gave the shareholders of Texas Gulf and the public a discouraging statement based on stale information." Brushing aside the question of staleness, the defense asserted that the release "accurately stated the status of the drilling in the opinion of Stephens, Fogarty, Mollison, Holyk, and Clayton," that "the problem presented was obviously one of judgment," and that the company had been in a particularly difficult and sensitive position, because if it had issued an overoptimistic report it could have just as easily been accused of fraud for that.

When Judge Bonsal weighed the crucial question of whether the information obtained from the first drill hole had been "material," he concluded that the definition of materiality in such instances must be a conservative one. There was, he pointed out, a question of public policy involved: "It is important under our free-enterprise system that insiders, including directors, officers, and employees, be encouraged to own securities of their company. The incentive that comes with stock ownership benefits both the company and its stockholders." Keeping his definition conservative, he decided that up until

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the evening of April 9th, when, on the basis of converging drill holes, it was positively established that the ore deposit was three-dimensional, material information had not been in hand. Therefore, the insiders' decisions to buy Texas Gulf stock before that date, even if based on the drilling results, were no more than perfectly sporting and legal "educated guesses." (A newspaper columnist who disagreed with the Judge's finding later remarked that the guesses had been so highly educated as to qualify for *summa cum laude*.) As for Darke, the Judge found that the spate of stock purchases by his tippees and sub-tippees on the last days of March was very likely instigated by his remarking that drilling at Kidd-55 was about to be resumed, but even here, according to Judge Bonsal's logic, material information did not yet exist, and hence could be neither acted upon nor passed along to others.

The case was therefore dismissed against all educated guessers who had bought stock or calls, or had made recommendations to tippees, before the evening of April 9th. With Clayton and Crawford, who had been so injudicious as to buy or order stock on April 15th, it was another matter. The Judge found no evidence that they had intended to deceive or defraud anyone, but they *had* made their purchases with the full knowledge that a great mine had been discovered and that it would be announced the next day—in short, with material private information in hand. Thus, they were found to have violated Rule 10b-5, and (barring reversal in a higher court) were enjoined from doing such a thing again, and were ordered to offer restitution to the persons they bought their April 15th shares from—assuming, of course, that such persons could be found and properly identified. The law in our time is—and probably ought to remain—almost unrealistically humanistic; in its eyes, corporations are people, stock exchanges are street-corner marketplaces where buyer and seller haggle face to face, and computers scarcely exist.

As for the April 12th press release, the Judge found it, in retrospect, "gloomy" and "incomplete," but he acknowledged that its purpose had been the worthy one of correcting the exaggerated rumors that had been appearing, and decided that the S.E.C. had failed to prove that it was false, misleading, or deceptive. Consequently, he dismissed the complaint that Texas Gulf had deliberately tried

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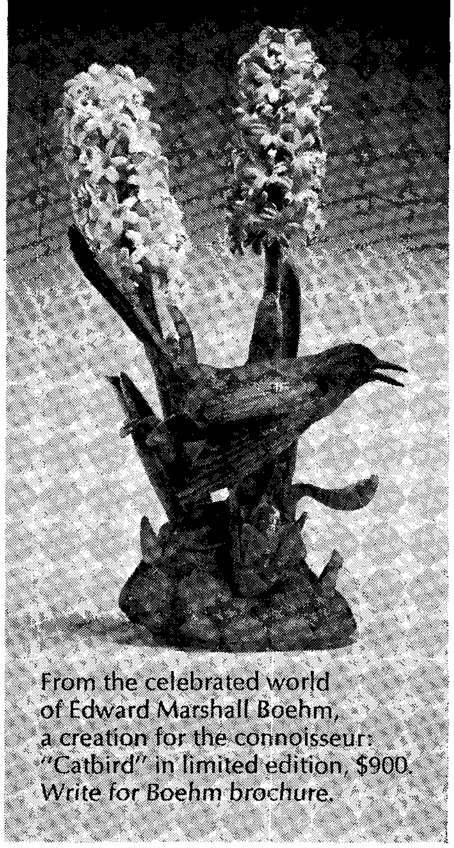
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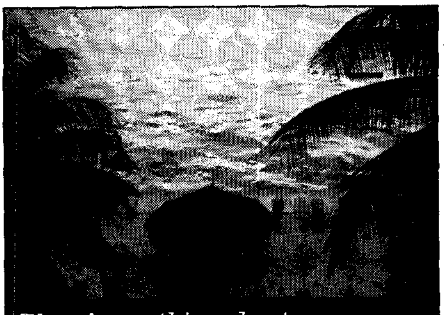
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to confuse its stockholders and the public.

UP to this point, it was two wins for the S.E.C. against a whole string of losses, and the right of a miner to drop his drill and run for a brokerage office appeared to have retained most of its sanctity. But there remained to be settled the matter that, of all the matters contested in the case, was of the most consequence to the investing public, as opposed to corporate insiders and investment men. This was the matter of the April 16th activities of Coates and Lamont, and its importance lay in the fact that it rested on the question of precisely when, in the eyes of the law, a piece of information ceases to be inside and becomes public. The question had never before been subjected to anything like such an exacting test, so what came out of the Texas Gulf case would instantly become the legal precedent on the subject until superseded by some even more refined case.

The basic position of the S.E.C. was that the stock purchases of Coates and the circumspect tip that Lamont gave Hinton by telephone were illegal uses of inside information because they were accomplished before the announcement of the ore strike on the Dow-Jones broad tape—an announcement that the S.E.C.'s lawyers kept referring to as the "official" one, although the Dow-Jones service, much as it might like to have such status, is so recognized by no authority other than custom. But the S.E.C. went further than that. Even if the two directors' telephone calls had been made after the "official" announcement, it contended, they would have been improper and illegal unless enough time had elapsed for the news to be thoroughly absorbed by members of the investing public who had not been privileged to attend the press conference, or even to be watching the broad tape at the right moment. Defense counsel saw things rather differently. In its view, its clients were innocent in either case. In the first place, the lawyers contended, Coates and Lamont had every reason to believe that the news was out, since Stephens had said during the directors' meeting that it had been released by the Ontario Minister of Mines the previous evening, and therefore Coates and Lamont had acted in good faith; in the second place, what with the buzzing in brokerage offices and the early-morning excitement at the Stock Exchange, the news really *was* out, via osmosis and the *Northern Miner*. La-

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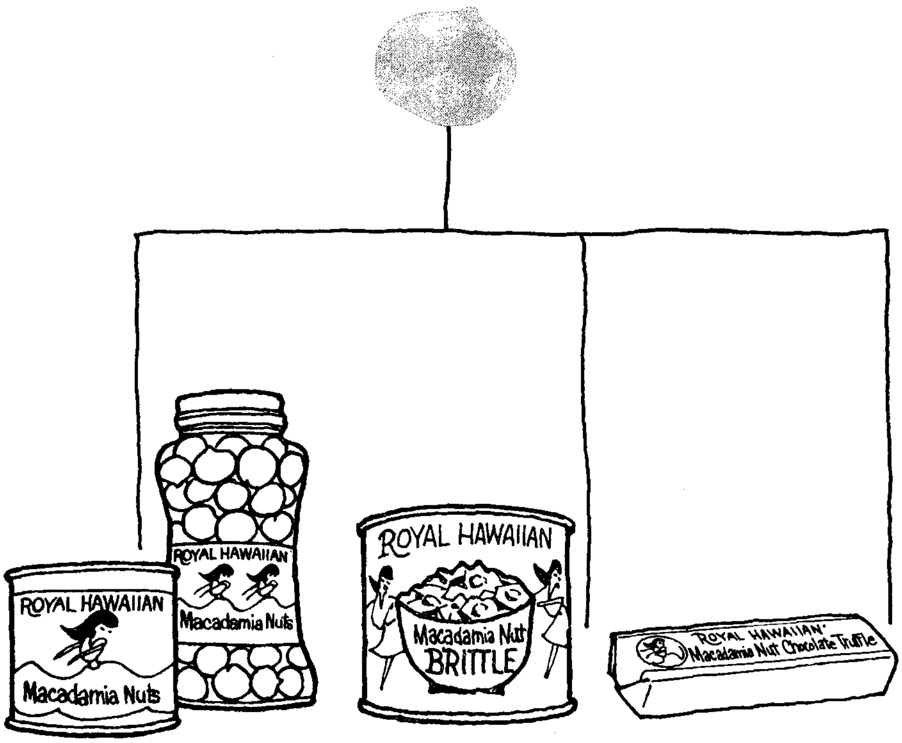

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mont's lawyers argued that their client hadn't advised Hinton to buy Texas Gulf stock anyhow; he had merely advised him to look at the broad tape—an act as innocent to recommend as to perform—and what Hinton had done then had been entirely on his own hook. In sum, the lawyers for the two sides could agree neither on whether the rules had been violated nor on what the rules actually were; indeed, the defense contended that the S.E.C. was asking the court to write new rules and then apply them retroactively, whereas the plaintiff insisted that it was merely asking that an old rule, 10b-5, be applied broadly, in the spirit of the Marquess of Queensberry. Near the end of the trial, Lamont's lawyers, bearing down hard, created a courtroom sensation by introducing a surprise exhibit—a large, elaborate map of the United States dotted with colored flags, some blue, some red, some green, some gold, some silver. Each flag, the lawyers announced, denoted a place where the Texas Gulf news had been disseminated before Lamont acted and before it reached the broad tape. On questioning, it came out that all but eight of the flags represented offices of the brokerage firm of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, whose interoffice wire had carried the news at ten-twenty-nine, but if this revelation mitigated the map's legal force it apparently did not mitigate the map's aesthetic impression on the Judge. "Isn't that beautiful?" he exclaimed, while the S.E.C. men fumed in chagrin.

Lamont's fastidiousness in waiting until twelve-thirty-three—almost two hours after his call to Hinton—before he bought stock for himself and his family left the S.E.C. unimpressed. In fact, it was here that the Commission took its most avant-garde stand and asked the Judge for a decision that would forge most fearlessly into the legal jungles of the future. The stand was set forth thus in the S.E.C. briefs: "It is the Commission's position that even after corporate information has been published in the news media, insiders are still under a duty to refrain from securities transactions until there has elapsed a reasonable amount of time in which the securities industry, the shareholders, and the investing public can evaluate the development and make informed investment decisions. . . . Insiders must wait at least until the information is likely to have reached the average investor who follows the market and he has had some opportunity to consider it." In the Texas Gulf

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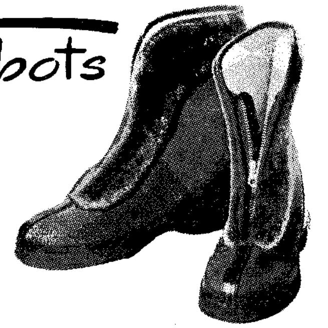

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case, the S.E.C. argued, an hour and thirty-nine minutes after the start of the broad-tape transmission was not long enough for that evaluation, as evidenced by the fact that the enormous rise in the price of Texas Gulf stock had hardly more than started by that time, and therefore Lamont's 12:33 P.M. purchases had violated the Securities Exchange Act. What, then, did the S.E.C. think *would* be "a reasonable amount of time"? That would "vary from case to case," according to the nature of the inside information, the S.E.C.'s counsel, Mr. Kennamer, said in his summation; for example, word of a dividend cut would probably percolate through the dullest investor's brain in a very short time, while a piece of news as unusual and abstruse as Texas Gulf's might take days, or even longer. It would, Kennamer said, be "a nearly impossible task to formulate a rigid set of rules that would apply in all situations of this sort." Therefore, in the S.E.C.'s canon, the only way an insider could find out whether he had waited long enough before buying his company's stock was to be haled into court and see what the judge would decide.

Lamont's counsel, led by S. Hazard Gillespie, went after this stand with the same zeal, if not actual glee, that had marked its foray into cartography. First, Gillespie declared, the S.E.C. said that Coates' call to Haemisegger and Lamont's to Hinton had been wrong because they had been made before the broad-tape announcement; then it said that Lamont's later stock purchases had been wrong because they had been made *after* the announcement, but not long enough after. If these apparently opposite courses of ac-

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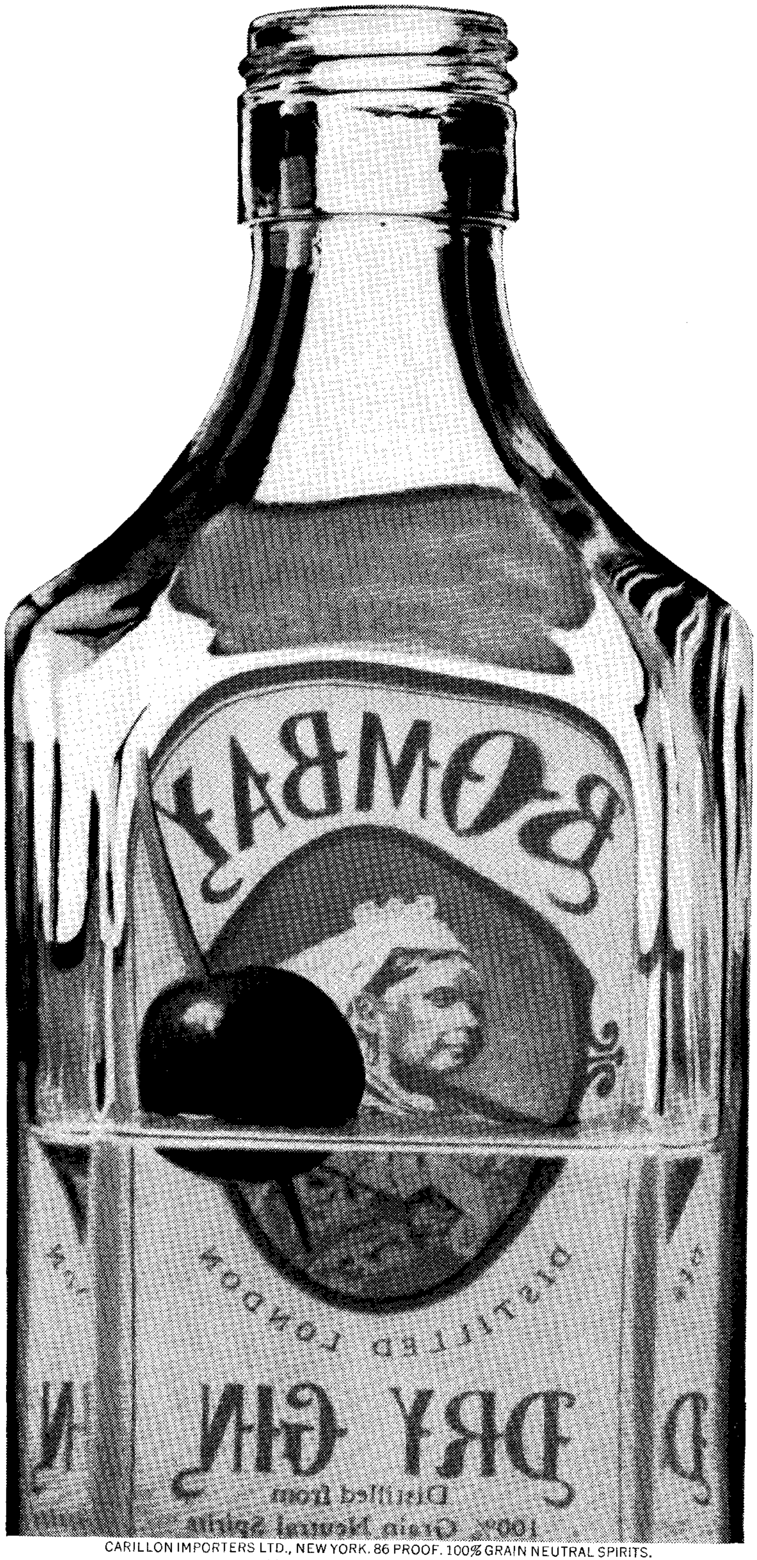

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tion were both fraud, what was right conduct? The S.E.C. seemed to want to make up the rules as it went along—or, rather, to have the courts make them up. As Gillespie put the matter more formally, the S.E.C. was "asking the court to write . . . a rule judicially and to apply it retroactively to adjudicate Mr. Lamont guilty of fraud because of conduct which he reasonably believed to be entirely proper."

The point wouldn't stand up, Judge Bonsal agreed—and, for that matter, neither would the S.E.C.'s contention that the time of the broad-tape transmission was the time when the news had become public. He took the narrower view that the controlling moment was the one when the press release had been handed to the reporters and read, even though hardly any outsider—that is, hardly anybody at all—had known of it for some time afterward. He based this position on legal precedent, but then, clearly troubled by the implications of his finding, he added, "It may be, as the Commission contends, that a more effective rule should be established to preclude insiders from acting on information after it has been announced but before it has been absorbed by the public." But he didn't think that it was up to him to write such a rule. Nor did he think that it was up to him to determine whether or not Lamont had waited long enough before placing his 12:33 P.M. order. If it were left to judges to make such determinations, he said, "this could only lead to uncertainty," and he went on to explain, "A decision in one case would not control another case with different facts. No insider would know whether he had waited long enough. . . . If a waiting period is to be fixed, this could be most appropriately done by the Commission." No one would bell the cat, and the complaints against Coates and Lamont were dismissed.

The S.E.C. appealed all the dismissals, and Clayton and Crawford, the only two defendants found to have violated the Securities Exchange Act, appealed the judgments against them. In its brief, the Commission painstakingly reviewed the evidence and suggested to the Circuit Court of Appeals that Judge Bonsal had erred in his interpretation of it, while the brief for Clayton and Crawford concentrated on the possibly detrimental economic effects of the doctrine implied in the finding against them. Might not the doctrine mean, for example, that every securities analyst who does his best

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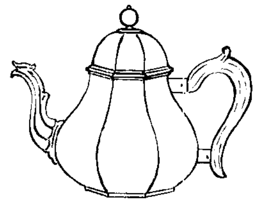
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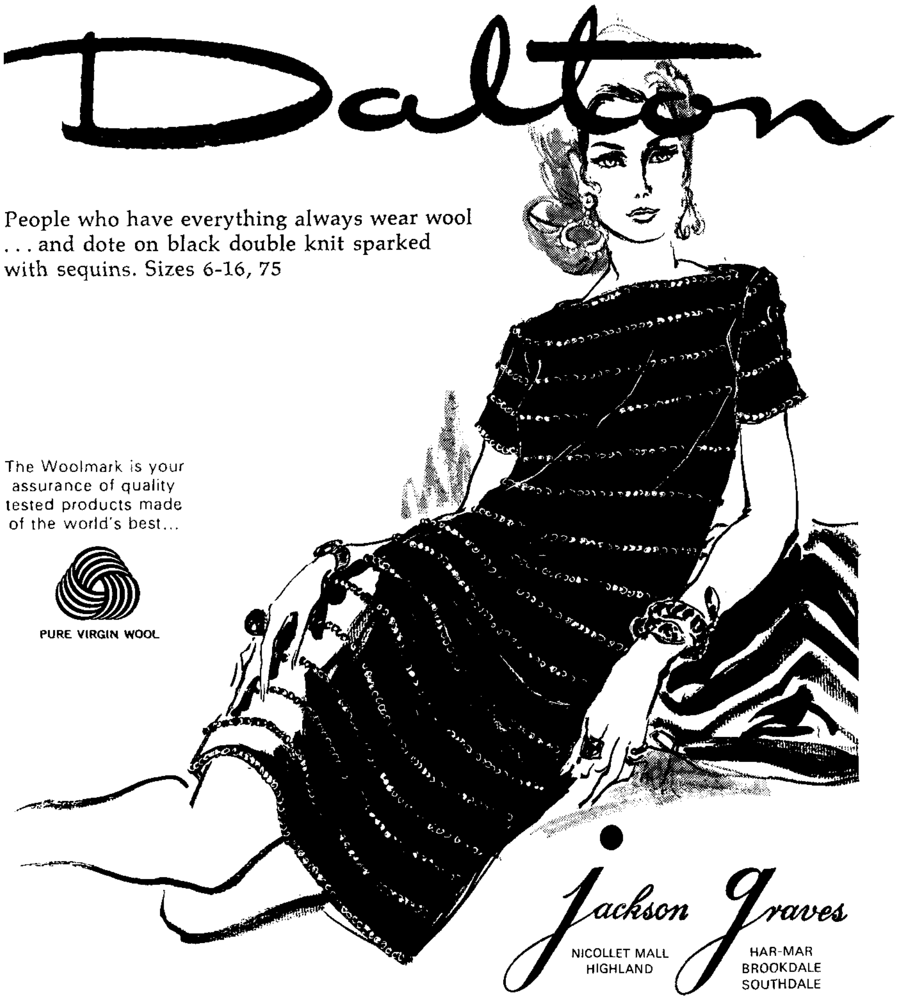
to ferret out little-known facts about a particular company and then recommends that company's stock to his customers—as he is paid to do—could be adjudged an insider improperly distributing tips precisely because of his diligence? Might it not tend to "stifle investment by corporate personnel and impede the flow of corporate information to investors"? Altogether, the brief implied, the implications of Judge Bonsal's decision were quite alarming.

But if Clayton's and Crawford's lawyers were alarmed when they entered their brief, they must have been dumbfounded by what was to come. Early last August, the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit handed down a decision, written by Judge Sterry R. Waterman, that flatly reversed Judge Bonsal's findings on just about every score *except* the convictions of Crawford and Clayton, which were affirmed. The Appeals Court found that the original November drilling *had* provided material evidence of a valuable ore deposit, and that therefore Fogarty, Mollison, Holyk, Darke, Clayton, and all other insiders who had bought Texas Gulf stock or calls during the winter, or had given out tips to do so, had violated the law. The court also declared that the gloomy April 12th press release had indeed been ambiguous, and perhaps misleading, and that Coates had not waited a reasonable period before placing his stock order. Only Lamont—the charges against whom had been dropped, following his death shortly after the lower-court decision—remained exonerated.

The decision was a famous victory for the S.E.C., and the first reaction of Wall Street was to cry out that it would bring the promised chaos. Moreover, the new finding as to the April 12th press release caused instant consternation within many large corporations, whose public-relations departments now faced a legal requirement—evidently an appalling one—to avoid misleading statements, or even ambiguous ones, in all their future releases. And then, only a couple of weeks after the Appeals Court decision, the S.E.C. struck again, this time taking on no lesser institution than Merrill Lynch, much the largest and most famous of all brokerage houses. The S.E.C. charged that in 1966 Merrill Lynch had improperly passed along to some, but not all, of its customers certain inside information about Douglas Aircraft Company that it had obtained in the normal course of its



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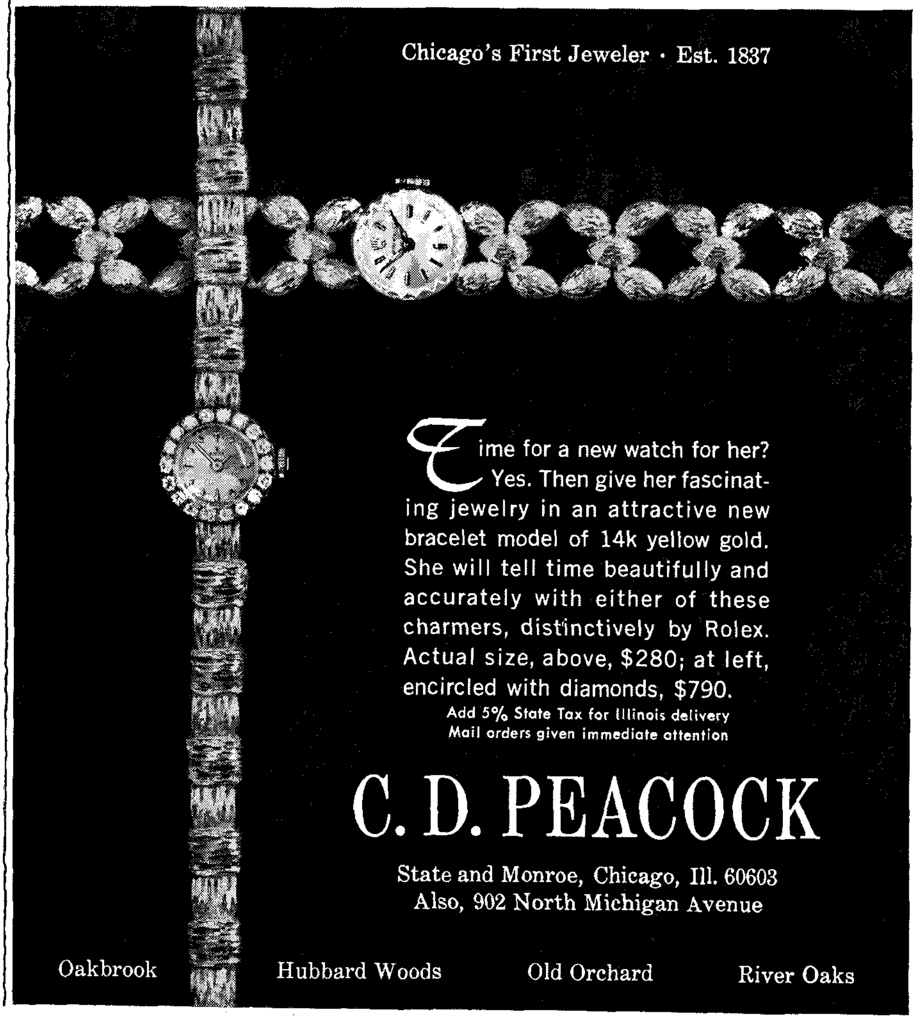

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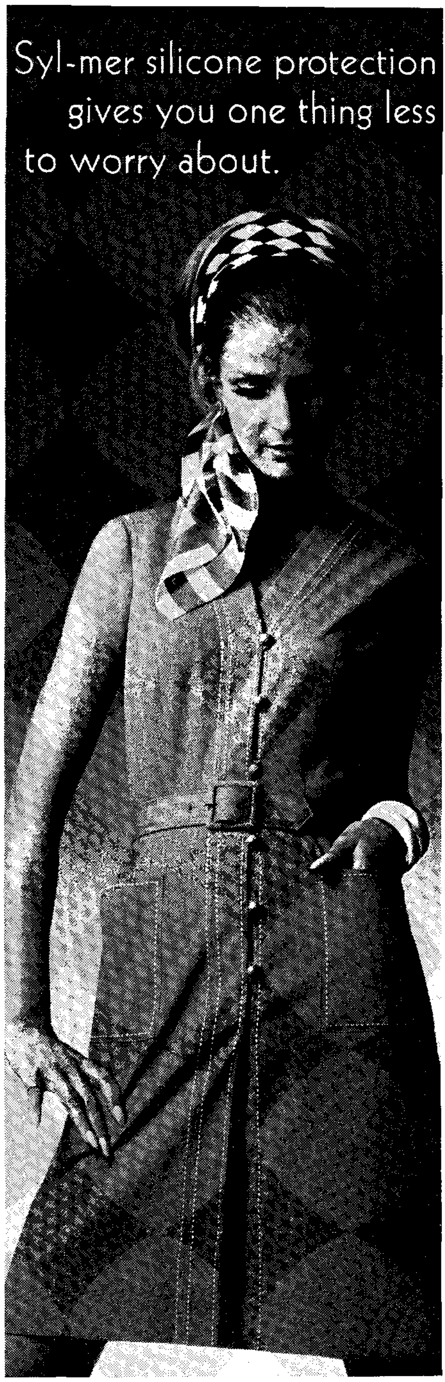

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underwriting business. This time, the S.E.C. raised a whole new set of implications by including even the tippees among the accused, on the allegation that they had aided and abetted a violation of Rule 10b-5.

Texas Gulf immediately filed a petition for a rehearing before the Appeals Court, and Merrill Lynch with equal dispatch denied everything. Both cases have remained pending since then, making for a quietly frantic, if not chaotic, early autumn in Wall Street. Brokers have complained of an S.E.C. "campaign of terror." In the first week of October, some five hundred nervous securities analysts descended on Atlanta to hear the S.E.C.'s general counsel, Philip A. Loomis, Jr., expatiate on his concept of *inside information.* The same week in New York, a thousand corporation lawyers gathered from forty states—"the greatest turnout ever in the entire field of corporate law," an official said—paid a hundred dollars each for the privilege of listening to a two-day forum of legal experts discuss the Texas Gulf case. Altogether, the agitation reached the point where Robert W. Haack, the president of the New York Stock Exchange, felt required to warn everybody against "overreacting." Nobody stopped to *think, apparently, that what everybody* was overreacting to was the interesting experiment—previously untried in any stock market anywhere—of trying to conduct a market without the use of a stacked deck. —John Brooks

•

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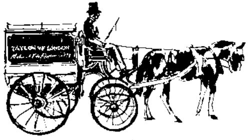
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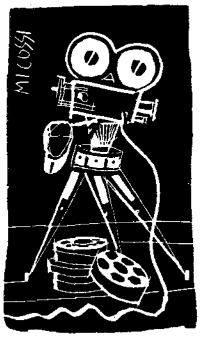
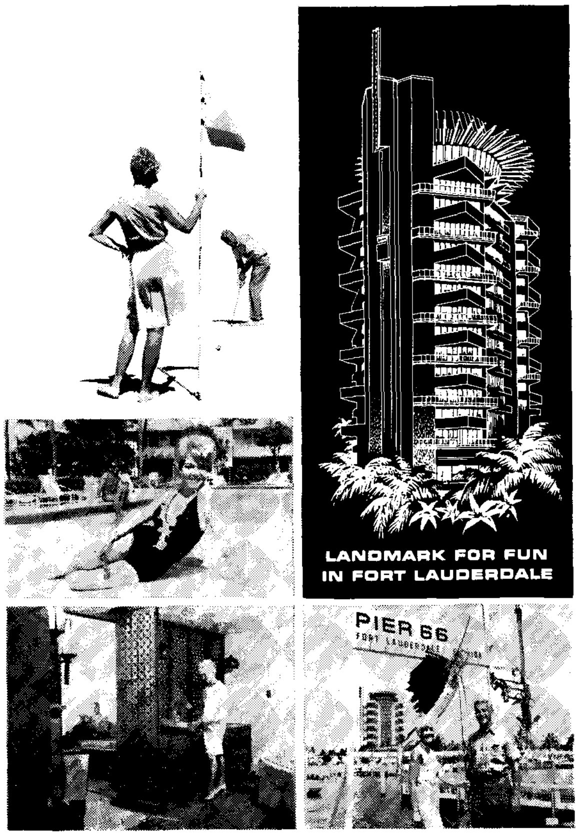
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lioness in Winter



MANY things can go wrong with a movie; what goes wrong with "The Lion in Winter" is so unusual that it may be some weird sort of first. The movie has been done with too much "integrity"—with inappropriate "integrity." Plays are customarily coarsened when they're filmed, but James Goldman's play has been elevated—with serious emotions, more or less authentic costumes and settings, pseudo-Stravinsky music, and historical pomp. And it just won't do to have actors carrying on as if this were a genuine, "deep" historical play, on the order of "A Man for All Seasons." What made "The Lion in Winter" entertaining on the stage was Goldman's reduction of the first Plantagenet, Henry II, and his queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, and their three sons to a family of monsters playing Freudian games of sex and power. They were the jolliest collection of bad seeds since "The Little Foxes," and the notion that diplomatic maneuvers and historical issues were determined by *their* characters seemed no more than an elaborate theatrical conceit. On the screen, when their games are played out in a real castle, and played not for laughs and melodrama but emotionally, with impressive dramatic performances and real tears for defeats, it all seems hysterical. One begins to wonder why the actors are getting so overwrought; the point of view is too limited and anachronistic to justify all this howling and sobbing and carrying on. They're playing a camp historical play as if it were the real thing—delivering commercial near-poetry as if it were Shakespeare.

This melodrama for two pros and some young semi-pros to horse around in is now full of the pitiful desperation of weak, weepy people trapped by need and greed, and there are sage, important thoughts for us to take away. And the quick transitions from feigned emotion to cunning, which on the stage were so shallow and silly that they were amusing, are exhausting when the actors try to make them convincing. Goldman has a facile but very high-grade wit, and although his screen



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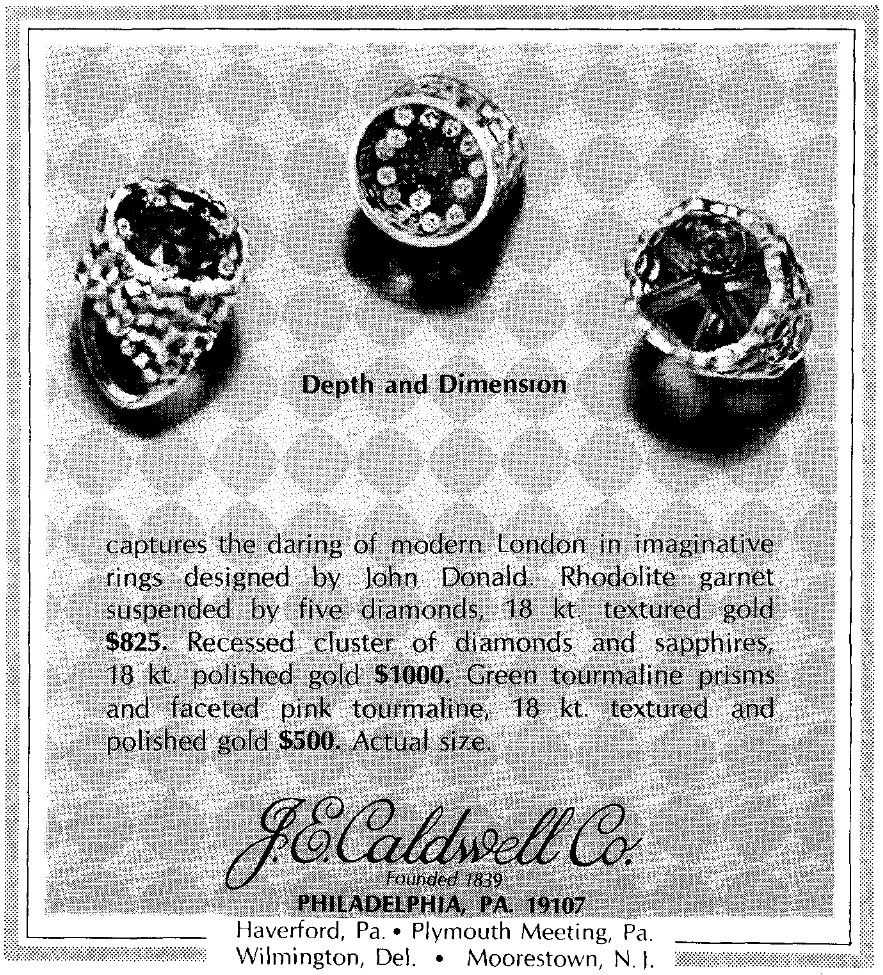

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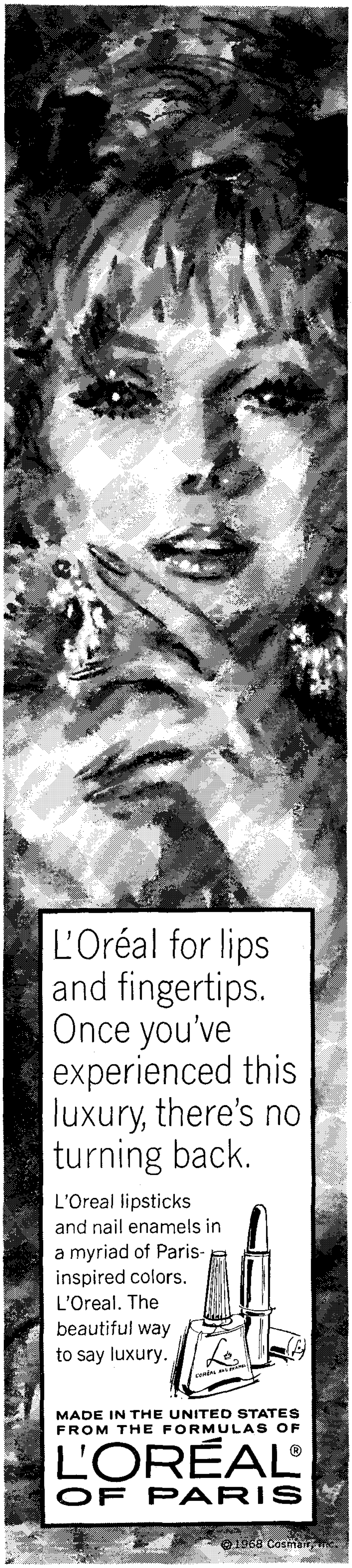
adaptation omits some of his cheaper epigrams (it was embarrassing in the Broadway version to hear the twelfth-century rulers of England and France tossing off quips that had been popular in one's high school), what's left is still rather sophomoric. Peter O'Toole, I thought, looked a little unhappy as he disposed of the line "Well, what shall we hang? The holly or each other?" O'Toole, as Henry II, is the brightest thing in the movie. He gives the most robust performance I've seen from him; he isn't that pale-eyed O'Toole, and he keeps his pink flesh covered. He's loud and, fortunately, histrionic; underacting would *really* expose this material, by making it pretentious, whereas O'Toole, by shouting and having a good time, almost carries it off. (Not a small feat when you have to deliver lines like "The sky is pocked with stars." Goldman has the Maxwell Anderson pox.) The sons and the minor characters are good enough in their way; Anthony Hopkins as Richard the Lionhearted has urgency and weight, and Timothy Dalton as young King Philip of France is a pretty playing-card King. The sons are even fairly convincing as belonging to one family; at least, they and O'Toole all speak with some kind of English accent. Katharine Hepburn is their mother, and her accent is so peculiarly hers that we just accept it as the way she talks. And it seems proper for a queen to sound like Hepburn. I don't know what the actors *could* have done with this material that is written for clowns but would be gruesome if it were played clownishly in realistic settings; I don't know what the director, Anthony Harvey—starting with this material—could have done, either (though he might have overcome his affection for moving the camera in quickly from a great distance). The color and the photography are not especially interesting, but they're not offensive. Everybody seems to have worked hard, yet the delusion that this conception and this dialogue could bear the weight of aspirations to grandeur is crippling. Nor is that quite all that is the matter with "The Lion in Winter."

Seven years ago, in "Pocketful of Miracles," when Bette Davis became lovable and said "God bless" to Glenn Ford with heartfelt emotion in her voice, I muttered an obscenity as I slumped down in my seat. I slumped again during "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner," because Katharine Hepburn had become sweet and lovable, too. The two great heroines of American talkies, the two who dared to play



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smart women (who *had* to), the two most specifically modern of women stars—the tough, embattled Davis and the headstrong, noble Hepburn—have both gone soft on us, have become everything we admired them for not being. They had been independent enough to fight the studios, but they have given in to themselves. The public has got them at last as it always wanted them. They have become old dears—a little crotchety, maybe, but that only makes them more harmlessly lovable. And though, of course, we can't help prizing them still—because what they once meant to us is too important a part of our lives to be relinquished—there's a feeling of dismay, and even of betrayal, when we watch them now. They make us fearful that they will humiliate us by turning piteous, and they *mustn't;* we've got to have a few people who know how to age gracefully in public, who don't go flabby with the joy of being loved every time there's a fan or a reporter around.

There were occasions in the past when Hepburn had poor roles and was tremulous and affected—almost a caricature of quivering sensitivity. But at her best—in the archetypal Hepburn role as the tomboy Linda in "Holiday," in 1938—her wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. She was hard where they were soft—in both head and body. (As Spencer Tracy said, in the Brooklyn accent he used in "Pat and Mike," "There's not much meat on her, but what's there is cherce.") Other actresses could be weak and helpless, but Davis and Hepburn had too much vitality. Unlike Davis, Hepburn was limited to mandarin roles, although some of her finest performances were as poor girls who were mandarins by nature, as in "Little Women" and "Alice Adams," rather than by birth or wealth, as in "Bringing Up Baby" and in the movie that the public liked her best in, "The Philadelphia Story" (even if her dedicated admirers, including me, tended to be less wild about it). Hepburn has always been inconceivable as a coarse-minded character; her bones are too fine, her diction is too crisp, she wears clothes too elegantly. And she has always been too individualistic, too singular, for common emotions. Other actresses who played career girls, like Crawford, could cop out in their roles by getting pregnant, or just by turning emotional—all womanly and ghastly. Hepburn

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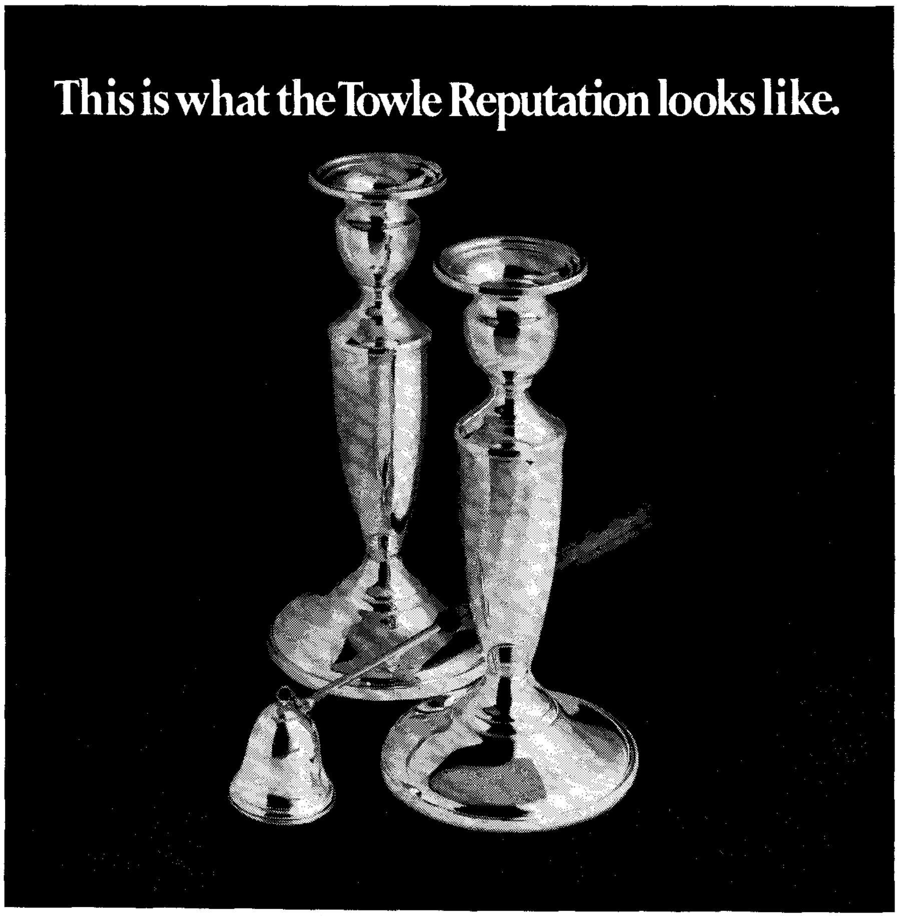

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was too hard for that, and so one could go to see her knowing that she wouldn't deteriorate into a conventional heroine; that didn't suit her style. As Rosemary Harris played the role on Broadway, Eleanor of Aquitaine was hard and funny—a tough cat who enjoyed scratching and fighting—and it might have been a good role for the brittle high priestess of modernism if she had still held her own. But Hepburn plays Eleanor as a gallant great lady. She's about as tough as Helen Hayes.

When an actress has been a star for a long time, we know too much about her; for years we have been hearing about her romances or heartbreaks, or whatever the case may be, and all this carries over into her presence on the screen. And if she *uses* this in a role, she's sunk. When actresses begin to use our knowledge about them and of how young and beautiful they used to be—when they offer themselves up as ruins of their former selves—they may get praise and awards (and they generally do), but it's not really for their acting, it's for capitulating and giving the public what it wants: a chance to see how the mighty have fallen. Only a few years ago, in "Long Day's Journey Into Night," the crowning achievement of her career, Katharine Hepburn kept her emotions within the role, and she was truly great—ravaged and magnificent. But in "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner" and much more in "The Lion in Winter" she draws upon our feelings for *her*, not for the character she's playing. When Hepburn, the most regal of them all, contemplates her blotches and wrinkles with tears in her anxious eyes, it's self-exploitation, and it's horrible.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

Dr. Brown, a United Presbyterian, is professor of religion at Stanford University in California. He was one of a group of consultants assembled by the Sisters, whose motherhouse is here.

Dr. Brown made the following recommendations:

Obscenity and Pornography.

—Wider use of mass media.

—*Catholic Universe Bulletin.*

So much for Dr. Brown, eh, Sisters?

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MOST SUCCINCT NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

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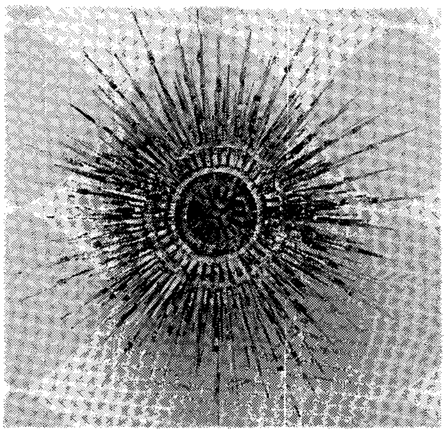

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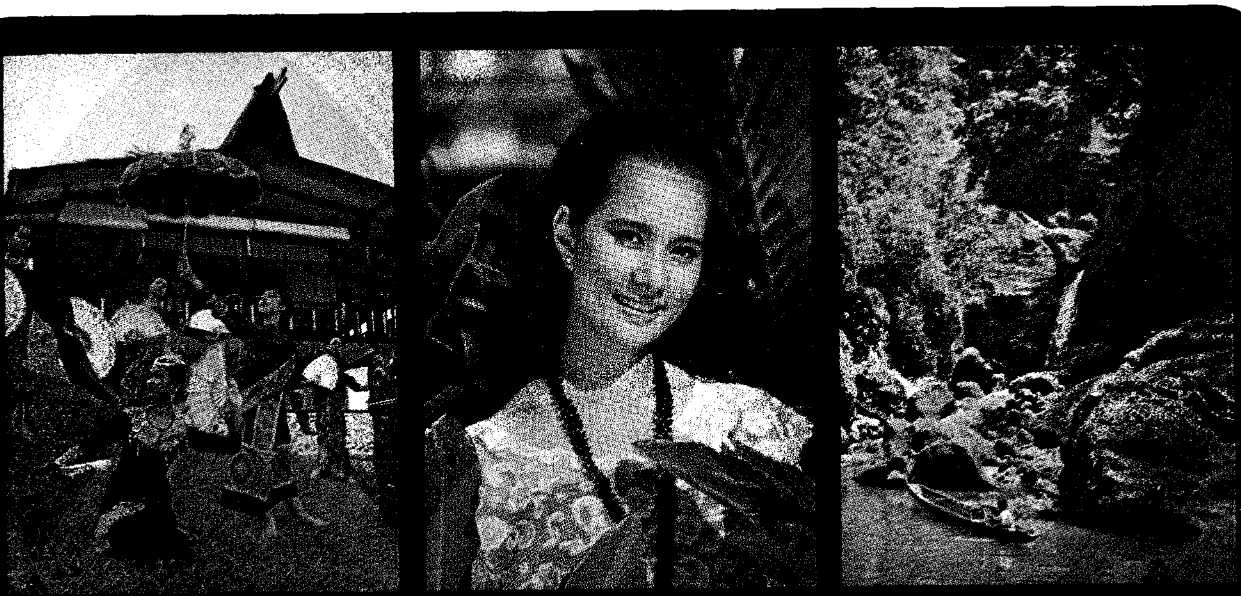

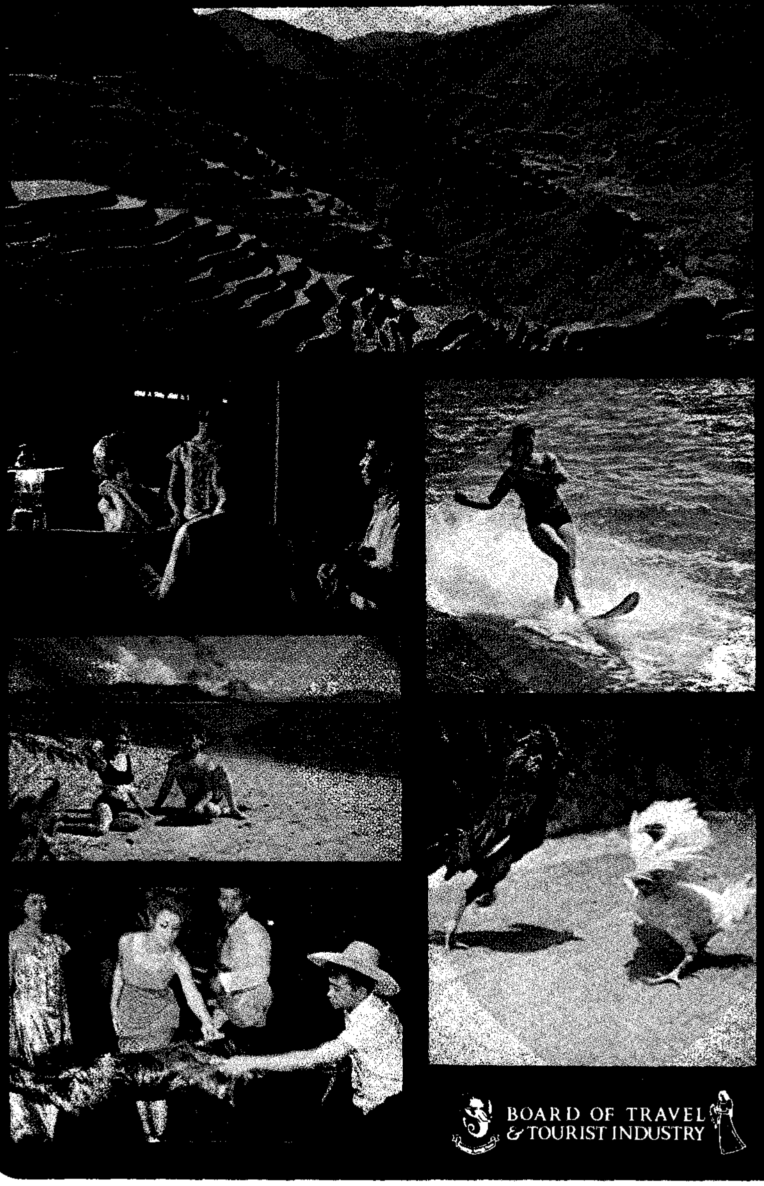

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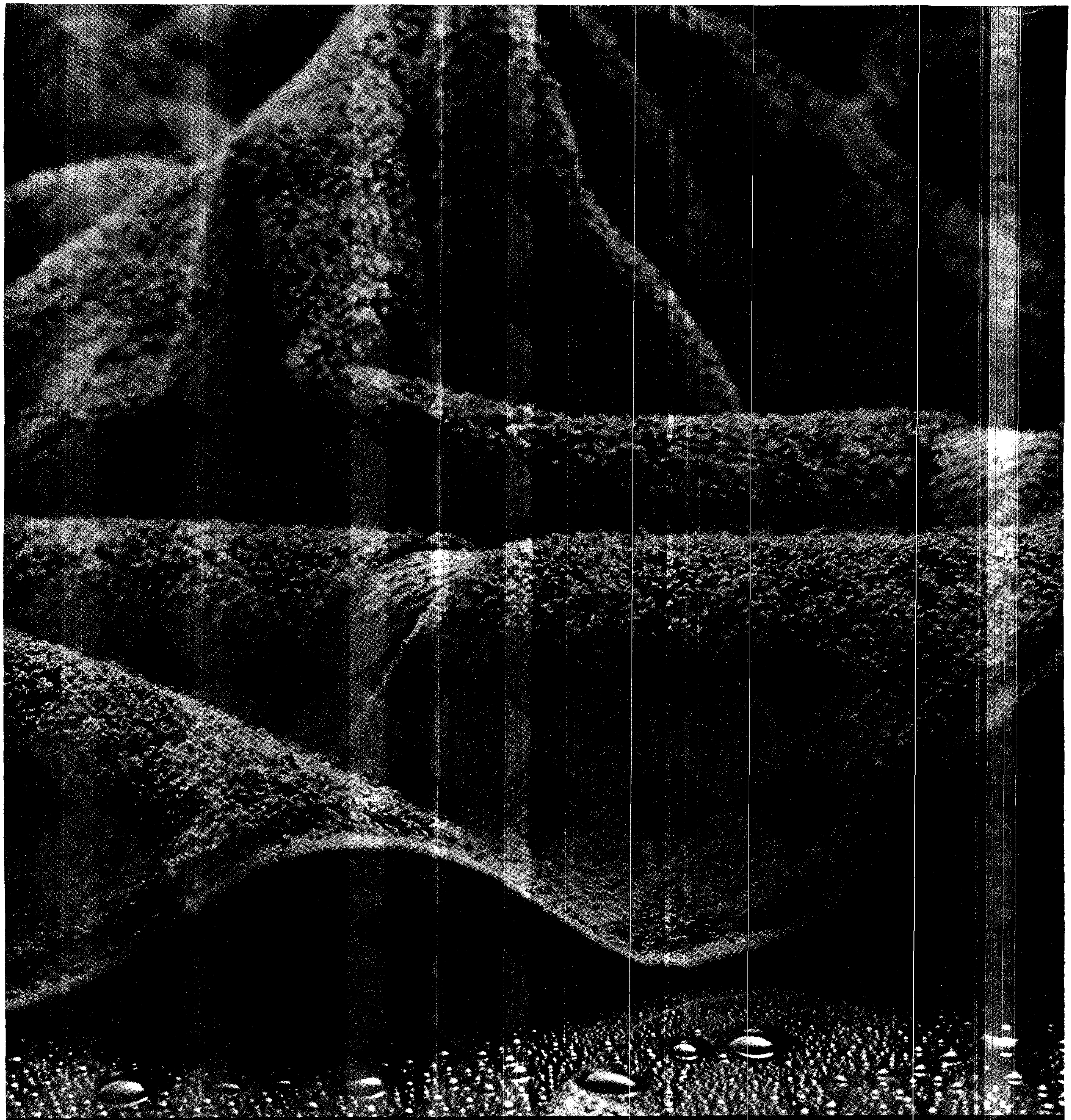

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A MOMENT

ONCE in a while, toward the end of a meal, sitting at the table on which the children had completely disarranged the well-laid pattern of dishes, glasses, and silver, as one bounced on a chair, the other played on the floor, and his wife tried to feed the baby, he would do something which at that table seemed utterly out of place—like eating a pear with a fork and knife. The effort wouldn't last long. Before he had half finished, he would have to divert it to something else, like breaking up a fight. Still, the effort did give him a little satisfaction. It removed him from this table; for a moment he was far away, alone, at some peaceful inn, with a white tablecloth not spotted by ketchup or jam but on which the only color was the wine's reflection.

Peace and quiet—they seemed outside his range now, things he thought about but didn't experience anymore. Even when his children were asleep, his wife reading in the next room, and he had a cigarette between his fingers and a glass beside him, he wasn't really at rest. No, the feeling eluded him. It seemed to come to him only in his sleep. But was sleep peace and quiet? Not exactly. You needed to be awake to savor peace and quiet. They weren't just a void, a passive, inert state. They were a rich experience.

Love gave you a certain respite, he thought, and he remembered the long kisses, lips never parting, and a heavy calm, akin to sleep, falling upon him. Well, that couldn't happen with his wife; for one thing, she couldn't breathe through her nose and had to keep her mouth open at all times. And then, she thought they were past kissing. She always increased his age by at least five years. "There you are, going on to fifty," she would say, though he was only forty-three.

While working—painting, sketching—he had come on some of the brightest, clearest, serenest moments of his life. But one couldn't go and paint just because it promised calm. One needed a little calm—especially inward calm—to begin with. It wasn't any good to just sit and wait for inspiration, either, like some phony mystic. To work he had to feel alert and, if not happy, at least a little removed from troubles, so that he might have some perspective of them.

Sleep, love, work—they were conducive to calm, but why couldn't one have a true, self-sustaining moment that didn't need the support of other things? Why couldn't he just sit and

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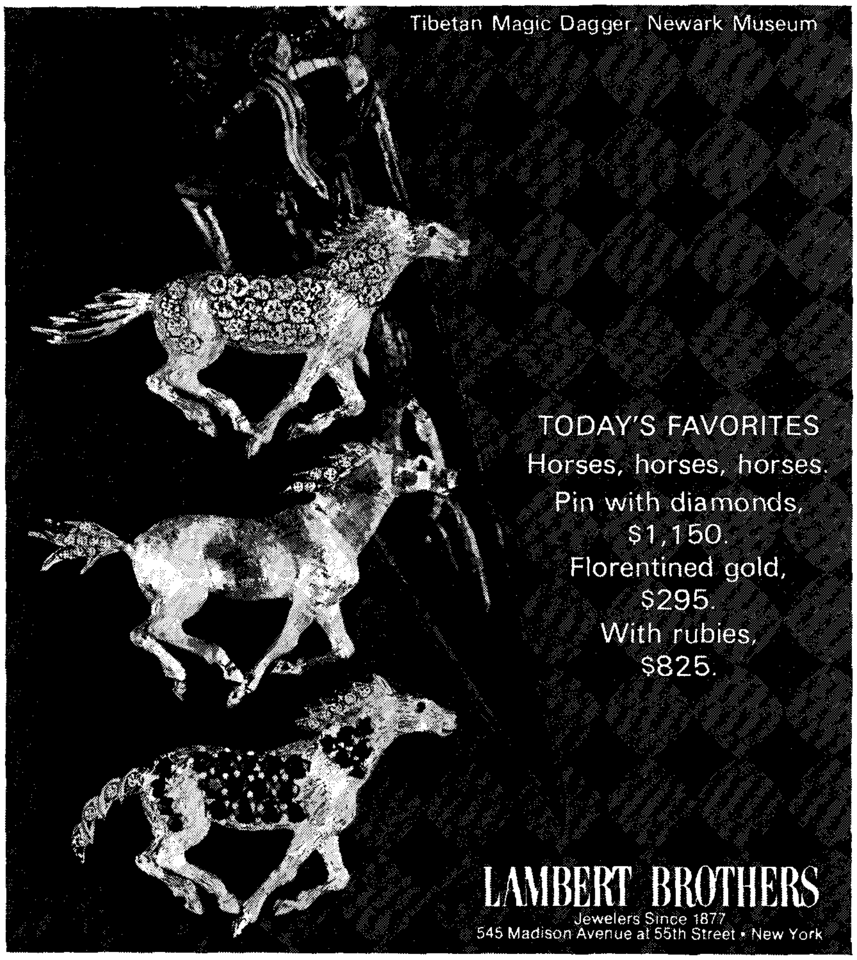

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draw peace from a cigarette, for instance, or, better still, just sit doing nothing, not even smoking, and be content—savor time, pure time, soar in it like a bird in space, still for a moment. Not easy; not for him—or rarely. It was hard to gain that moment because it depended on abstracting oneself from all the little harrowing things that the day presented and that clung, stuck to you with a sort of love. Yet it could be done, and when it was, it was each time a triumph.

HE looked at the light of sunset that through gaps in the foliage of the maple trees came in through the window and lit up the antique rose of the wall into something very live and changing—a wavering, small oval blushing, metamorphosing into a circle, and then into an ellipse, and almost fading; then returning to what it was, an oval; again fading: a subtle, consummate dancer on the wall. For a moment as he watched that dance, he was happy, he was content. Effortlessly he watched it till, reviving, flaring up at odd times by surprise, it waned little by little.

Well, there it was—a moment. He felt, as he did after some intensely happy experience, almost like weeping. He got up from his chair; the sun had set. He looked at the sky. No cloud caught the sun as well as the wall had caught it. A dingy thing, that wall, compared to clouds and flowers, but it had its moments. Not every day, not even every week (and sometimes more than a month went by), but sooner or later it lit up, it shone, it lost its dullness; you almost forgot it was a wall.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

•

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And when Meyer puts something metaphorically . . .

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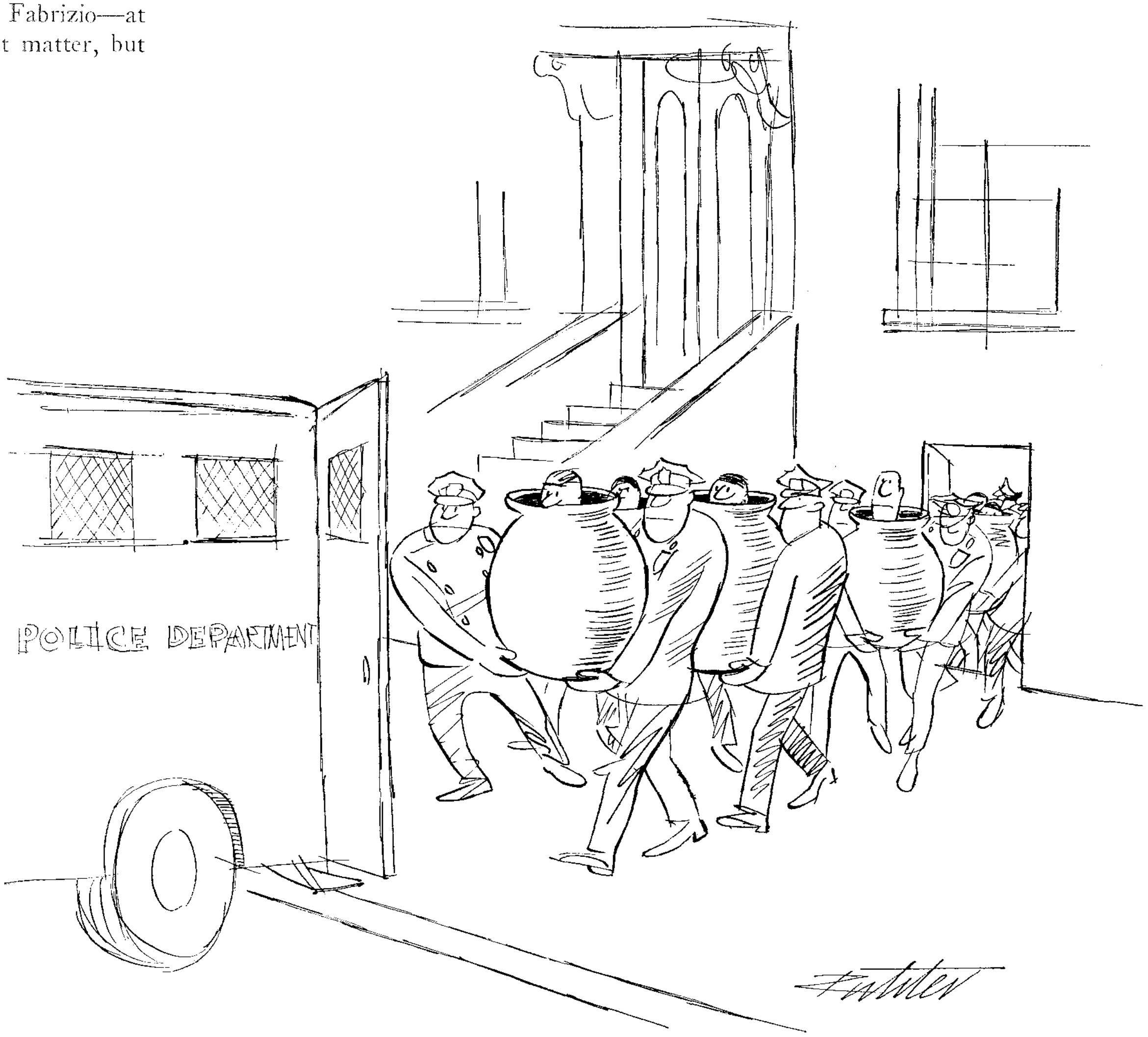
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

A MICROSCOPE can come in handy, sometimes, when anyone tries to detect what changes have been cropping up in the domain of de-luxe—that is to say, mainly custom—furs, and I happen to have one, left over from biology at Vassar. My findings are these: a return of the fitted waist and the circular skirt, occasionally as emphatic as the skating skirt; the employment of fluffy furs (silver fox has made a real comeback) for collars, hems, wrists, and the like; the reappearance of sea otter, used for the collars of Victorian and Edwardian men's topcoats until the fur was banned, in 1911. Since this conservation measure came into force, the sea otter has learned to both add and multiply, and lately the Alaska Fish and Game Department has been distributing pelts now and then, but very few, at that. Sea otters are big boys—dark brown, with silvery or golden tips. Examples are to be seen at Bendel's, Georges Kaplan's, and Reiss & Fabrizio—at Ben Kahn's, too, for that matter, but in a man's coat with a fisher collar, to make things extra gorgeous. Another conservation note: Jacques Kaplan, of the aforesaid G. K., will not show either Somali leopard or cheetah, saying that he doesn't want to encourage the extinction of these beautiful beasts. (I hope he tells the poachers who keep pelting across the boundaries of all the new African nations.)

AMONG the list of novelties I began with I might have put color, for Maximilian is dyeing mink a brilliant chrome (great!), and Reiss & Fabrizio has not only come up with a coat of India broadtail in *purple* but has gagged it up with matching collar, cuffs, and hem of fox. There is even a muff of purple fox. (Muffs are all around this fall, and great! again is what I say, my vocabulary being limited.) Another Reiss & Fabrizio dye job is fur in peach-coral or in jade-emerald or in pink-to-gray (opal, they call it). This happens to mink, and that might be regarded as sacrilege if we weren't all so Modern. But all is not lost because of color; Maximilian, to whom I have assigned the rest of this paragraph, has lots of black-and-white combinations. One is black Alaska seal with a)(curve down each side and a childlike turnover collar (this is a Maximilian pet) of white leather with a black braid stripe in it. The cuffs are of the same leather. More of this seal forms a coat that appears to be wearing a waistcoat of cheetah. The buttons on it are cheetah, too. And I just can't help speaking of the men's coats here—an idea for Christmas, maybe—because even when they are conventional they are of a handsome black Alaska sealskin. Back to *us* now, and to the further black-and-white of a coat of white Swakara broadtail with a wide self belt and touches of black suède under the collar and at the cuffs and the waistline. That collar is small and turnover. Wholly regal is the black Russian broadtail of a coat in a pinched-in A-line formation; this one is topped by an upright band collar lined with white leather, which is likewise the lining of the cartridge pleats that surmount the high pockets. Mimosa is the flavor of a coat of India broadtail, to which is assigned a string belt threaded through a wide midriff belt—a device that is another Maximilian pet. The sleeves are long and their cuffs are deep and buttoned. The chrome appears in a reaching-to-the-knees coat of mink, this to wear over a jump suit of black Persian. The chrome prevails, too, in a down-to-the-hips jacket of mink that sports a band collar and side buttons. Gold bullion is the hue (and practically the cry) of the calf that constructs a cape whose main characteristics are openings in front for the arms and a deep pleat at one side in back. Its com-



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panion pieces are short culottes and an overblouse of vanilla India lamb. At Maximilian, the planners condescend no more than a passing nod for wolf, of which they make a truly shaggy coat, with five big leather frogs across the closing, and then hastily return to opulence and a dolman cape of navy Russian broadtail, cut quite wide at the elbows. And nothing could be grander than the Inverness cape of Russian crown sable. Another Grand Entrant is a fitted coat of horizontally worked Russian ermine with two rows of tails at the hem. There's another revival for you.

AT Reiss & Fabrizio there are plenty of close-fitting bodices and circular skirts, and there is color—that peach-coral, which also appears on fisher (this *is* sacrilege, to me). The coat is midi, and its wide belt is of matching suède. More color follows—mink dyed the emerald, the opal, or the peach-coral, often with big crossbars of black mink overlaid. The skins in one of the opal deals are worked horizontally all the way down, and below the natural waistline (which hasn't shown up anywhere in ever so long, it sometimes seems) there are slight gathers. Technical stunts are visible, too, such as mink in four shades, edging from white to dark ranch in up-and-down zigzags. The coat this makes has a belt of black leather and is Simply Smashing. Unremitting luxury is the air of a coat whose substance is Russian broadtail in a natural charcoal brown—fitted, and with a side closing, wide lapels and cuffs (both these of sable), and a lining of ranch mink; $8,500 all told. (Well, you *asked*.) Elegance a bit less ostentatious is provided by a coat of India broadtail in a pearly greige; a narrow panel begins in back below the high waistline, a wide satin sash matches the greige, and three satin buttons appear just under the rolled collar. For the Nehru look—and with pants?—there is calf in deep gold to be turned into a coat that is mid-thigh and wears a split standup collar. (*A new pastime, it seems, is to leave your pants in the checkroom if the maître d' disapproves and appear in your tunic, which can be mini indeed. Propriety is widely interpreted these days.*) And for the riding-habit look there is a fairly long tunic of bisque Swakara ornamented by double-breasted buttons of brown alligator-grained suède. This is sleeveless, but the suède dress under it has Swakara sleeves and a Swakara skirt. When dusk impends, so does a Twilight Mist mink coat of Kate Greenaway cut,

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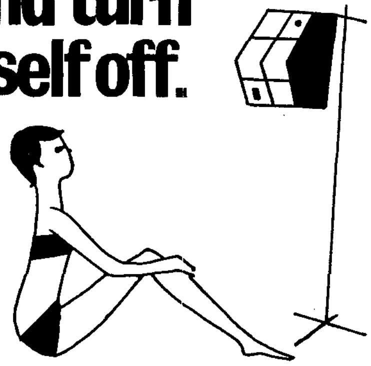

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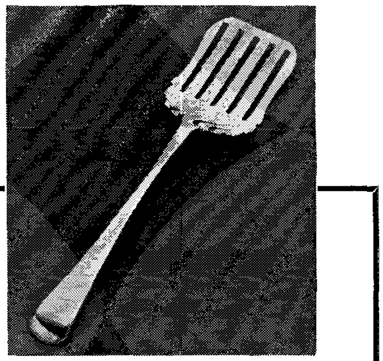

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shirred in back below an extremely high waistline. Another coat, in formal length, is of black mink, worked horizontally, but from east to west and then back again, which indeed emphasizes the stripes. Still another is of snow-white mink, the skins as narrow as ermine. (And again, in waiting for Christmas or whatever, there are coats for men, who seem to be reviving the peacock look of a distant day—Chesterfields of natural, unplucked nutria, gray-brown plus a hint of gold, with a three-button closing under the wide lapels.)

ESTHER DOROTHY is most feminine, and her coats possess a feline practicality. Thus a full-circle one of black Russian broadtail that carries three flap pockets—the first high on one side and the others below that. A back belt that unsnaps if you want to wrap the thing for evening can accompany it; the alternative is a shaped belt. Russian broadtail in gray or brown tones is the stuff of a coat on which the skins dip down across the back and curve up toward the front; black Russian broadtail does a kimono brand of coat that is bound in black satin. The Dorothy attitude toward jaguar involves a hook-and-eye at the waist, for she believes that the female figure should undulate (she's been seeing that W. C. Fields-Mae West late-late movie). This coat ends in a collar of golden Russian sable, of which there is more down the front, on the cuffs, and surrounding the hem. The wide belt, though, is of jaguar, and—inasmuch as Miss D. began as a milliner—there is a big toque of the sable to make you the complete siren. Jaguar can also become a dress with)(seams curving down the sides at the waist. This deal is bound in black satin, and there is detail of the same goods above the hem. The pockets do *their* best to undulate; at least, they are curved-away. As for the fluffy furs I spoke of earlier on, what about Norwegian blue fox in vertical array, with a big collar on the coat it makes and a high-waisted aspect in back? Russian lynx gets practically the same treatment, but with a broad belt of red elastic and a large matching, and visored, beret. (Miss Dorothy doesn't think that fur coats need try to make a woman look slender; the slenderness comes later, when, say, a coat of Russian lynx is opened and the owner stands silhouetted against all that bulk.) I've been waiting and *waiting* for fur ponchos to be worn with pants, and now Esther Dorothy comes along with some. One is a short, jacket sort

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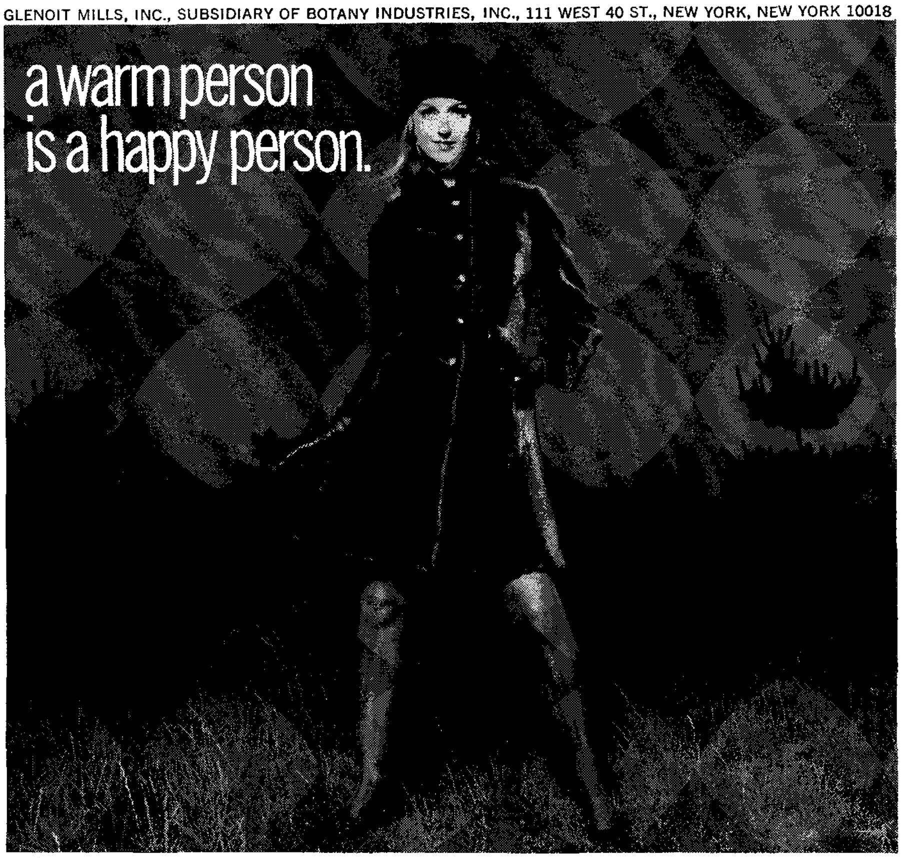

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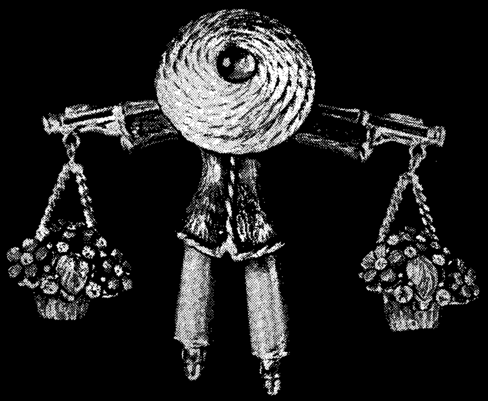

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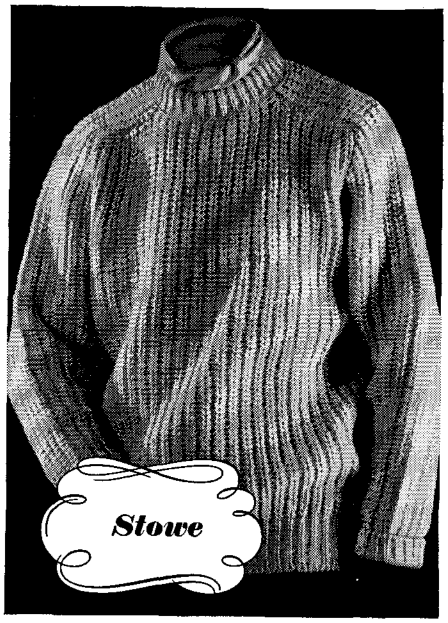

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of top that can unbutton to make wide poncho sleeve openings. This is in dark-brown sable, and another is entirely of squares of Argentine broadtail in dark green, blueberry, and red. A poncho of red India broadtail ensues, together with a sweater—long, tight sleeves and a turtleneck—turned out in gold lamé. If it's not ponchos but boas that you are after, here they are—of fox with the bushy tails still attached. She will show you how they are to be best draped.

JACQUES, of Kaplan, has introduced so many lordly furs to his prankster ways that he seems almost conservative now. But he's not. His revival this fall is of Zorino, a deep-brown South American skunk, with no white streak showing anywhere, and he lets out the skins so that they resemble sable, but skunk is a much tougher fur, and it is forever-lasting as well. The sable *look* is convincing, though, the skins worked either horizontally or vertically on a coat that is held in by an elasticized belt of pseudo leather. It goes at just $1,500, which is something these days. The widest fur evening pants I have ever seen are here, in Russian broadtail, so circular at the bottom that they appear to be an evening skirt until you take a long step. The top is a matching medium-long jacket with flat lapels. Another Jacques stunt is one-of-a-kind hand-painted coats (he's an Art Nouveau addict) of any fur that can be thought of. Rabbit in this guise goes for a mere $495. Like other furriers, he claims to have detected a longing again for the small waistline and the flipping-out skirt. The favorite mink coats of *his* customers have a snug top, a wide fur belt with a leather buckle, and a half-circle skirt. He attaches long, long scarves to a great many coats, such as a single-breasted one of beaver dyed a bright (and new) midnight blue. The scarf is three and a half inches wide. Another long scarf is appended to a coat of ranch mink. This scarf is edged with white mink to match the cuffs of the coat. Sonja Henie's look (she showed up on television the other night) is re-created in fitted-and-flaring stuff; for one, a coat or dress or skating costume (who's to decide?) of navy mole, with pearl studs and a round collar of white fox. I think of but one four-letter word to describe this: Oooh! Something else (quite) is a miraculous coat of marmot that is maxi-length (men like that length, I'm told by M. Jacques), stencilled with a big, bold overplaid on a ground of

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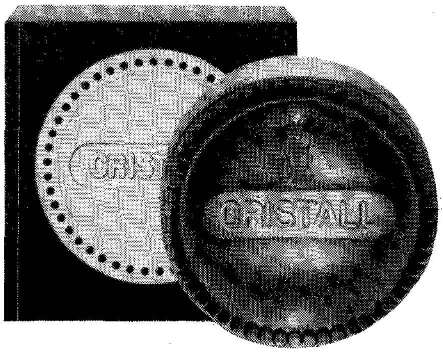

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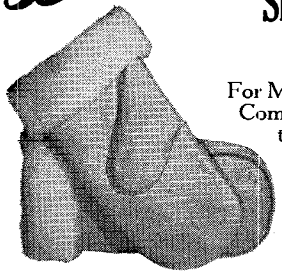

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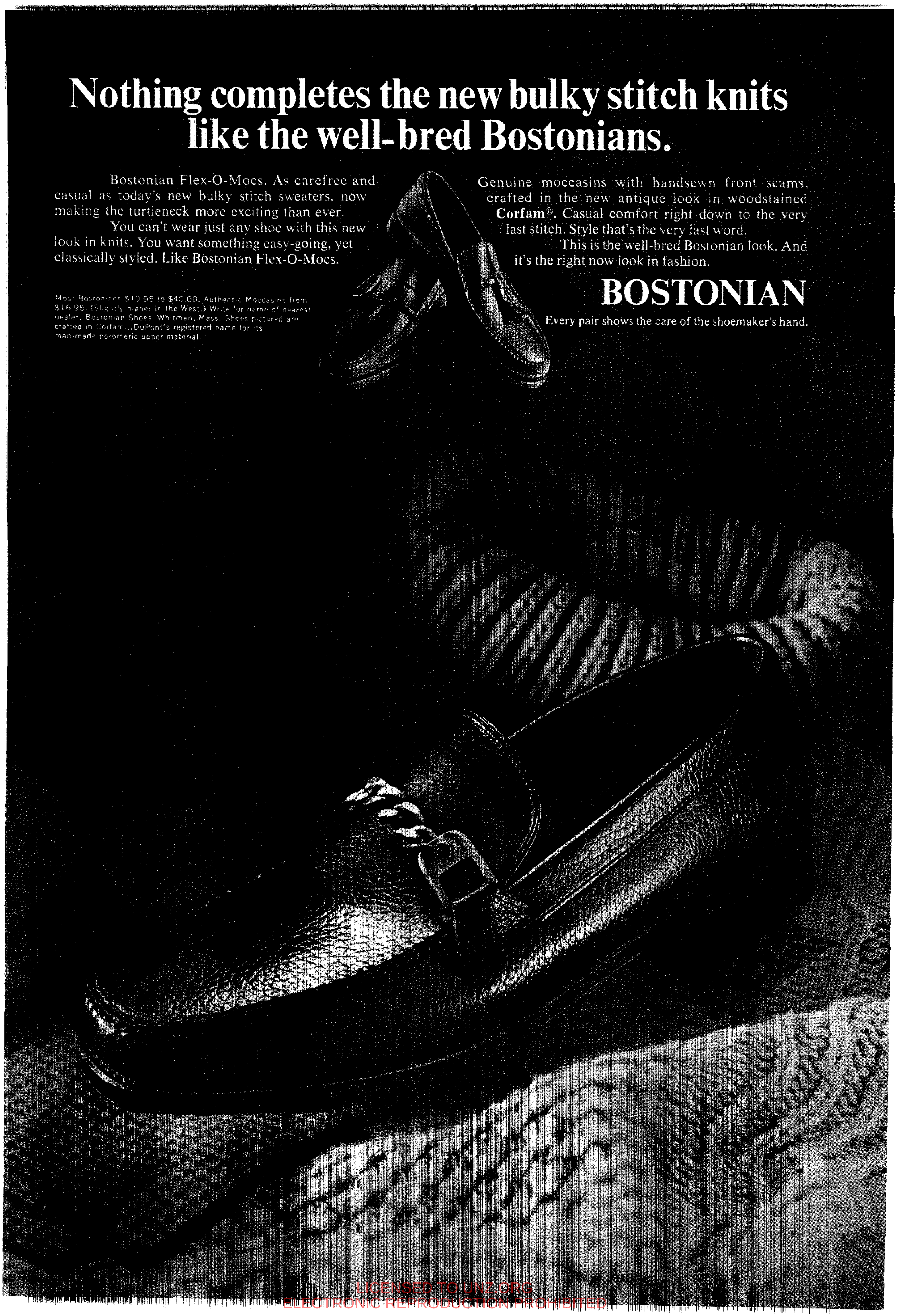

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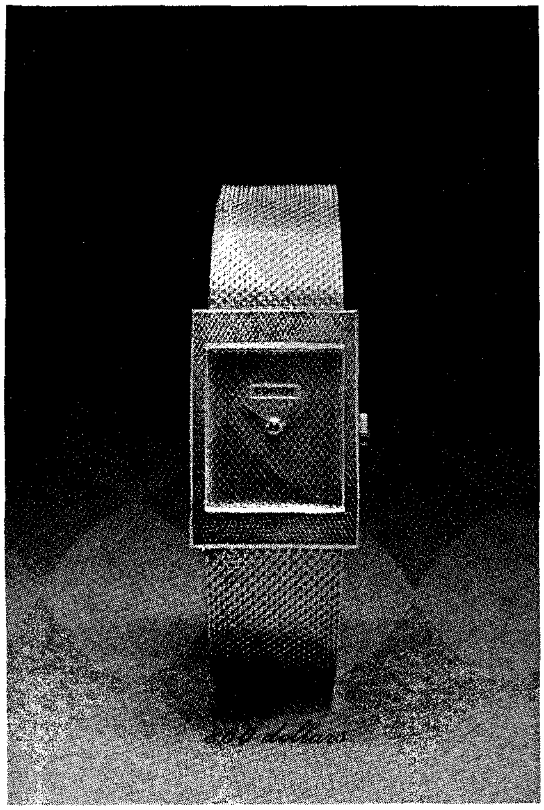

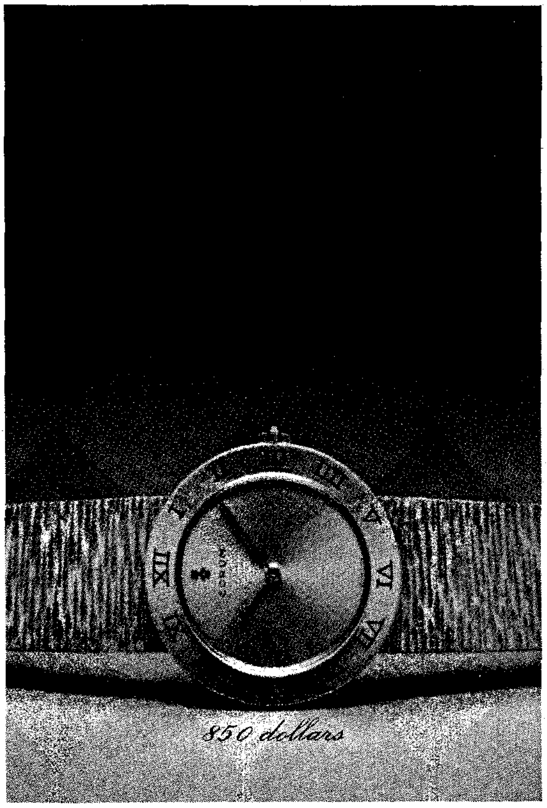
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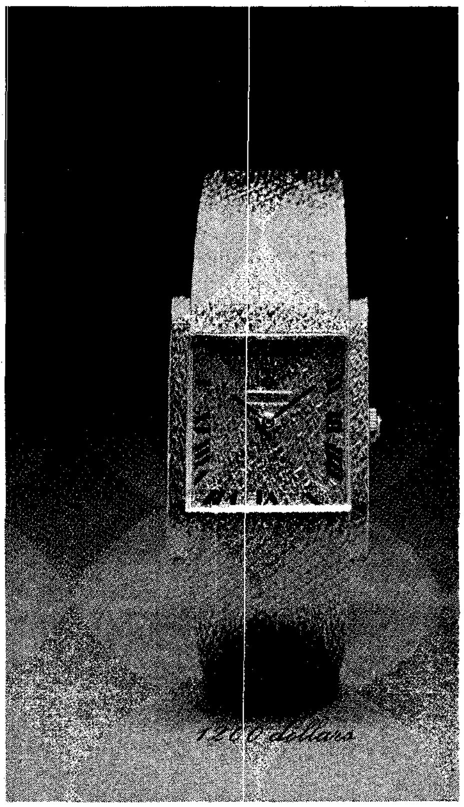
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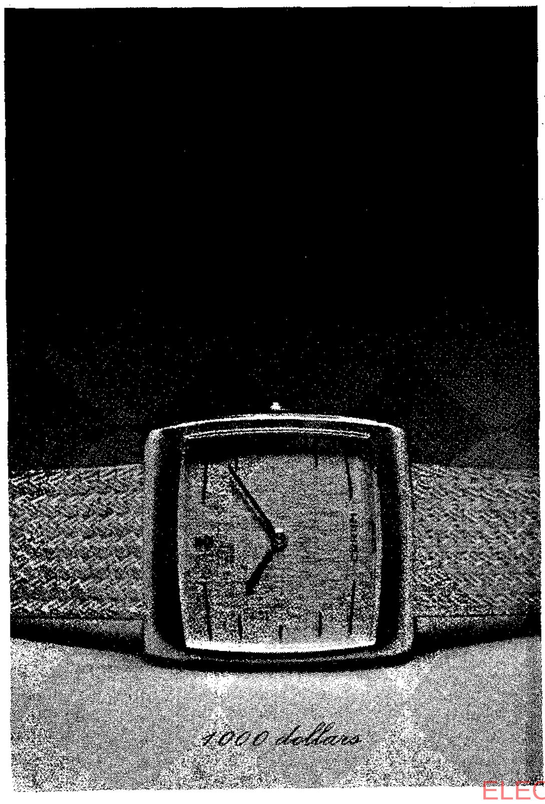
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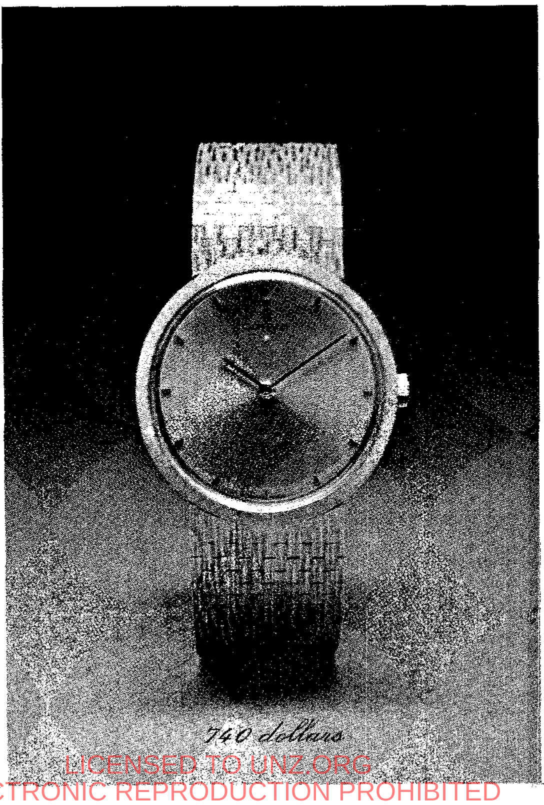
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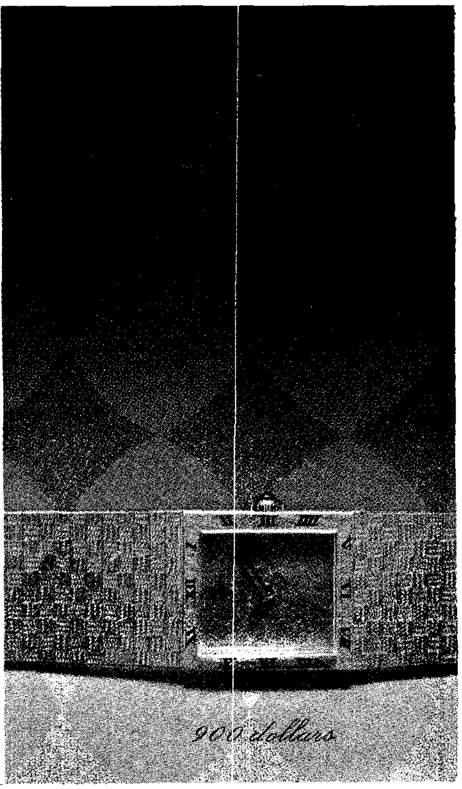
900 dollars

dark heather, and double-breasted—at least in buttons—up to the high lapels, and equipped with a deep vent in back. Fur and leather are often combined in this emporium. Well, a midi coat of leather, with a leather belt and square gold-metal buttons; very dark mink tails make vertical stripes. And a coat of suède to which fat squares of old-fashioned beaver (quite ombré) are sewn down the sides. A zipper front and a little band collar finish this one off. *And* a coat of white mink, plus a Peter Pan collar, but the wide down-the-front panel and the belt are of beige leather. Next in the line of gaiety is— But Jacques is bearing down upon me with a couple of men's coats he wants me to study before he lets me go. And, after all, a husband doesn't *have* to be a pro quarterback if he's to wear a fur coat. This year's Christmas could be a Chesterfield of black Alaska seal—snug fit above the waist, double-breasted, big lapels of black Persian—or it could be a knee-length thing of mink with three single buttons forward and revers that swing up pretty high against those winter breezes. But where was I when Jacques interrupted? Yes, I was going to say that everything looks so *young* these days and that nothing is more Audrey Hepburn than a girl's coat of navy American broadtail with three stripes of white braid running across near the hem and on the cuffs, and two more of them along the sailor collar. Moreover, no on-campus girl would protest the arrival of a reversible coat done in brown leather on one side and white Mongolian lamb on the other. (That's the one that has the long, corkscrew curls.) It's $395—a lot less than anyone's tuition today. Isn't there *anyone* bearing gifts these days, or must Heaven alone help the poor working student? —LOIS LONG

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Child's Play

GOURMET cooking is replacing mother's. There is scarcely a hardware store left in this country where snail tongs aren't sold, and every year, it seems, a new kitchen-equipment shop opens in the city. The newest source of charlotte molds and larding needles is the Carrier Cookshop at Macy's (on the lower level), named after Robert Carrier, an English restaurateur and cookbook writer. The shop-within-a-shop is elegantly mounted, and it offers—in addition to a good basic collection of cooking tools, many of which are also available at the

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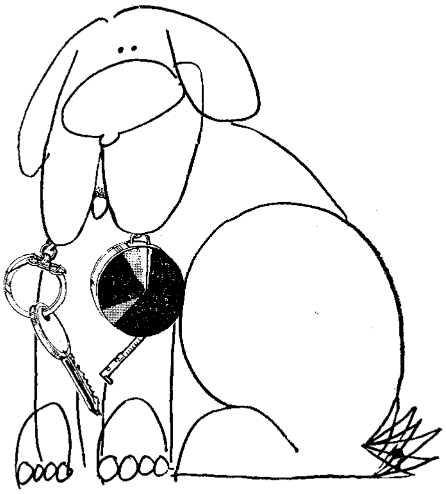

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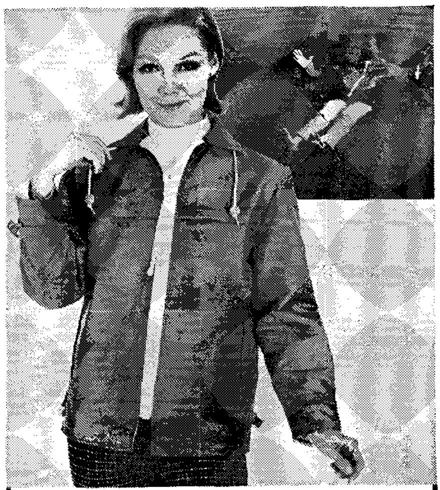

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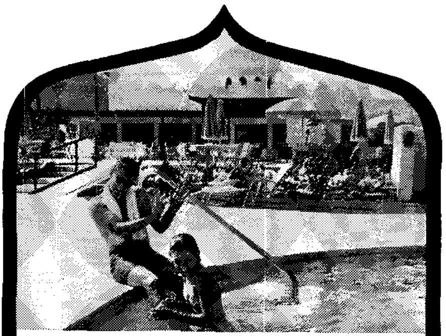
other serious sources of kitchen equipment in Manhattan, such as La Cuisinière and the Bazar Français—some things that are not sold anywhere else in town. For example: some very heavy dun-colored stoneware pieces from England that are redolent of damp English sculleries and would be nice additions to stark New York apartment kitchens. The stoneware is made by Pearsons of Chesterfield, and there are bowls, crocks, canisters, tureens, ramekins, and jugs of various sizes and shapes. I liked the mixing bowls very much. They are shaped like flowerpots and have flowerpot rims, which make them easy for the cook to grasp while beating; a bowl nine inches in diameter costs $2.89, and an enormous one, eleven inches in diameter, is $6.49. Very nice, too, are some bowls made of a lighter-weight stoneware with a shiny glaze. These utensils are golden brown on the outside and decorated with a simple relief pattern of flowers set in ovals, and they are cream-colored inside. A bowl eight and three-quarters inches in diameter costs $2.19, and a bowl nine and a half inches in diameter is $2.49. Also unique to the Carrier Cookshop, as far as I can tell, are some enamelled-stainless-steel cooking pots, made in Italy, that are not very attractive. They look more like the sort of thing you see at Plaid Stamp Redemption Centers than what you are accustomed to find at gourmet-equipment shops. The enamel is white and is decorated with blue and brown suns that have faces done in the so-called "modernistic" style, which is neither modern nor a style. However, Robert Carrier, a well-nourished, affable man, who was at the shop when I visited it, says they are excellent pots to cook in, and he ought to know, since he designed them. They are equipped with removable stainless-steel carrying handles that jut out a conveniently long distance, and their rims are thoughtfully edged with a band of steel that prevents chipping. The lid can serve as a trivet beneath the pot, and there are three sizes, seven and a half, nine, and ten and a half inches in diameter, priced at $11.99, $13.99, and $17.99. Some other noteworthy items at the Carrier Cookshop are handsome heavy-glass carafes from France, of various sizes and shapes but all rounded and uncomplicated, at from $2.59 to $4.29; stone mortar-and-pestle sets, which also come in several sizes, including a great big one, ten inches in diameter, for $19.99; long-handled wooden meat pounders from Germany, at seventy-nine cents; and



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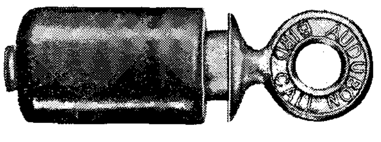

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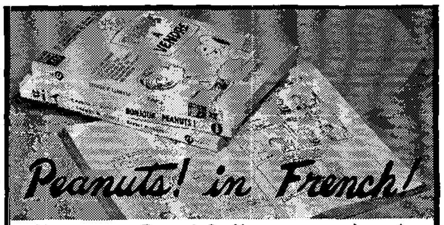

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THE people who deplore the disappearance of the crusty character and the rise of the public-relations man should pay a visit to the Bridge Company, at 498 Third Avenue (34th), after which they may decide that public-relations people aren't so bad. The proprietor of the Bridge Company is surely the least servile shopkeeper in Manhattan, and women who cry easily ought to stay out of his shop. For the thick-skinned and determined, it is a redoubtable source of kitchen equipment. The place looks like one of those cavernous old-fashioned hardware stores where the merchandise is arranged for the convenience of the proprietor rather than according to the latest findings of marketing psychology. But after a few minutes of browsing (under the cold eye of the owner) one feels disposed to buy a good deal of what one sees. The Bridge Company has a fine collection of French enamelled-cast-iron cooking utensils—enamelled cast iron, in the opinion of many cooks, is the best all-around material for pots and pans, because of the even way cast iron conducts heat and the ease with which enamel surfaces can be cleaned—that come in three colors (orange, yellow, turquoise) and a great variety of forms and sizes (fry pans, casseroles, Dutch ovens, saucepans, baking dishes). Small kitchen objects—cookie cutters, aspic molds, cream-horn cases (whatever they are), parers, corks, string, anchovy-tin keys, etc.—are stored in large glass jars along one wall, like penny candy, and they are a lovely sight. The Bridge Company sells an exemplary ten-inch omelette pan of heavy, polished cast aluminum, which it made specially for a chef named Rudolph Stanish, who is, according to a reprint bestowed upon everyone who buys a pan, "the omelette king" of the United States. The pan costs $11.95, and, as the owner dryly observed when I put to him a tentative question about its heft, "If it's good enough for Julia Child, it's good enough for you."

BAZAAR DE LA CUISINE, which opened a few years ago on East 52nd Street, has moved to larger quarters, at 160 East 55th Street, but it would have to rent a barn to look anything like spacious. The shop is crammed full of imported kitchen things (that strongly remind one of the Bazar Français downtown, which

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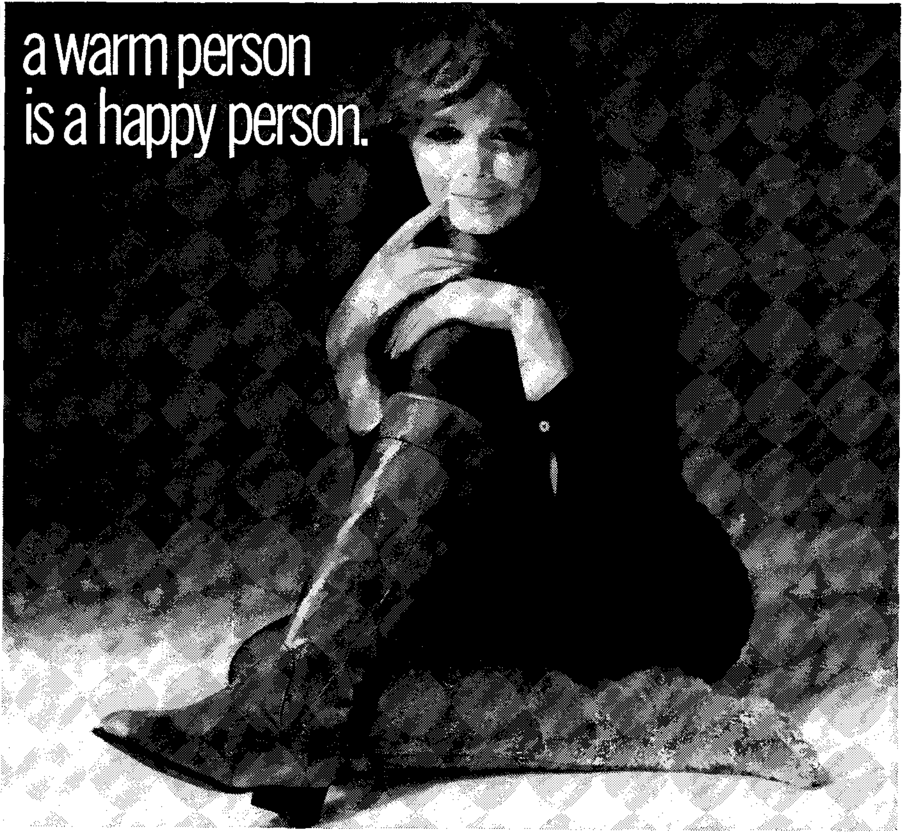

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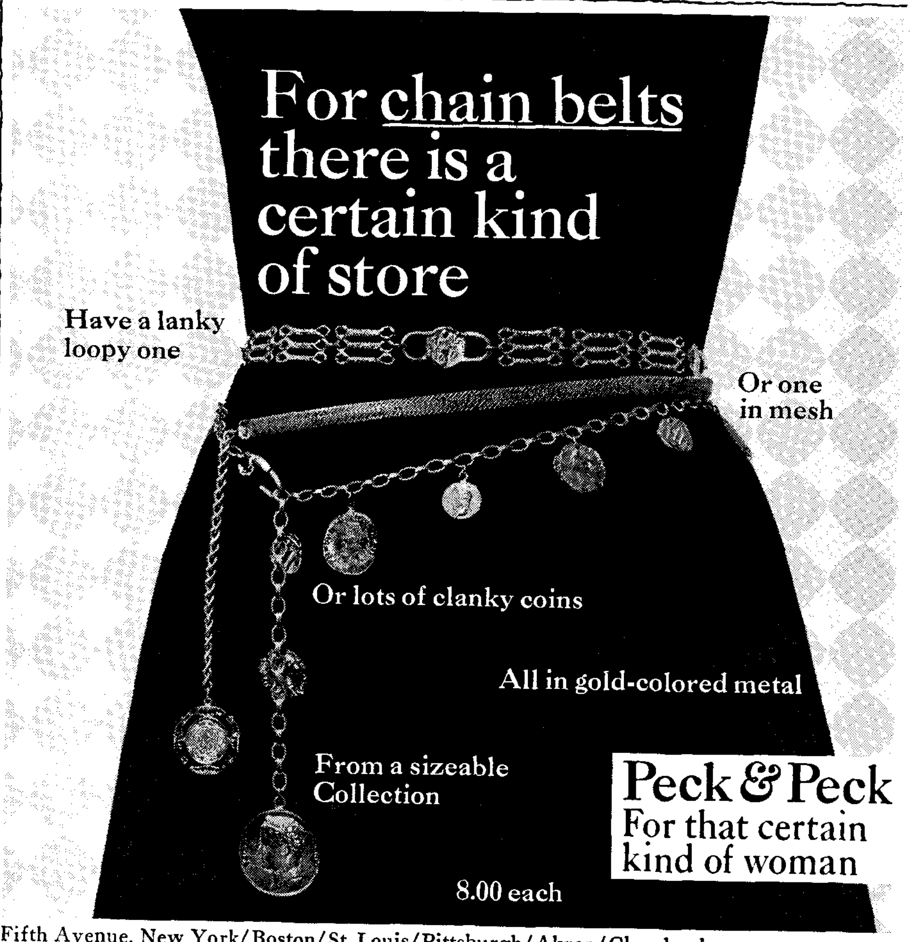

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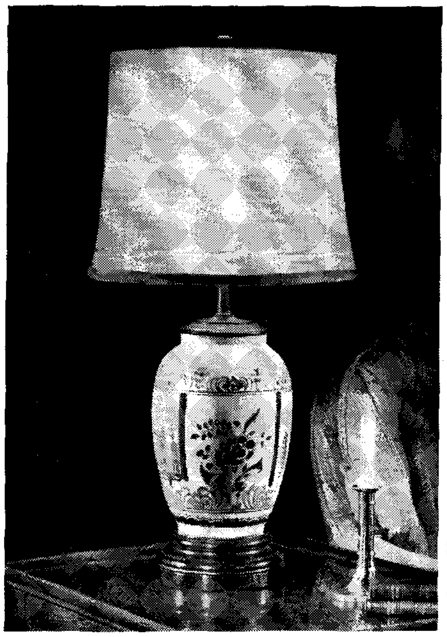

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is not surprising, since the owner used to be the manager of the Bazar Français), and it is a welcome addition to its neighborhood. On a recent visit I paid to the Bazaar de la Cuisine, my attention was called to a new gadget known as a *support à bain-marie*, which costs $1.45 and can make a double boiler out of any pot. It is a metal trivet with V-shaped feet which you put into a pot of water and can set any smaller pot on top of. It's the sort of thing any idiot could think of *but only a genius does.* Another object that many of us could use, but few own, is a small oven pan, for cooking small roasts. The Bazaar de la Cuisine offers an aluminum pan with handles that is a nice ten inches long, seven inches wide, and two inches deep, and costs $4.95; it comes from France, and is also available in larger sizes. A "steamette" ($2), a collapsible round, perforated metal device for steaming vegetables, is of small use to the cook who has become privy to what Julia Child and her fellow-authors of "Mastering the Art of French Cooking" call "the great secret of French green-vegetable cookery," which is to drop vegetables by handfuls into an enormous quantity—seven or eight quarts—of boiling water before doing anything else to them, but it's great (says the owner of Bazaar de la Cuisine) for warming up pastrami sandwiches. After all the *quiches* and *quenelles* and *mousses à l'orange* we have to eat in order to master the art, a pastrami sandwich sounds good beyond belief. —J. M.

•

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Deeps and Shallows

IT is not often that one is privileged to be present at the world première of a really important symphony, as I was last week when Karl Weigl's Fifth, subtitled "Apocalyptic," was presented in Carnegie Hall. (I think I can refer to the occasion as the première, even though I attended the second performance, which was given on Monday night.) The symphony was completed in 1945, and we owe its disinterment to Leopold Stokowski's unerring nose for significant new works. It was performed under his baton by the American Symphony Orchestra. Weigl, whom few people have probably ever heard of, was an Austrian composer in the tradition of Bruckner; when Hitler came to power, he fled his native land and settled in the United States, where he taught and composed until his death, in 1949. Unlike more celebrated émigrés, he was not addicted to serial techniques but wrote in a serious musical language capable of great expressiveness and under considerable debt to the past. His "Apocalyptic" Symphony is a sombre, spacious, noble composition divided into four movements, entitled "Evocation," "The Dance Around the Golden Calf," "Paradise Lost," and "The Four Horsemen." If there is a suggestion of the Decline of the West in these titles, the music itself fails to bear it out. A streak of optimism in the composer's nature apparently confined his music to the eloquent rather than the language of protest, and we have in this symphony one of the last products of the great Austrian school of symphonic writing. One would expect in this context a close relationship to the music of Gustav Mahler, but there is none. There are echoes of Bruckner and echoes of the Schoenberg of "Verklärte Nacht," but the general style is quite original, relying on contrapuntal complexity to get its message across. It has the characteristic, typical of most great symphonies—particularly those of the Bruckner school—of a large, onward-marching mechanism, and even its lyric slow movement is heavily decorated with counterpoint. There is nothing flashy or superficial about it. This kind of music achieves public acceptance slowly, as the symphonies of

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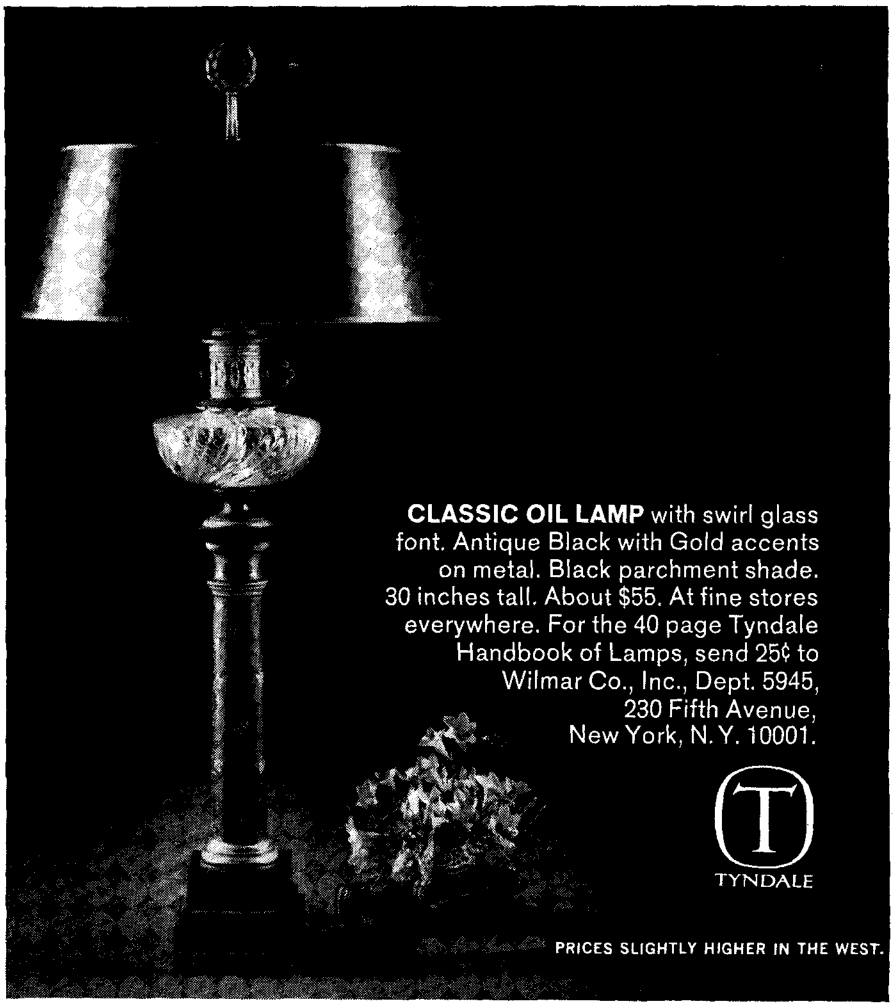

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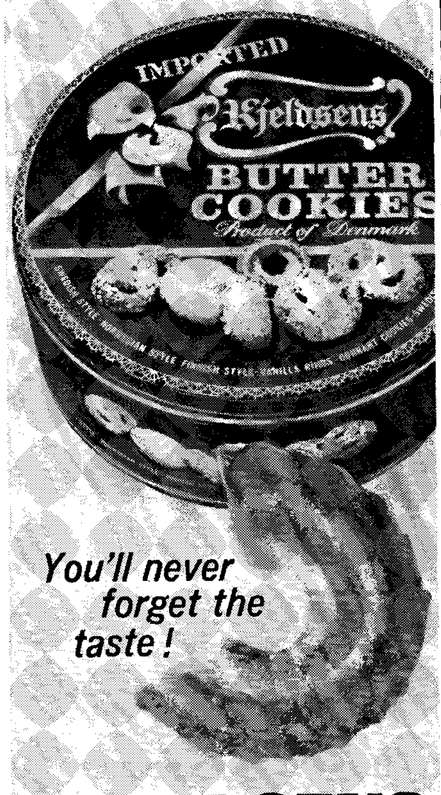

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Bruckner and Mahler did. The audience was enormously enthusiastic. But I expect that it will take some time for Weigl to be fully appreciated. Only repeated hearings will clarify all his musical thoughts.

LAST Tuesday night, Eugene Ormandy brought the Philadelphia Orchestra to Philharmonic Hall and presented another new symphony—new, at least, to New York: Hans Werner Henze's Third. Since Henze is widely regarded as a wonder boy of contemporary symphonic music, I looked forward to the performance as a new adventure. But I was severely disappointed. Henze's symphony, like Weigl's, is divided into movements with literary titles—"Invocation to Apollo," "Dithyramb," and "Dance of Conjuration." It is brilliantly orchestrated, generally atonal in style, reminiscent here and there of the Stravinsky of "Petrouchka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps," and—to me, anyway—totally superficial. I could find nothing in it except that brilliant orchestration. One could not say of it, as one *can* say of so many contemporary works in this genre, that it recalls the Emperor's new clothes; on the contrary, it recalls some clothes without any Emperor.

To start off this program, Mr. Ormandy conducted the suite from Bartók's ballet "The Wooden Prince," an item that is seldom done hereabouts and that has some claims to our attention. But it set me to thinking about the number of twentieth-century "ballets" that have become concert items rather than ballet scores simply because they do *not* invite choreography. "The Wooden Prince" is, in this respect, very much like Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps"—not to mention a dozen less important scores. Everybody plays them but nobody dances them—or hardly anybody. The reason is quite plain. The composer in each case has conceived his ballet as a narrative, or pantomime, and narrative and pantomime have become something of a bore in ballet. Successful ballets conceived by composers have, as a rule, been modest affairs, like Tchaikovsky's, in which plenty of leeway has been given, via set numbers, to elegant movements of the human body. After all, that is what ballet is about.

THE remaining New York première of the week occurred during the concert of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, which appeared in Carnegie

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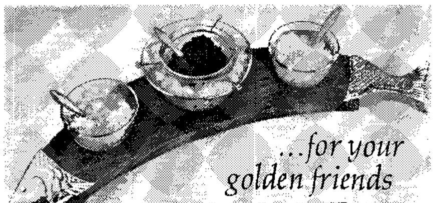

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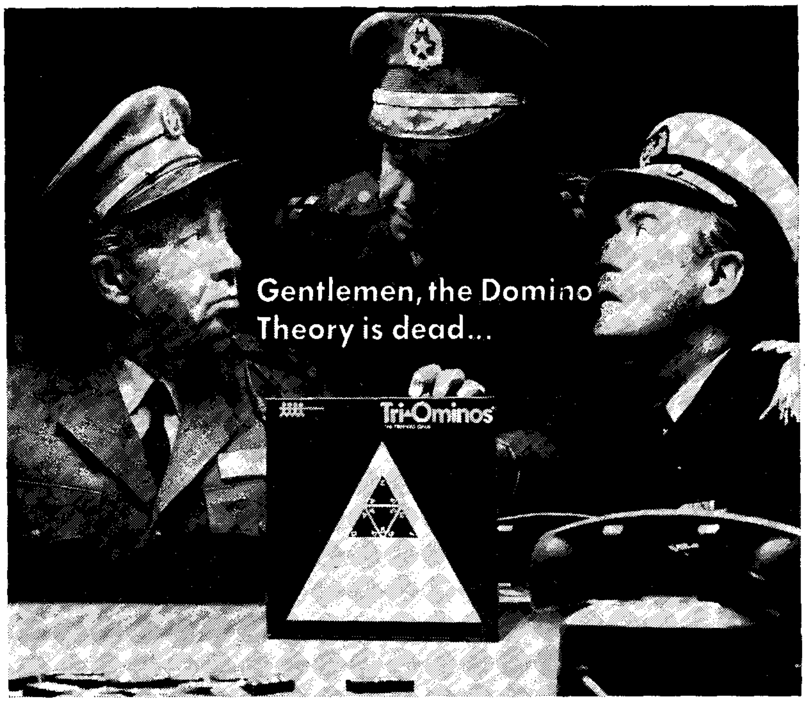
Hall last Friday night under the baton of Sixten Ehrling. It was "Fra Angelico," Opus 220, by Alan Hovhaness. Mr. Hovhaness is perhaps the most difficult of American composers to put into a category. His work is highly individual. He does not write symphonies in the usual sense of the term. One could call him an impressionist because of his remarkable feeling for orchestral color, but the designation won't do because all that lovely color is supported by sturdy lines in the melody and the bass, which give his music a strong structural skeleton. "Fra Angelico" was written as a tribute to that early-fifteenth-century artist, "who painted in the Eastern spirit"—and it is not difficult to see what the composer means, for what he is referring to is mysticism, an essentially Oriental quality of mind. The work is an essay in celestial harmonies, magnificent in concept, visionary in content, and quite moving to hear. There is a sort of golden sunlight that permeates every measure, and there are melodies of vaguely Asian character that penetrate this sunlight, like religious hymns sung in some far-off place. There is a certain amount of aleatoric, or chance, music here and there, but the structure of the work is entirely tonal, or perhaps one should say "modal," because of the frequent use of Oriental scales. To my mind, "Fra Angelico" is one of Mr. Hovhaness' finest works. The audience applauded so enthusiastically that the composer came out three times to take a bow.

The next item on the program was Chopin's F-Minor Piano Concerto—the "other" Chopin concerto, which is the more rarely performed—and the soloist was Maurizio Pollini, an artist whose Chopin recordings have been much praised. He is a pianist with a brilliant technique, and Chopin's fireworks were dashed off flawlessly. I missed, however, any deep feeling for the music, and I thought much of his playing slightly glib. During this performance, Mr. Ehrling showed himself to be one of the most accomplished of orchestral accompanists.

WHEN Herbert von Karajan comes to the Metropolitan Opera, as he did last Thursday night, to conduct "Die Walküre," we are presented with an event unusual in the Met's recent history; namely, the appearance of a master conductor in the pit. Moreover, Mr. Karajan is the total director of his productions—something that occurs now and then, and should occur more often, for nobody knows as



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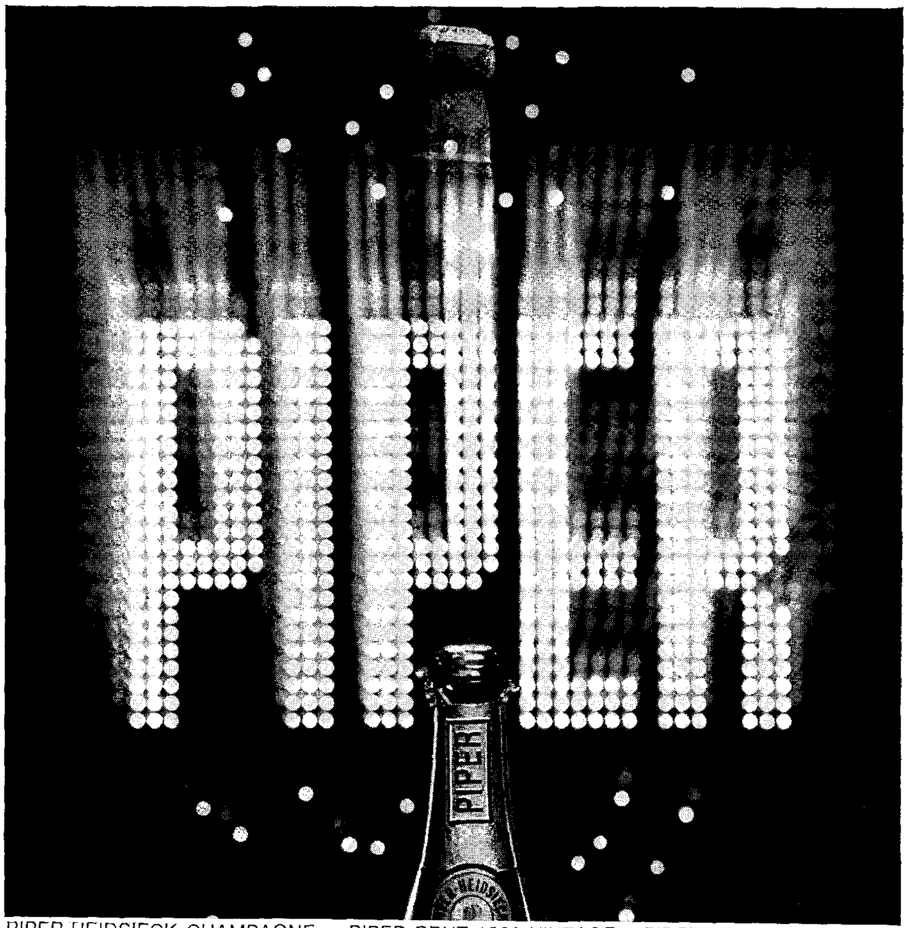

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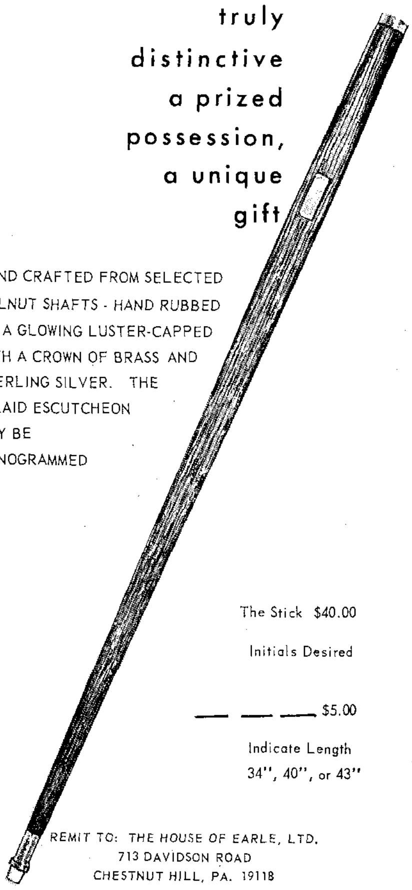

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much about opera as a master conductor. The opera was done very much as it was last season, with that curiously appearing and disappearing ring for the characters to walk on, and that first-act tree, which I have learned to accept but which still puzzles me in one respect: Are those queer semicircular branches supposed to represent the horns of the helmet Hunding used to wear, or are they parts of another ring that meet way above the proscenium? Anyhow, we had Mr. Karajan's conception of "Die Walküre"—a dark, mysterious affair, smoothly and reticently performed. There was none of the vigor that Artur Bodanzky brought to Metropolitan "Die Walküre"s in the golden age of Flagstad and Melchior, but there was coherence in the score, which was marred toward the beginning only by some very poor attacks in the brass. Perhaps Mr. Karajan was adjusting his rather delicate orchestral tone to the voices of some of his singers. Not all of them had the ideal amount of power for Wagner, though all of them sang like angels. Birgit Nilsson was the Brünnhilde, Christa Ludwig the Fricka, Jon Vickers the Siegmund, Martti Talvela the Hunding, and Thomas Stewart the Wotan. Régine Crespin was brought into the cast as a substitute for Gundula Janowitz in the role of Sieglinde, and she was no mere substitute. I have never heard the role more warmly and beautifully sung.

MY colleagues are at swords' points with me over my approval of Frank Corsaro's ending for Gounod's "Faust," in which Marguerite is executed instead of being borne bodily to Heaven. The argument has some parallels with the argument about the Bodily Assumption of the Virgin, which exercised Vatican circles some fifteen years ago. Theologically, the problem can be stated as follows: Does Marguerite, who is a mere mortal (and a sinner, at that), go bodily to Heaven while the backstage chorus sings about God's forgiveness, or does her soul go to Heaven while her body pays its mortal penalty? I am for the latter interpretation, which is Mr. Corsaro's. One word of warning: I am told that the second cast in this "Faust" is disappointing. If you go, be sure that you get Beverly Sills and Norman Treigle.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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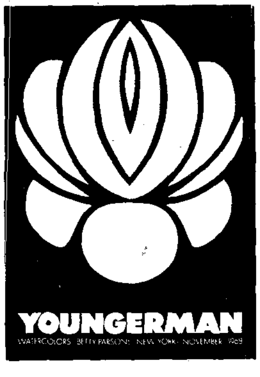

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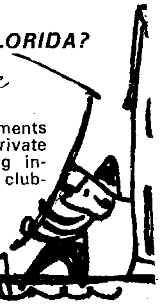

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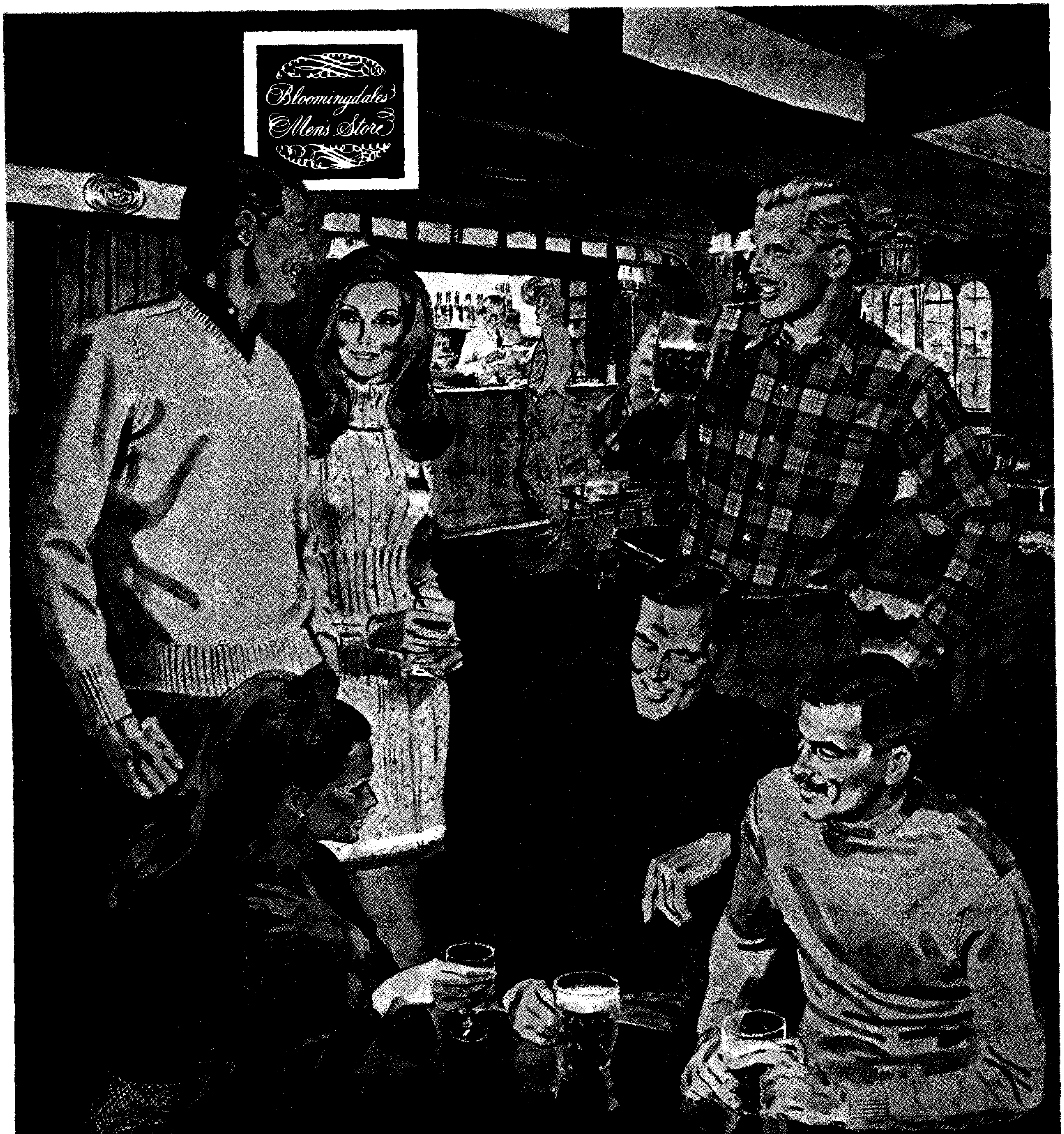

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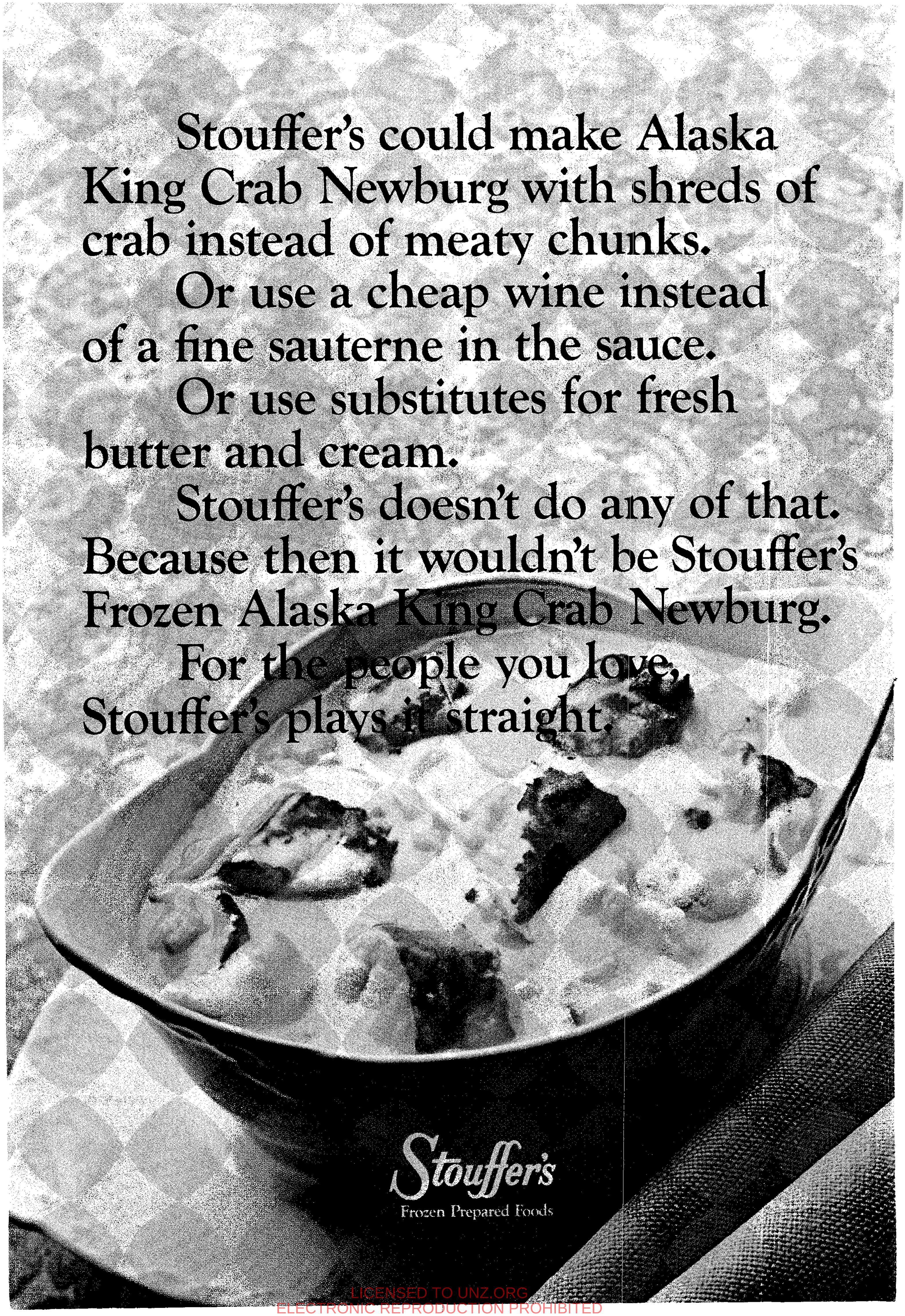

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The shadow of her profile lay stringent
Across the step of curb—
A styptic etch against his blood,

And he silent beside her,
Lesions pale in the scars
Of his limp hands.

The baby, against
The breathing of her breast,
Watched, with black eyes
From under a ruffled lamb-chop hat;

The bus passengers walk
Arranged oblivion in and out.

They did not talk.
She yielded him nothing but rigid back,
Her neck a carved anger of tendons
Where the black down murmured.

God, what had he done
That could not be darned with tears?

She sat lizard dry.
Road and railroad ran through her head.
The land ate red
To a frail mirage of mountains.

He raised his head
And with a gentleness of hand
Hesitant as settling dust
Stroked the curve of her neck.

His motion was only man to woman.
It was not enough.
Her silhouette, knifed out of sunlight,
Fell into the gutter.

The passengers walked over it,
And she was mute as snake skin.

If he had cast himself into his own
Shadow under the bus wheel
She would not have wept
Or cracked her parched profile

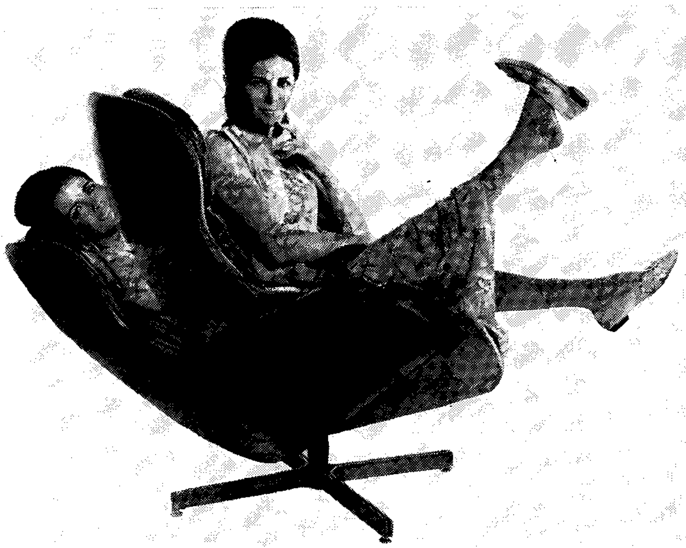
Until night erased it
Or the baby gummed a pale cry.

He reached out again,
A cramped consent of fingers
Down her shoulder.

His arm opening
To press the baby's head against
The hollow of her collarbone
Scythed back into his breath.

Across a red scorch to mountains
She shattered on the pavement.

—KAREN SWENSON



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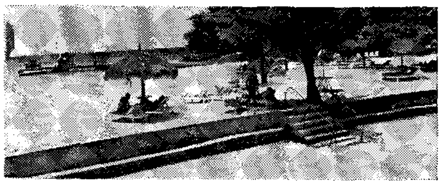

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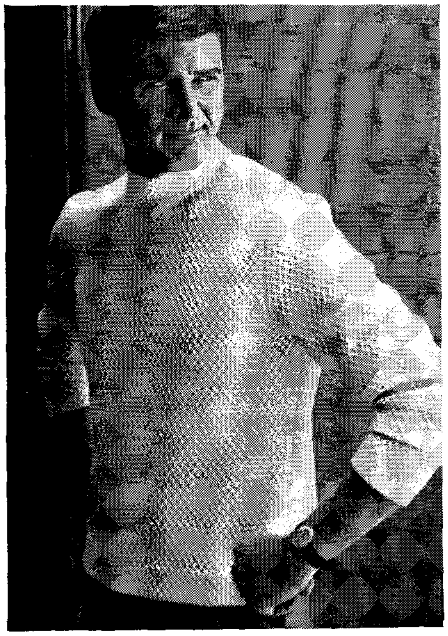

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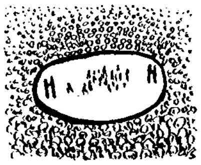

Tinker to Evers to Chance—there was a combine broken up only by old age, and not, as their detractors have it, because Tinker and Evers left nothing to Chance. Dowling to Hill to Weinstein is the magnificent Yale combine. They and their playmates do leave things to chance, and a chance left even to this year's Dartmouth is a dangerous thing; last Saturday, Dartmouth took two Yale long shots—a misplayed punt and a misthrown pass—into its own hands and racked up touchdowns, and it racked up two more on just dint and perseverance. But Yale, exuberant to a fault (such as the gifts just now cited), knew all along—even when it was only 14–13 in the lead—that it had the power and the glory to win whenever it wanted to, and it ran up seven touchdowns to a count of 47–27. "Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better" is a song that Irving Berlin could just as well have written for Yale as for Ethel Merman. Still, it was the match of the week, for Dartmouth, coming off a poorish encounter against Harvard, performed splendidly, too, despite all the walking wounded at home in Hanover, and the junior Koenig, now seconded to the sophomore Chasey at quarterback, put on perhaps the best show of his career in rebuttal to his demotion. Too bad, though, that he didn't have one of the non-walking wounded, Mlakar, at his side; devoted football buffs will not easily forget the sight of that ghost casting a long, grim shadow athwart the afternoon landscape as he drifted downfield in search of one more Dartmouth touchdown. Nothing more need be said in homage to Dowling as field general, but something must be said again in favor of Hill, who, no matter how bulky, can go way up into the air in pursuit of the Dowling passes that go over the heads of Hill's hecklers.

Hill leaps like Steele, the Army end who can high-jump six feet ten in track-and-field meets. Steele's jumps for Lindell's passes nearly brought off an Army triumph over Penn State, now the toughest ticket in the East, at State College on Saturday. But Army's misplaying of an onside kick of its own cost it one touchdown; next, the elfin bounce of a Penn State kick—it hit an Army man who was backing away

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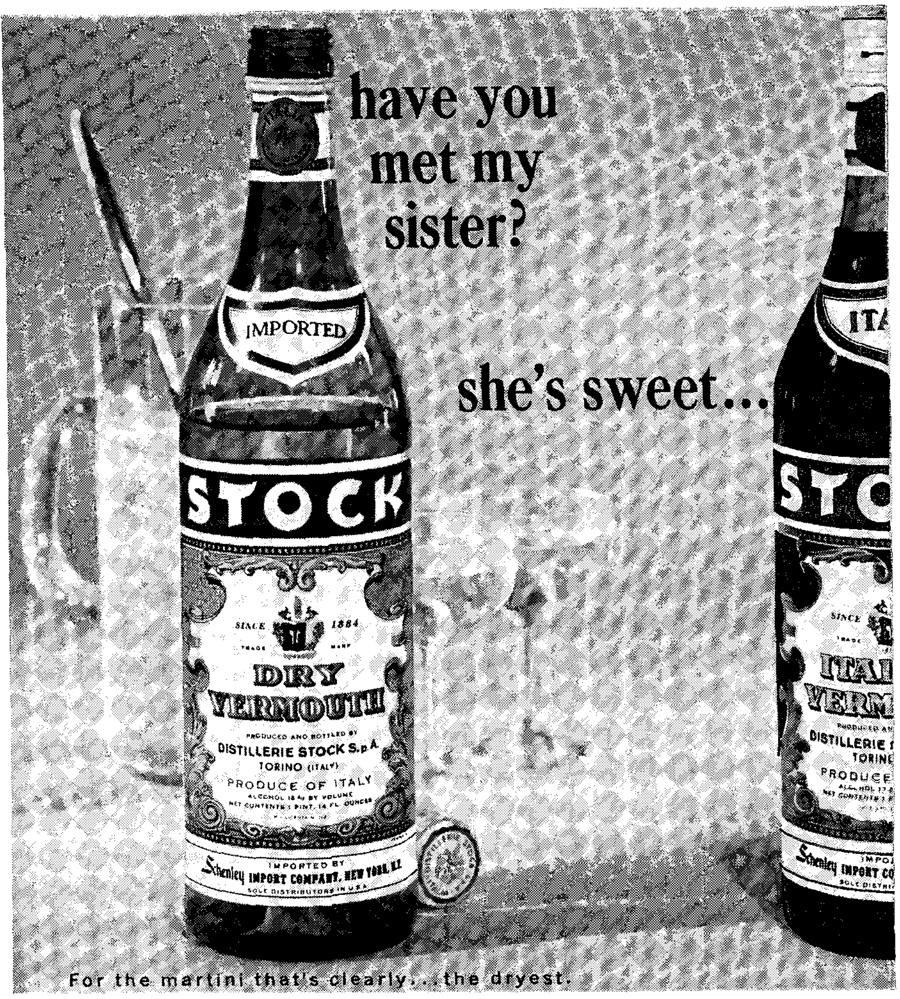
from it—put the ball up for grabs, and Penn State grabbed it, for another touchdown. Yale could afford to misplay against Dartmouth; Army couldn't against Penn State. The count: a tight 28–24. But the likelihood that Army will lose again this fall is small, and Army's credit as a big-league performer remains large. . . . Musick, the Cornell coach, brooding in his tent after his team bowed, 34–25, to Columbia, spoke as follows: Cornell lost six offensive linemen by graduation, including Murphy, now a prize-winning catcher on a Boston Patriots farm team; this season's ends can't run good pass patterns, and the team can't come up often enough with a valid third-down play; Zak's knee was knocked off center in the match with Harvard. (Zak did get to perform against Columbia, though, and looked great.) Columbia often gives up deception now; Domres stands alone behind the line, and the three other backs are flankers, so a pass play is automatically signalled. Just the same, Domres keeps on setting records; his best is throwing forty-four times against Cornell without losing the ball once to the enemy. A scout for the San Diego Chargers could be seen nodding an approving head. Domres had to do nearly everything—move the ball fifteen out of sixteen tries for one touchdown, eleven out of twelve for another. Navarro, the Columbia coach, may be the best sidelines walker in the Ivy League; students of this non-Olympic Games event say he beats Cozza, the Yale coach, by a country (or Williamstown, Mass.) mile. . . . A Philadelphia seeing eye thinks Harvard did the best scouting job on Zbrzeznj this season; Harvard, winning 28–6 on Saturday, had Pennsylvania (which is to say Zbrzeznj) in hand, and in its hands, most of the afternoon, and set up an effective picket line against his catchers. That left Penn to its running game—which is to say Santini, and he is not yet a Hill or a Dowling. . . . Wasn't it clever of Colgate to come up smiling after a bad afternoon against Brown and knock off Lehigh, 27–11? And wasn't it a surprise that Princeton, lacking MacBean and Hantz and Lips, could—using its present formula (individual initiative rather than teamwork)—knock off (50–7) a resurgent Brown, once again with Wormith et al. in condition? And wasn't it clever of the pro schedule to bring the Baltimore Colts, for the first time in forever, to Yankee Stadium, so that we and the Giants could see what has been missing since they traded Morrall to the Colts?

—J. W. L.



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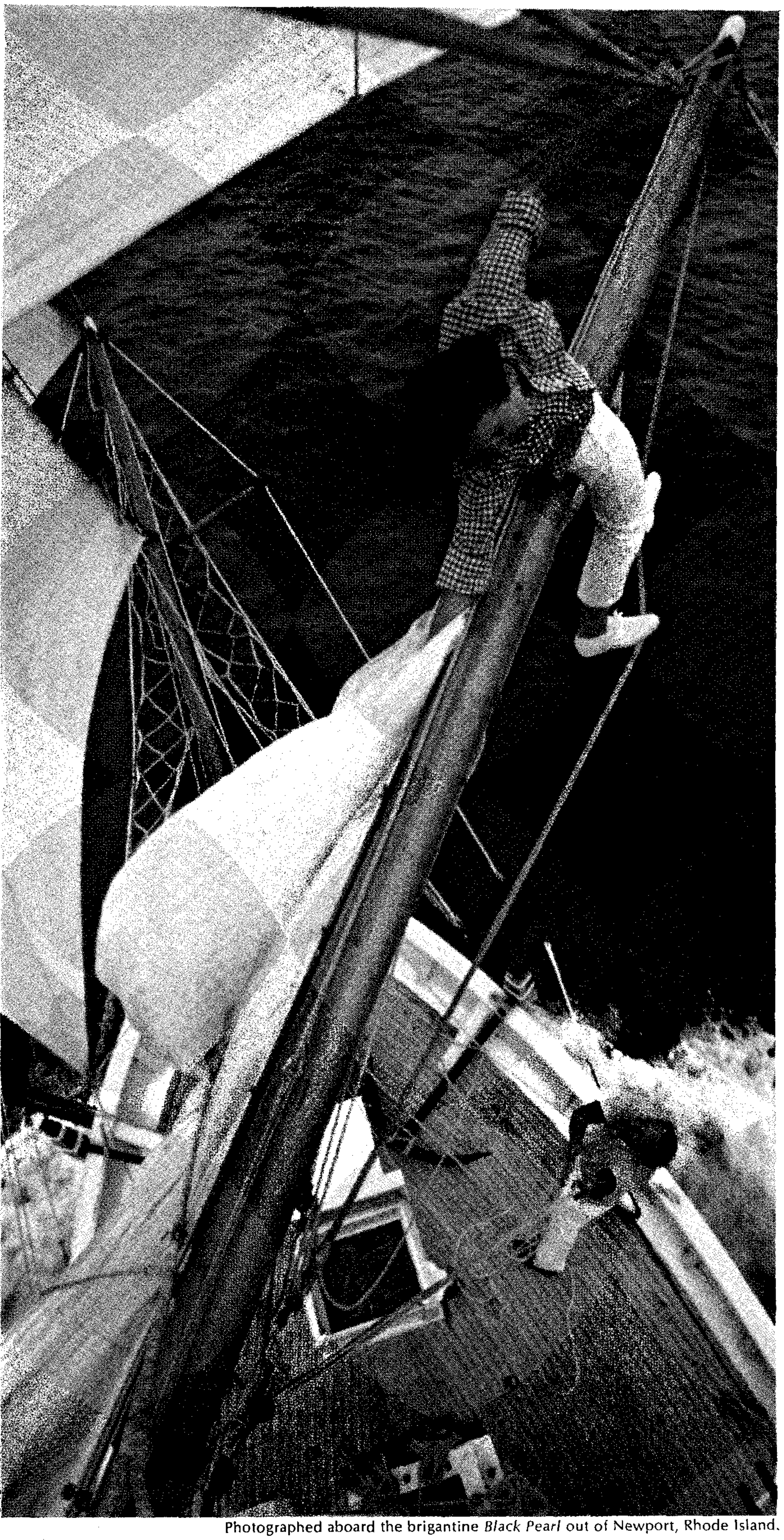

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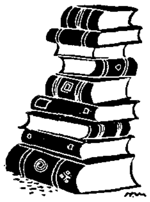
BOOKS

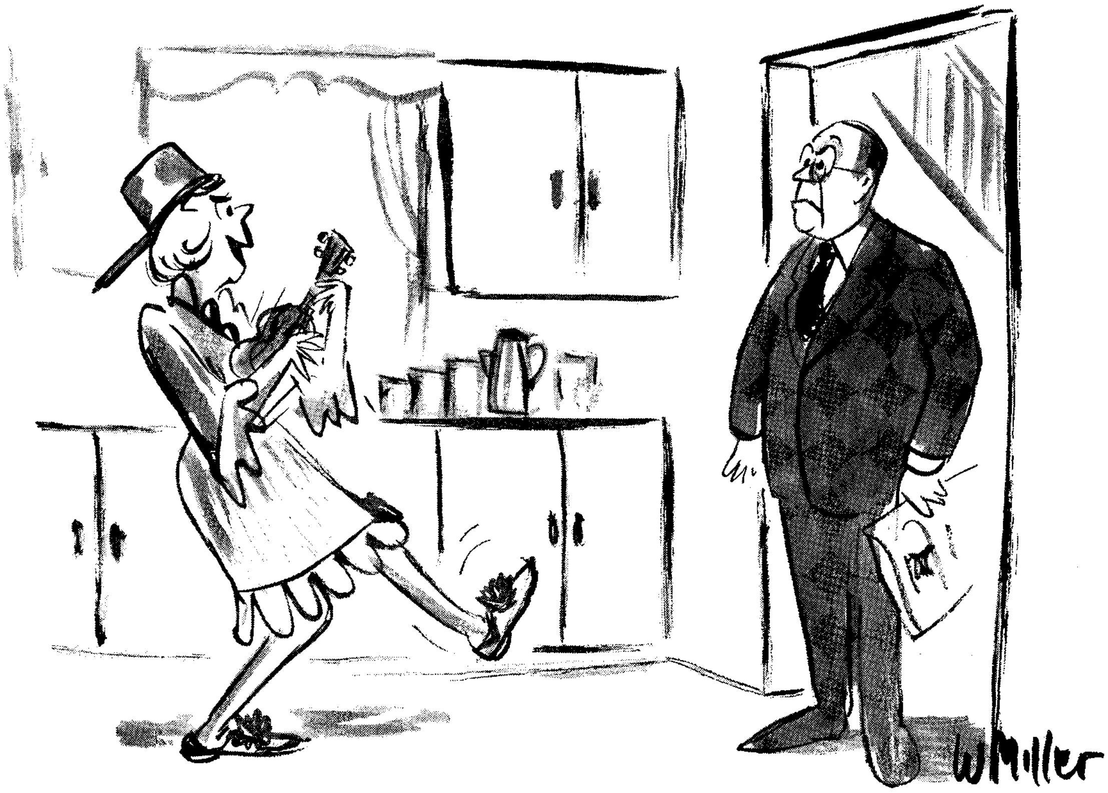
ISAK DINESEN: 1885-1962

Les grandes passions sont rares comme les chefs-d'œuvre.—*Balzac.*



THE Baroness Karen Blixen-Finecke, née Karen Christentze Dinesen—called Tanne by her family, and Tania first by her lover and then by her friends—was the Danish woman author of rare distinction who wrote in English out of loyalty to her dead lover's language and, in the spirit of good old-fashioned coquetry, half hid, half revealed her authorship by prefixing to her maiden name the male pseudonym Isak, meaning the one who laughs. Laughter was supposed to take care of several rather troublesome problems, the least serious of which, perhaps, was her firm conviction that it was not very becoming for a woman to be an author, and hence a public figure—that the light that illuminated the public scene was much too harsh to be flattering. She had had some experience in this matter, since her mother had been a suffragette, active in the fight for woman's suffrage in Denmark, and probably one of those excellent women who never tempt a man to seduce them. When Isak Dinesen was twenty, she wrote some short stories, which were published, and was encouraged to go on, but she decided not to. She "never once wanted to be a writer," she said later. She "had an intuitive fear of being trapped," and every profession, because it invariably assigned one a definite role in life, would have been a trap, shielding her against the infinite possibilities of life itself. She was in her late forties when she began to write professionally, and was close to fifty when her first book, "Seven Gothic Tales," appeared. By that time, she had come to believe (as we know from her story "The Dreamers") that the chief trap in life was one's own identity ("I will not be one person again. . . . Never again will I have my heart and my whole life bound up with one woman"), and that the best advice to give one's friends—for instance, Marcus Cocoza in the story—was not to worry "too much about Marcus Cocoza," for this meant being "really his slave and his prisoner." Hence, the trap was not so much writing or professional writing as taking oneself seriously and identifying the woman with the author, whose identity was confirmed, inescapably, in public. That grief over having lost her life and her lover in Africa should have made her a writer and given her a sort of second life was best understood as a joke, and "God loves a joke" became her maxim in the latter part of her life. (She loved such mottoes to live by, and had started with "*Navigare necesse est, vivere non necesse est*," later to adopt the device of her lover Denys Finch-Hatton's family crest, "*Je responderay*"—"I shall give account.")

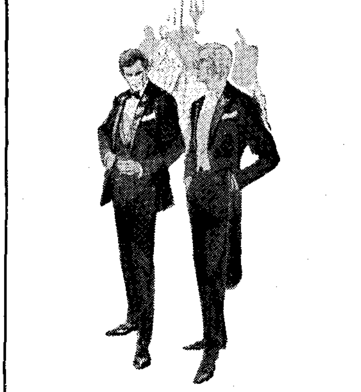
But it was more than the fear of being trapped that caused her, in interview after interview, to defend herself emphatically against the common notion that she was a born writer, a "creative artist." The truth was that she had never felt any ambition or particular urge to write, let alone *be* a writer; the little writing she had done in Africa could be dismissed, as it had served only—"in times of drought," in every sense—to disperse her worries about her farm, and to relieve her boredom when no other work could be done. Only once—much later, during the Second World War—had she "created some fiction to make money," and though this fiction, the novel "The Angelic Avengers," did make some money, it turned out to be "terrible." No, she had started writing in earnest simply because she "had to make a living" and "could do only two things, cook and . . . perhaps write." How to cook she had learned in Paris and, later, in Africa, in order to please her friends, and she had taught herself how to tell stories, in order to entertain friends and natives alike. Had she been able to stay in Africa, she would never have become a writer. "*Moi, je suis une conteuse, et rien qu'une conteuse. C'est l'histoire elle-même qui m'intéresse, et la façon de la raconter*," she wrote. All she needed to begin with was life and the world—almost



"Good morning, Mr. Grumpy.
It's another cheery day,
Which you will no doubt curdle
In your very special way."

any kind of world or milieu. The world is full of stories, of strange happenings that only wait to be told, and the reason they usually remain untold is, according to Isak Dinesen, lack of imagination, for only if you can imagine what has happened anyhow—repeat it in imagination—will you see the stories, and only if you have the patience to tell and retell them (*"Je me les raconte et re-raconte"*) will you be able to tell them well. This, of course, she had done all her life, but not in order to become an artist—not even to become one of the wise old professional storytellers we find in her books. Without repeating life in imagination, you can never be fully alive; "lack of imagination" prevents people from "existing." "Be loyal to the story," one of her storytellers admonishes *the young, "be eternally and unswervingly* loyal to the story"—an adjuration that means no less than: Be loyal to life, don't create fiction but accept what life is giving you, show yourself worthy of whatever it may be by recollecting it and pondering over it, *thus repeating it in imagination, for this* is the way to remain alive. And to live in the sense of being fully alive had early become, and remained to the end, her only aim and desire: "My life, I will not let you go except you bless me, but then I will let you go." The reward of storytelling is to be able to let go: "When the storyteller is loyal . . . to the story, there, in the end, silence will speak. Where the story has been betrayed, silence is but emptiness. But we, the faithful, when we have spoken our last word, will hear the voice of silence."

This, to be sure, needs skill, and in this sense storytelling not only is part of living but can be an art in its own right. To become an artist also needs time and a certain detachment from the intoxicating business of sheer living, which, perhaps, only one who is born an artist can manage. In the case of Isak Dinesen, anyhow, there is a sharp line dividing her life from her afterlife as an author. It was only after she lost what had constituted her life—her home in Africa and her lover—and returned to her family home, Rungstedlund, a complete "failure," with nothing in her hands except grief and sorrow and memories, that she became the artist and the "success" she would never have become otherwise. "God loves a joke," and divine jokes, as the Greeks knew well, are often cruel ones. What she then did was unique in contemporary literature, though it could be matched by certain nineteenth-cen-



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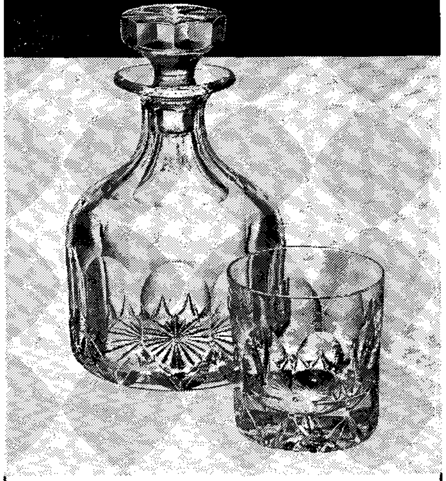

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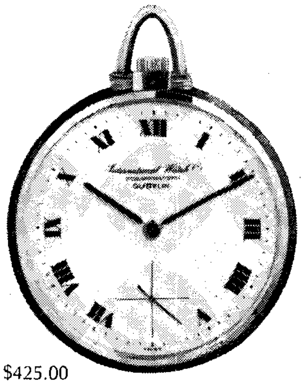

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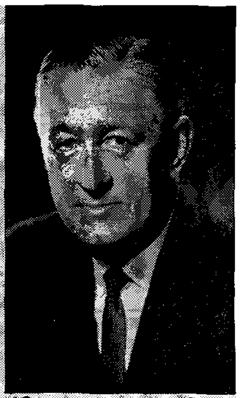

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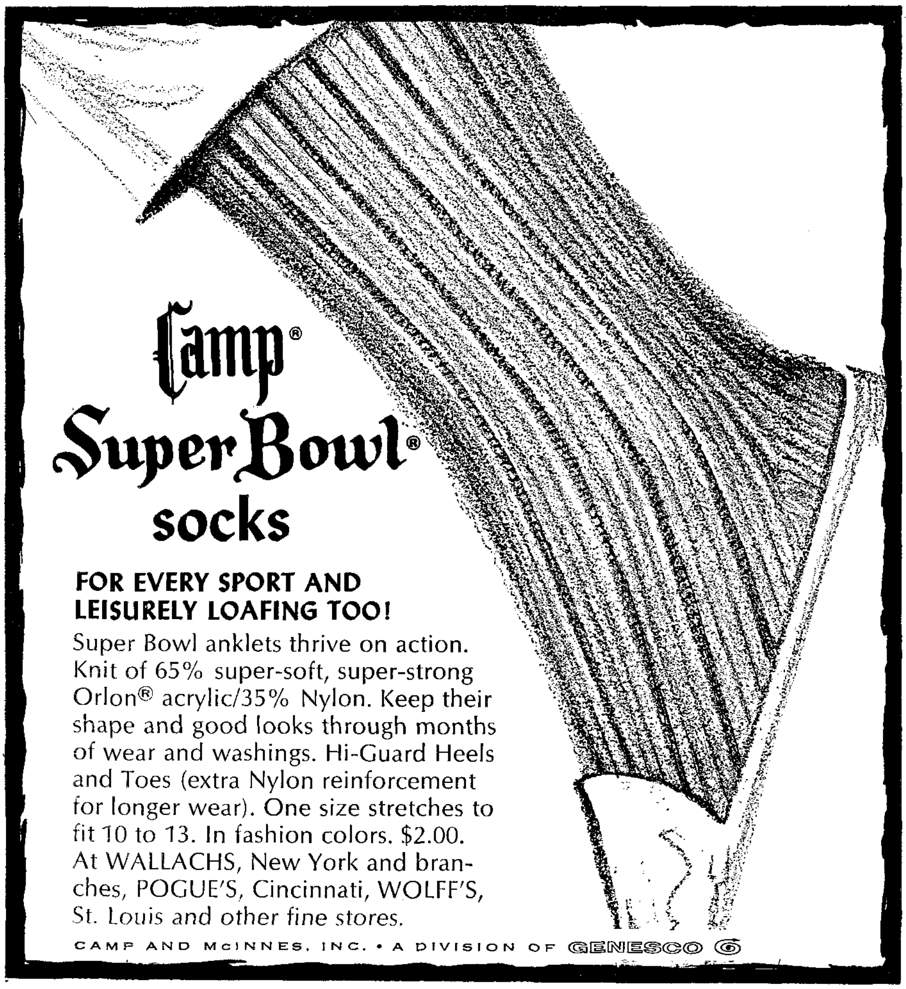
tury writers; Heinrich Kleist's anecdotes and short stories, and some tales of Johann Peter Hebel, especially "Unverhofftes Wiedersehen," come to mind. Eudora Welty has described it definitively, in one short sentence of utter precision: "Of a story she made an essence; of the essence she made an elixir; and of the elixir she began once more to compound the story."

The connection of an artist's life with his work has always raised embarrassing questions, and our eagerness to see recorded, displayed, and discussed in public what were once strictly private affairs and nobody's business is probably less legitimate than our curiosity is ready to admit. Unfortunately, the questions one is bound to raise about Parmenia Migel's biography "Titania: The Biography of Isak Dinesen" (Random House) are not of this order. To say that Miss Migel's writing is nondescript is putting it kindly, and although five years spent in research supposedly yielded "enough material . . . for a monumental work," we hardly ever get more than quotations drawn either from books about and published interviews with the subject or from "Isak Dinesen: A Memorial," edited by Clara Svendsen, which Random House issued in 1965. The few facts revealed here for the first time are treated with a sloppy nonworkmanship that any copy editor should have been able to spot. (A man who is about to commit suicide, the subject's father, cannot very well be said to have "some premonition . . . of his approaching death." On page 36 we are told that her first love should "remain nameless," but he doesn't; on page 210 we learn who he was. We are informed in passing that her father "had sympathized with the Communards and had leftist leanings," and are told, through the voice of an aunt, that "he was profoundly saddened by the horrors he had witnessed during the Paris Commune." A disabused man, we would conclude if we did not know from the above-mentioned memorial volume that he had later written a book of memoirs "in which . . . he rendered justice to the patriotism and idealism of the 'communards.' " His son, in the same volume, confirms his sympathy with the Commune and adds that "in parliament his party was the Left.") Worse than the sloppiness is the wrongheaded *délicatesse* applied to what is by far the most relevant new fact the book contains—the subject's venereal infection. The husband from whom she was divorced but whose name and title she kept (for "the satis-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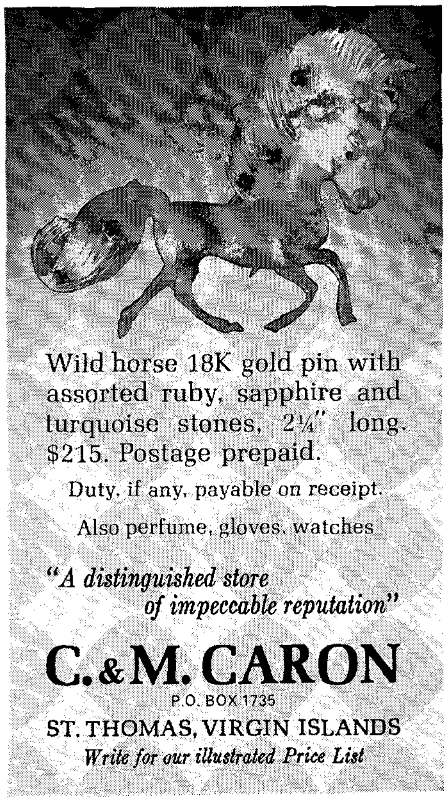

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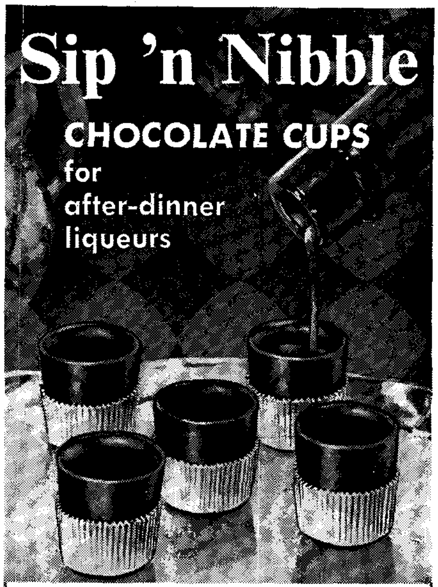
faction of being addressed as 'Baroness,' " as her biographer suggests?) had "left her a legacy of illness," from whose consequences she suffered all her life. Her medical history would indeed have been of considerable interest; her secretary relates to what an extent her later life was consumed by "a heroic fight against the overwhelming odds of illness . . . like one human being trying to stem an avalanche." And worst of all is the occasional, rather innocent impertinence, so typical of the professional adorers to be found surrounding most celebrities: Hemingway, who had quite generously said in his acceptance speech for the Nobel Prize that it should have been given to "that beautiful writer Isak Dinesen," "could not help envying [Tania's] poise and sophistication," and needed "to kill in order to prove his manhood, in order to extirpate the insecurity which he never did really conquer." All these flaws in "Titania" would not need pointing out, and the whole enterprise would best be passed over in silence, if it were not for the unhappy fact that Isak Dinesen herself (or was it the Baroness Karen Blixen?) commissioned, as it were, this biography, spent hours and days with Miss Migel to provide her with information, and, shortly before her death, reminded her once more of "*my* book," exacting a promise that it would be finished "as soon as I die." Well, neither vanity nor the need for adoration—the sad substitute for the supreme confirmation of one's existence which only mutual love can give—belongs among the mortal sins, but either is an unsurpassed prompter when we need suggestions for making fools of ourselves.

No one, obviously, could have told the story of Isak Dinesen's life as she herself might have told it, and the question of why she did not write an autobiography is as fascinating as it is unanswerable. (What a pity that her biographer apparently never asked her this obvious question!) For "Out of Africa," which is often called autobiographical, is singularly reticent—silent on almost all the issues that her biographer would be bound to raise. It tells us nothing of the unhappy marriage and the divorce, and only the careful reader will learn from it that Denys Finch-Hatton was more than a friend and regular visitor. The book is, as Robert Langbaum, by far her best critic, has pointed out, "an authentic pastoral, perhaps the best prose pastoral of our time," and because it is a pastoral, and not dramatic in the least—not even in the narration of Denys



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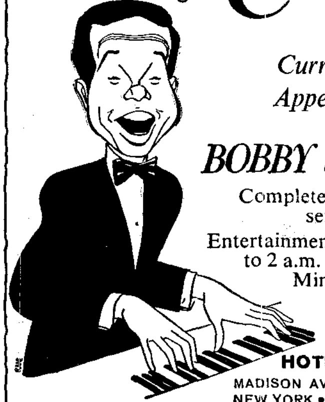

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Finch-Hatton's death in an airplane crash and of the last, desolate weeks when she was sitting in empty rooms on packed cases—it can incorporate many stories but only hint, by the most tenuous, rarefied allusions, at the underlying story of a *grande passion*, which was then, and probably remained to the end, the source of her storytelling. Neither in Africa nor at any other time of her life did she hide anything; she must have been proud, one gathers, to be the mistress of this man, who in her descriptions remains curiously lifeless. But in "Out of Africa" she admits the relationship only by implication. He "had no other home in Africa than the farm, he lived in my house between his Safaris," and when he came back, the house "gave out what was in it; it spoke—as the coffee-plantations speak, when with the first showers of the rainy season they flower." Then "the things of the farm [were] all telling what they really were." And she, having "made up many [stories] while he had been away," would be "sitting on the floor, crosslegged like Scheherazade herself."

When she called herself Scheherazade in this setting, she meant more than the literary critics did who later echoed the epithet, more than simply that she was a storyteller, more than the "*Moi, je suis une conteuse, et rien qu'une conteuse.*" The Thousand and One Nights—whose "stories she placed above everything else"—were not merely whiled away with the telling of tales; they produced three male children. And her lover, who "when he came to the farm . . . would ask: 'Have you got a story?,' " was not unlike the Arabian king who, "being restless, was pleased with the idea of listening to the story." Denys Finch-Hatton and his friend Berkeley Cole belonged to the generation of young men whom the First World War had made forever unfit to endure the conventions and fulfill the duties of everyday life, to pursue their careers and play their roles in society, for it was a society that bored them to distraction. Some of them became revolutionists and lived in the dreamland of the future; others, on the contrary, chose the dreamland of the past, and lived in "a world which no longer existed." The two groups were united by the fundamental conviction that "they did not belong to their century." (In political parlance, one would say that they were anti-liberal, insofar as liberalism means the acceptance of the world as it is, together with hope for its "progress;" historians know to what an extent conservative

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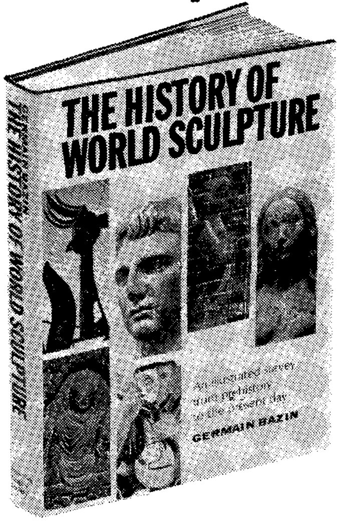
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criticism and revolutionary criticism of the world of the bourgeoisie coincide.) Both wished to be "outcasts" and "deserters," and were quite ready "to pay for their willfulness" rather than to settle down and found a family. At any rate, Denys Finch-Hatton came and went as he wished, and obviously nothing was further from his mind than to be bound by marriage. Nothing could bind him and lure him back but the flame of passion, and the surest way to prevent the flame from being extinguished by time and inevitable repetition, by their knowing each other too well and his having already heard all the stories, was to be an inexhaustible supply of new ones. Surely she was no less anxious to entertain than Scheherazade, no less conscious that failing to please would be her death. Hence *la grande passion*, with Africa, still wild, not yet domesticated, the perfect setting. There one could draw the line "between respectability and decency, and [divide] up our acquaintances, human and animal, in accordance with the doctrine," she wrote. "We put down domestic animals as respectable and wild animals as decent, and held that, while the existence and prestige of the first were decided by their relation to the community, the others stood in direct contact with God. Pigs and poultry, we agreed, were worthy of our respect, inasmuch as they loyally returned what was invested in them, and . . . behaved as was expected of them. . . . We registered ourselves with the wild animals, sadly admitting the inadequacy of our return to the community—and to our mortgages—but realizing that we could not possibly, not even in order to obtain the highest approval of our surroundings, give up that direct contact with God which we shared with the hippo and the flamingo." Among the emotions, *la grande passion* is just as destructive of what is socially acceptable, just as contemptuous of what is deemed "worthy of our respect," as the outcasts and deserters were of the civilized society they had come from. But life is lived in society, and love, therefore—not romantic love, to be sure, which sets the stage for marital bliss—is destructive of life, too, as we know from all the famous pairs of lovers in history and literature who come to grief. To escape society—couldn't *that* mean to be granted not just passion but a passionate life? Hadn't she left Denmark in order to expose herself to a life unprotected by society? "What business had I had to set my heart on Africa?" she asked, and the answer came in the song of the "Master" whose "word has been a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path":

> Who doth ambition shun
> And loves to live i' the sun,
> Seeking the food he eats,
> And pleas'd with what he gets,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither:
> Here shall he see
> No enemy
> But winter and rough weather. . . .
>
> If it do come to pass
> That any man turn ass,
> Leaving his wealth and ease,
> A stubborn will to please,
> Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
> Here shall he see
> Gross fools as he,
> And if he will come to me.

Scheherazade, being everything the name implies, and living among Shakespeare's "gross fools" who shun ambition and love to live in the sun, having found a place "nine thousand feet up" from which to laugh down at "the ambition of the new arrivals, of the Missions, the business people and the Government itself, to make the continent of Africa respectable," and intent upon nothing except preserving the natives, the wild animals, and the wilder outcasts and deserters from Europe, the adventurers turned guides and safari hunters, in "their innocence of the period before the Fall"—that was what she wanted to be, how she wanted to live, and how she appeared to herself. It was not necessarily how she appeared to others—particularly to her lover. Tania, he had called her, and then he had made it Titania. ("There is such magic in the people and the land here," she had said to Denys, and he had "smiled at her with affectionate condescension" and replied, "The magic is not in the people and the land but in the eye of the beholder. . . . You bring your own magic to it, Tania . . . Titania.") Miss Migel chose the name as the title of her biography, and it wouldn't *have* been a bad title if she had remembered that the name implies more than the Queen of Fairies and her "magic." The two lovers, between whom the name first fell, forever quoting Shakespeare to each other, knew this, of course. They knew that the Queen of Fairies was quite capable of falling in love with Bottom, and that she had a rather unrealistic estimate of her own magical powers:

> And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
> That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Well, Bottom was not transformed into an airy spirit, and Puck tells us what is the truth of the matter, for all practical purposes:

> *My mistress with a monster is in*
>   *love. . . .*
> Titania wak'd and straightway
>   lov'd an ass.

The trouble was that magic once more proved ineffective. The catastrophe that finally befell Isak Dinesen she had brought upon herself, by deciding to stay on the farm even though she must have known that coffee-growing "at an altitude so high . . . was decidedly unprofitable," and, to make matters worse, "did not know or learn much about coffee but persisted in the unshakable conviction that her intuitive power would tell her what to do"—as her brother, in sensible and tender reminiscences, remarked after her death. Only when she had been expelled from the land that, with support from the money of her family, had for seventeen long years permitted her to be Queen, Queen of Fairies, did the truth dawn upon her. Remembering from afar her African cook Kamante, she wrote, "Where the great Chef walked in deep thought, full of knowledge, nobody sees anything but a little bandy-legged Kikuyu, a dwarf with a flat, still face." Yes, nobody except the Queen herself, forever repeating everything in the magic of imagination out of which the stories grew. However, the point of the matter is that even this disproportion, once it has been discovered, can become the stuff of a story. Thus, we meet Titania again in "The Dreamers," only now she is called Donna Quixota de la Mancha, and makes the wise old Jew who in the story plays the role of Puck think of "dancing snakes" he once saw in India—snakes that have "no poison whatever" and that kill, if they kill, by sheer force of embrace: "In fact, the sight of you unfolding your great coils to revolve around, impress yourself upon, and finally crush a meadow mouse is enough to split one's side with laughter." In a way, this is how one feels when one reads page after page about her "successes" in later life and how she enjoyed them, magnifying them out of all proportion: that so much intensity, such bold passionateness should be wasted on Book-of-the-Month Club selections and honorary memberships in prestigious societies, that the early clearheaded insight that sorrow is better than nothing—that "between grief and nothing I will take grief," as Faulkner said—should finally be rewarded by the small change of prizes, awards, and honors, might be sad in retrospect, but the spectacle itself

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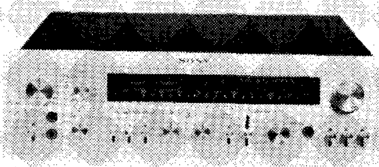

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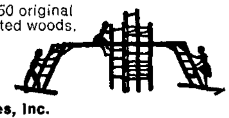

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must have been very close to comedy.

Stories had saved her love, and stories saved her life after disaster struck. "All sorrows can be borne if you put them into a story or tell a story about them." The story reveals the meaning of what would otherwise remain an unbearable sequence of sheer happenings. "The silent, all-embracing genius of consent," which is also the genius of true faith—when her Arab servant hears of Denys Finch-Hatton's death, he replies, "God is great," just as the Hebrew Kaddish, the death prayer said by the closest relative, consists of nothing but "Holy be His name"—rises out of the story, because in the repetition of imagination the happenings have become what she would call a "destiny." To be so thoroughly at one with our own destiny that nobody will be able to tell the dancer from the dance, that the answer to the question "Who are you?" will be the Cardinal's answer—"Allow me . . . to answer you in the classic manner, and to tell you a story"—is the only aspiration worthy of the fact that life has been given us. This is also called pride, and the true dividing line between people is whether they are capable of being "in love with [their] destiny" or whether they, in Isak Dinesen's words, "accept as success what others warrant to be so . . . at the quotation of the day" and "tremble, with reason, before their fate." All her stories are actually "Anecdotes of Destiny;" they tell again and again how at the end we shall be privileged to judge, or, to put it differently, how to pursue one of the "two courses of thought at all seemly to a person of any intelligence"—the one that asks, "What did God mean by creating the world, the sea, and the desert, the horse, the winds, woman, amber, fishes, wine?"

It is true that storytelling reveals meaning without committing the error of defining it, that it brings about consent to and reconciliation with things as they really are, and that we may even trust it to contain eventually, by implication, that last word which we expect from "the day of judgment." And yet, if we listen to Isak Dinesen's "philosophy" of storytelling and think of her life in the light of it, we cannot help becoming aware of how the slightest misunderstanding, the slightest shift of emphasis in the wrong direction will inevitably ruin everything. If it is true, as her "philosophy" suggests, that no one has a life worth thinking about whose life story cannot be told, does it not follow that life could be—even ought to be—lived

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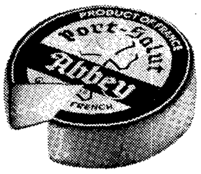

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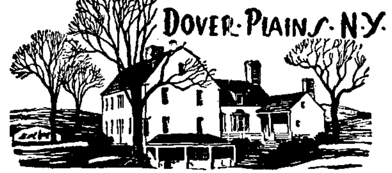

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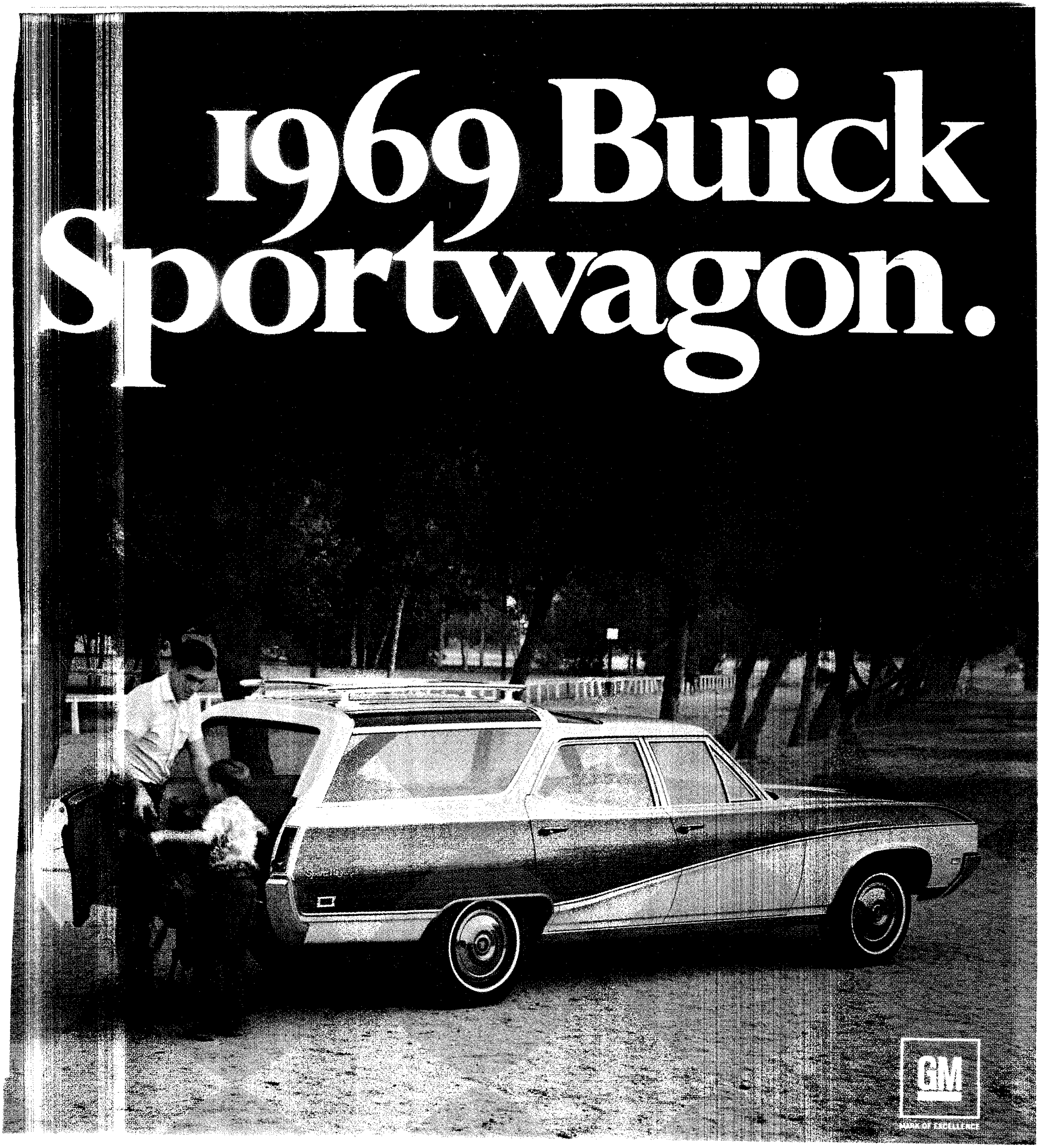

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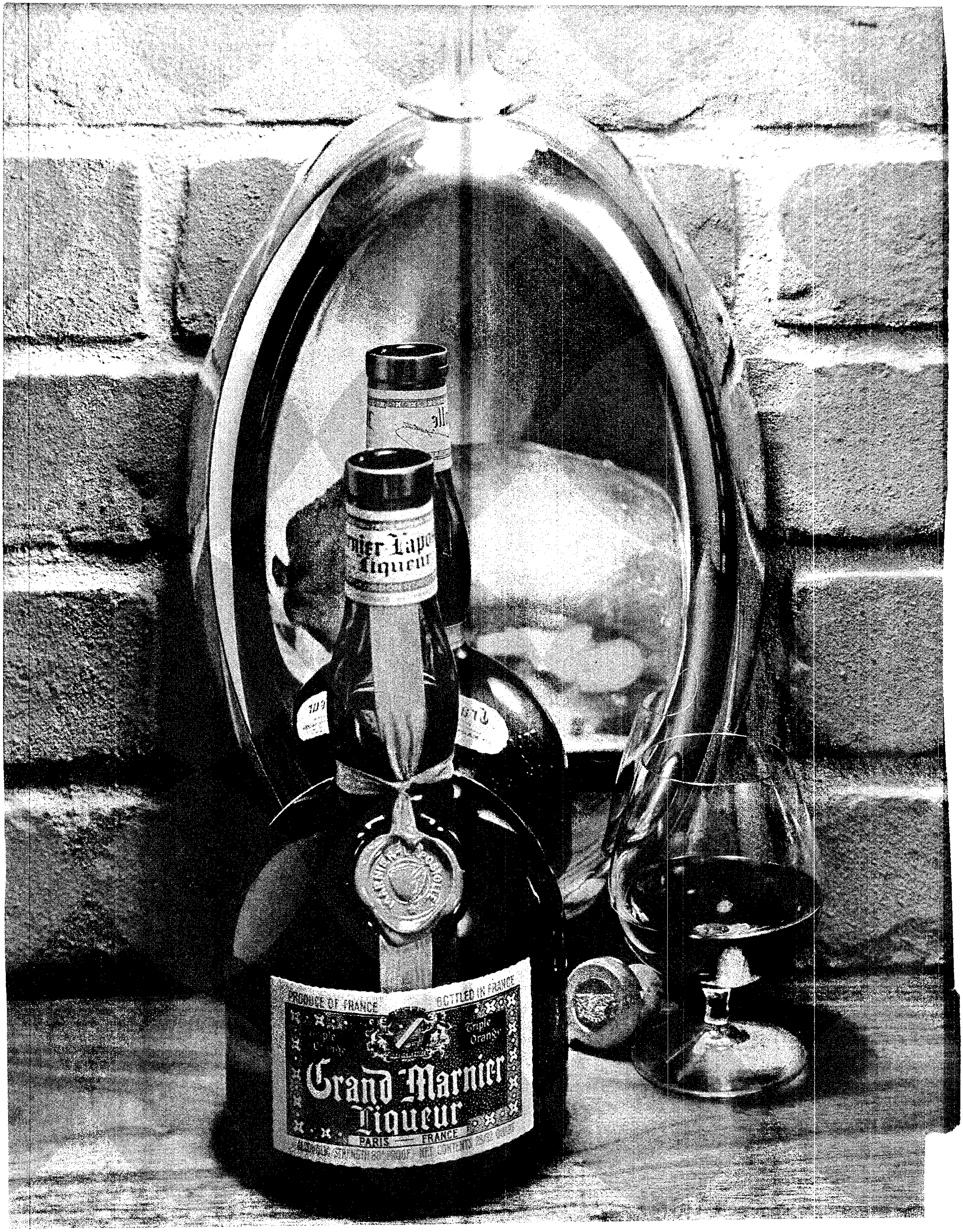
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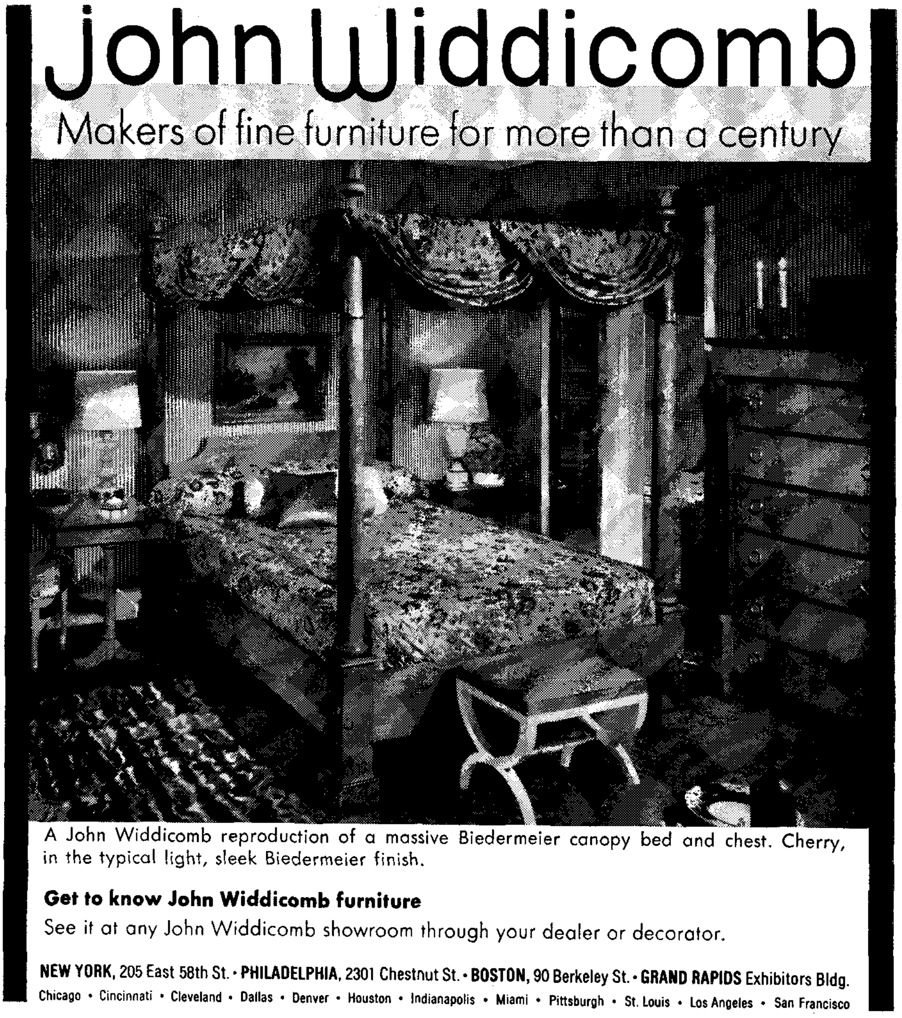
as a story, that what one has to do in life is to make the story come true? "Pride is faith in the idea that God had, when he made us," she once wrote in her notebook. "A proud man is conscious of the idea, and aspires to realize it." From what we now know of her early life, it seems quite clear that this is what she herself tried to do when she was a young girl—to "realize" an "idea," and anticipate her life's destiny by making an old story come true. The idea came to her as a legacy from her father, whom she had greatly loved—his death, when she was nine years old, was her first great grief, and the fact that he had committed suicide, which she learned later, was her first great shock, from which she refused to be parted—and the story she planned to act out in her life was meant to be a sequel to her father's story. The latter had concerned "*une princesse de conte de fées* whom everybody adored," whom he had known and loved before his marriage, and who had died suddenly at the age of twenty. Her father had mentioned the "princess" to her, and an aunt later suggested that he had never been able to recover from his loss of the girl, that his suicide was the result of his incurable grief. The girl, it turned out, had been a cousin of the father, and the daughter's greatest ambition became to belong to this side of her father's family—Danish high nobility to boot, "a race totally different" from her own milieu as her brother describes it. It was only natural that one of its members, who would have been the dead girl's niece, became her best friend, and that when "she fell in love 'for the first time and really forever,' [as] she used to say," it was with another second cousin of hers, Hans Blixen-Finecke, who would have been the dead girl's nephew. And since this cousin took no notice of her, she decided, at the age of twenty-seven, when she was old enough to know better—and to the distress and the amazement of everybody around her—to marry his twin brother, Bror, and go to live with him in British East Africa. This was shortly before the outbreak of the First World War. What came next was petty and sordid, not at all the stuff you could safely put into a story or tell a story about. (She was separated from her husband immediately after the war and received her divorce in 1923.) Or was it? As far as I know, she never wrote a story about this absurd marriage, but she did write some tales about what must have been for her the obvious lesson of her youthful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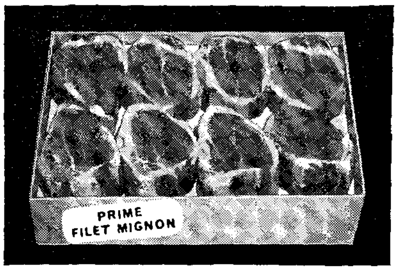

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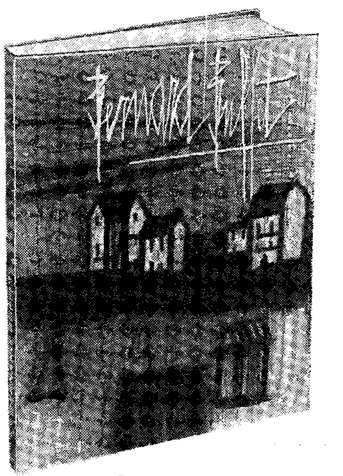
folly—about the "sin" of making a story come true, of interfering with life by imposing a preconceived pattern upon it instead of waiting patiently for the story to emerge, of creating a fiction and then trying to live up to it as distinguished from repeating in imagination. The earliest of these tales is "The Poet" (in "Seven Gothic Tales"); two others were written nearly twenty-five years later (Miss Migel's biography unfortunately contains no chronological table)—"The Immortal Story" (in "Anecdotes of Destiny") and "Echoes" (in "Last Tales"). "The Poet" tells of an encounter between a young poet of peasant stock and his high-placed benefactor, an elderly gentleman who in his youth fell under the spell of Weimar and "the great Geheimerat Goethe," with the result that "outside of poetry there was to him no real ideal in life." Alas, no such high ambition has ever made a man a poet, and when he realized that "the poetry of his life would have to come from somewhere else" he decided on the part of "a Maecenas," began to look for "a great poet" worthy of his consideration, and found him conveniently at hand in the town he lived in. But a real Maecenas, one who knew so much about poetry, could not very well be content with shelling out the money; he had also to provide the great tragedy and sorrow out of which he knew great poetry draws its inspiration. Thus, he acquired a young wife and arranged that the two young people under his protection should fall in love with each other, without any prospect of marriage. Well, the end is pretty bloody: the young poet shot his benefactor, and while the old man in his death agony dreamed of Goethe and Weimar, the young woman, seeing as in a vision her lover "with the halter around his neck," finished the benefactor off. "Just because it suited him that the world should be lovely, he meant to conjure it into being so," she said to herself. " 'You!' she cried at him. 'You poet!' "

The perfect irony of "The Poet" is perhaps best realized by those who know German *Bildung* and its unfortunate connection with Goethe as well as its author did herself. (The story contains several allusions to German poems by Goethe and Heine, and to Voss's translation of Homer. It could also be read as a story about the vices of *Bildung*.) "The Immortal Story," by contrast, is conceived and written in the manner of a folk tale. Its hero is "an immensely rich tea-trader" in Canton, with very down-to-earth



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reasons for having "faith in his own omnipotence," who only at the end of his life came into contact with books. He was then bothered that they described things that had never happened, and he became positively outraged when he was told that the only story he knew—about a sailor who came ashore, met an old gentleman, "the richest man" in town, was asked by him to "do your best" in the bed of his young wife that he might still have a son, and was given a five-guinea piece for his service—"never has happened, and . . . never will happen, and that is why it is told." So the old man went in pursuit of a sailor to make the old story, told in harbor towns the world over, come true. And all seemed to go well—except that in the morning the young sailor refused to recognize the slightest similarity between the story and what had happened to him during the night, refused the five guineas, and left for the lady in question the only treasure he possessed, "one big shining pink shell," of which he thought that "perhaps there is not another one just like it in all the world."

"Echoes," the last story in this category, is a belated sequel to "The Dreamers," in "Seven Gothic Tales;" it is the story of Pellegrina Leoni. "The diva who had lost her voice" heard it again in her wanderings from the boy Emanuele, whom she proceeded to make into her own image, so that her dream, her best and least selfish dream, should come true—that the voice which gave so much pleasure should be resurrected. Robert Langbaum, whom I mentioned earlier, has noted that here "Isak Dinesen pointed the finger of accusation against herself," and he has added that the story, as, indeed, the first pages suggest, is "about cannibalism." Yet nothing in it bears out Langbaum's suggestion that the singer had "been feeding on [the boy] in order to restore her own youth and to resurrect the Pellegrina Leoni whom she buried in Milan twelve years ago." (The very choice of a male successor precludes this interpretation.) The singer's own conclusion was: "And the voice of Pellegrina Leoni will not be heard again." The boy, before he started throwing stones at her, had accused her: "You are a witch. You are a vampire. . . . Now I know that I should die if I went back to you"—for the next singing lesson. The young poet could have hurled the same accusations at his Maecenas, the young sailor at the old man, and, generally, all people who, under the pretense of being helped, are

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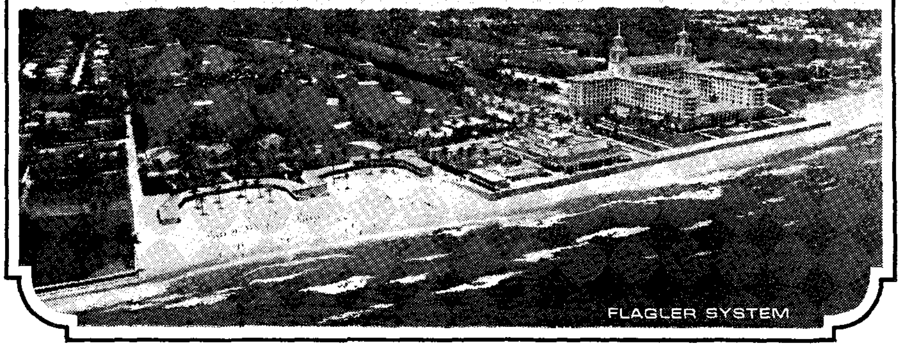

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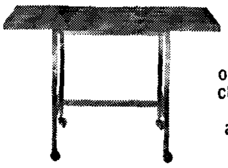

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used for making another person's dream come true. (She herself had thought she could marry without love because her cousin "needed her and was perhaps the only human being who did," though she actually used him to start a new life in Africa, and to live among natives, as her father had done when he lived like a hermit in Wisconsin among the Chippewa Indians. "The Indians are better than our civilized people of Europe," he had told his small daughter, whose greatest gift was never to forget. "Their eyes see more than ours, and they are wiser.")

Thus, the earlier part of her life had taught her that although you can tell stories or write poems about life, you cannot make life poetic, live it as if it were a work of art (as Goethe had done), or use it for the realization of an "idea." Life may contain the "essence" (what else could?); recollection, the repetition in imagination, may extract the essence and deliver to you the "elixir;" and eventually you may even be privileged to "make" something out of it—"to compound the story." But life itself is neither essence nor elixir, and if you treat it as such it will only play its tricks on you. It was perhaps the bitter experience of life's tricks that prepared her (rather late; she was in her middle thirties when she met Finch-Hatton) to be seized by the *grande passion* that is indeed no less rare than a chef-d'œuvre. Storytelling, at any rate, is what in the end made her wise—and, incidentally, not a "witch," "siren," or "sibyl," as her entourage admiringly called her. Wisdom is a virtue of old age, and it seems to come only to those who when young were neither wise nor prudent. —HANNAH ARENDT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BRIGHT LIGHTS, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday). The story begins on a stormy day in a little town, Wilmerton, on the southeast coast of England. Constance Rotherham, not quite twelve years old, has escaped from her home, the Rectory, eluding her father and her mother, and even her seven-year-old sister, Pen. Constance, spoiled, courageous, and single-minded on her own behalf, wants to defy the storm alone. Constance is twelve years old in 1900, when her story begins, and she is looking forward to her seventy-fifth birthday party when it ends, in 1963. She and her sister both grew up to be famous as actresses and as fashionable beauties, and most of the

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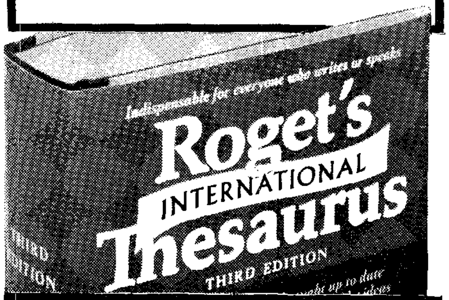

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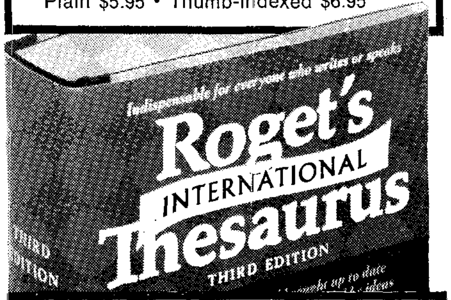

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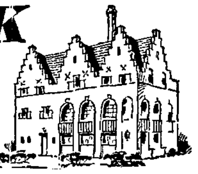

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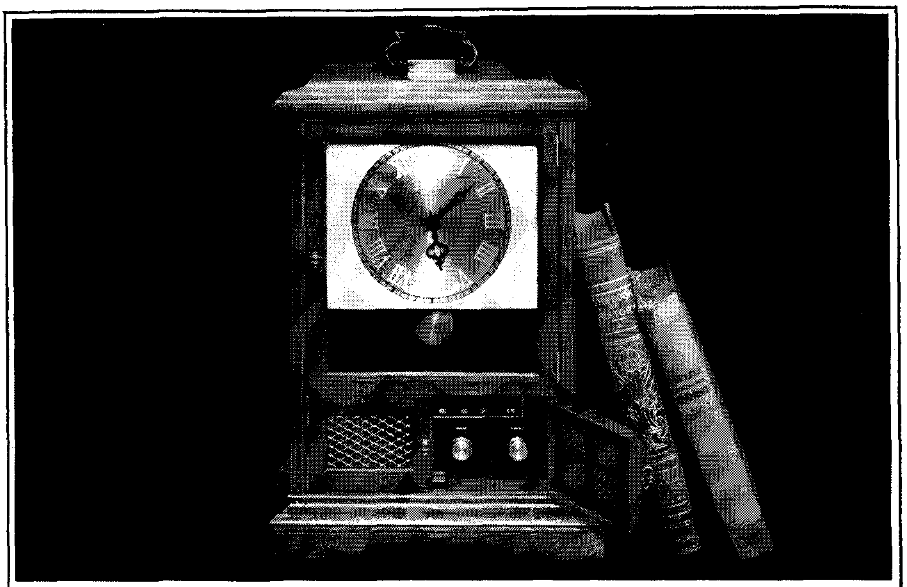
action of this big book takes place in London—a long-gone London that is all the more real for being slightly faded and ten times more comfortable to live in than any city we can think of these days. Not the least of Mr. Swinnerton's gifts is his kindliness; it is always perfectly clear that he really likes his readers.

L'AMANTE ANGLAISE, by Marguerite Duras, translated from the French by Barbara Bray (Grove). In the small French town of Viorne, a woman's body has been dismembered and the pieces, with the exception of the head, dumped in the cars of passing freight trains. The facts are swiftly established: Claire Lannes has butchered her deaf-mute cousin. In a series of interviews with the chief protagonists, the writer-narrator of the book seeks to uncover the truth behind the murder. "L'Amante Anglaise" is quite unlike any other crime novel, and far more disturbing. The brutal murder is at once less spectacular—since it is committed offstage and springs directly from the routine passions of provincial life—and more so. The dialogue form is sustained throughout, and there is something profoundly unsettling in the neutral tones of the anonymous questioner. His preoccupation with the whereabouts of the head—the center of human life—is disquietingly significant. He becomes a Faustian figure, meddling blindly with the facts of death, evil, and madness, and asking ceaseless questions to which, as becomes increasingly apparent, there are no answers. The translation is competent.

THE INQUISITOR'S HOUSE, by Robert Somerlott (Viking). At midnight on the Day of the Dead, a mysterious explosion shakes a haunted mansion in a Mexican city, bringing instant death to the five people who have gathered there for a séance. The links between these five, and their reasons for seeking communion with their dead, provide material for a substantial novel of the occult, adventure, and suspense. The narrative is fast-moving, the nineteenth-century background bloody, and the guilt of the doom-laden characters colorful. "The Inquisitor's House" is a perfect book for all those who still like "a nice read in the winter evenings."

GENERAL

GEORGE ELIOT, by Gordon S. Haight (Oxford). An admirable scholarly



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Across a Red World, by Geoffrey Blainey (St. Martin's). The author, an Australian and a teacher of economic history at the University of Melbourne, spent the early summer of 1966 on what is probably the longest possible regularly scheduled railroad trip: Hong Kong to Holland, by way of Canton, Peking, Ulan Bator, Irkutsk, Sverdlovsk, Moscow, Warsaw, and Berlin. This book is an account of that nine-thousand-mile journey (with leisurely stopovers at Canton, Peking, Irkutsk, Moscow, and Warsaw) through five distinctively different varieties of Communism (Chinese, Mongolian, Russian, Polish, East German), and since Mr. Blainey is intelligent, observant, open-minded, gregarious, and a writer of considerable style, it is a most satisfactory and satisfying piece of work. Mr. Blainey has some particularly interesting things to say about Chinese Communism, which he feels curiously resembles the equalitarianism, the authoritarianism, the asceticism, the dogmatism, the self-righteousness, and even the passion for neatness (cleanliness is next to godliness) of Cromwellian Puritanism, and his description of a week on the Trans-Siberian Railway is a Russian portrait of almost Chekhovian vigor.

The Birth of the Nation: A Portrait of the American People on the Eve of Independence, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, with an introduction by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Knopf). The late Arthur Schlesinger, as his son reminds us, was among the first to insist that, along with wars and laws, human culture, in the broadest sense, was a proper subject for historical scrutiny. In this posthumously published work, Professor Schlesinger ingratiatingly applied his theory to the citizens of the thirteen colonies, describing their religious ideas, their amusements, and their practical skills, as well as their governments and their theories

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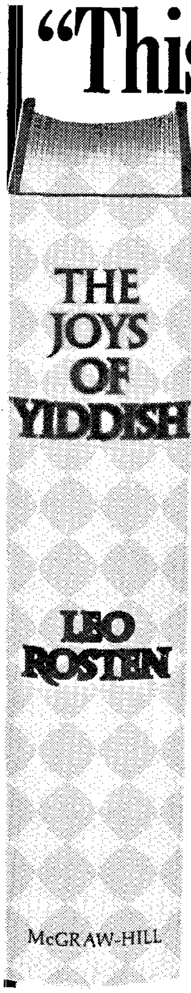

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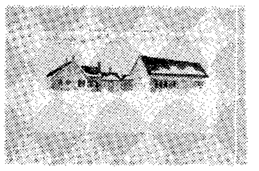

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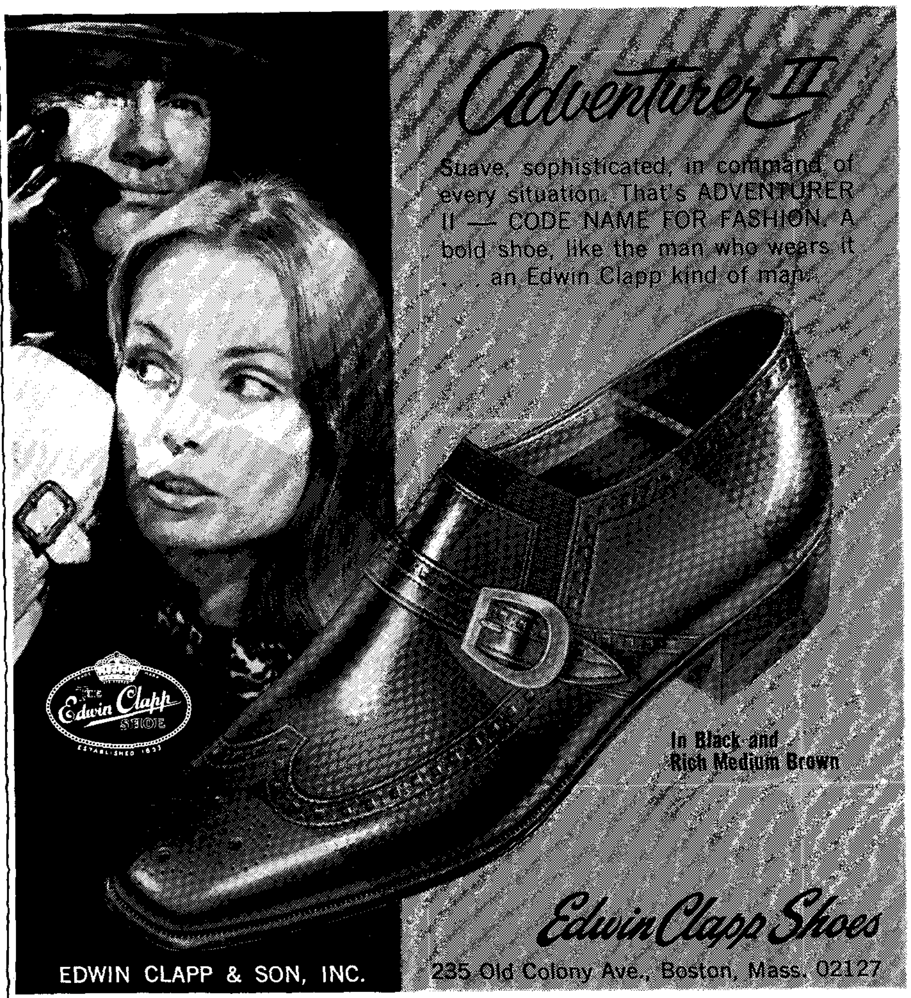
of government. The book is aimed at a lay audience; its scholarship, of course, is careful, and its prose is charming.

A History of Christian Thought, by Paul Tillich, edited by Carl E. Braaten (Harper & Row). In this book, the late theologian shows himself to have been an exceptional teacher. The work is a series of lectures he delivered to students at New York's Union Theological Seminary on Christian philosophy down to the nineteenth century. It is perfectly clear. Tillich gives concise accounts of diverse Christian thinkers and different Christian traditions, and he avoids bias by distinguishing his own beliefs from those of other Christians. An excellent guide for the non-specialist.

The Beatles, by Hunter Davies (McGraw-Hill). This quadruple biography is described as "authorized," which is to say that the four young men actually coöperated with the author. Each told him about his parentage, childhood, and schooling; about the years of loafing and messing around with musical instruments; about how they drifted together and worked together and stirred up in haphazard fashion the ingredients of a miracle. The book is the full treatment and perfectly straightforward; it does not shy away from any mean and gritty little facts. There are no critical evaluations of the Beatles' *œuvre*, however, because the Beatles, who are not impressed with themselves, do not go in for that sort of thing. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Some Beasts No More, by Kenneth Giles (Walker). One of those English murder mysteries that hold the reader fast in motionless animation from the first page to the last. Young Detective-Sergeant James, a quick young man whose pace is not perceptibly slowed by a beating he received at the hands of some thugs before the book starts, is sent out from Scotland Yard on what his superiors admit is a wild-goose chase. To help him solve a series of mysteries, most of them closed and finished, James is given clues that really amount to little more than a handful of feathers that Scotland Yard thinks may have fallen from the wild geese in flight, as it were. The story begins in London but takes place, for the most part, in and around a Lancashire town, Bradshaw. It is de-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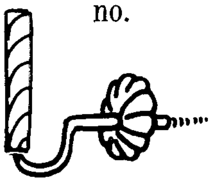

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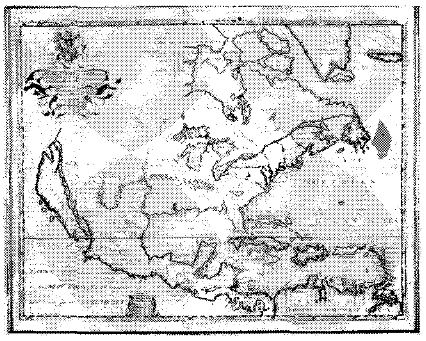

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THE VALENTINE ESTATE, by Stanley Ellin (Random House). The Cinderella theme transformed into a thriller. A tall, stoop-shouldered, bespectacled girl learns that she will inherit the million-dollar estate of a one-time family acquaintance if she can produce a husband by a certain looming date, and, having no beaux, she offers a young, penniless, has-been tennis star a postdated check of fifty thousand dollars for his hand in marriage. His acceptance is catalytic: she throws off her glasses and straightens up and becomes beautiful, and he finds himself surrounded by homicidal enemies. The ensuing action is very tricky, utterly preposterous, and highly diverting. The scene is Miami, Boston, and London.

A PLATE OF RED HERRINGS, by Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). This soundly satisfactory murder tale is set in midtown Manhattan in the office of a big family magazine, the *Guardian*, and in the apartments of various members of the *Guardian* staff, all of whom have just been fired by the hatchet man of United Broadcasting Network, which has bought the magazine and intends to improve it by making it a quite different sort of publication. The hatchet man, Bryan Colley, and his weird secretary, Miss Pickett, should both have been murdered before they reached kindergarten, but when homicide occurs good policemen can't be choosy, and Assistant District Attorney Bernie Simmons sets out to solve the murder of Colley in spite of the fact that he finds himself falling ever more deeply in love with pretty Nora Curran, former assistant fiction editor on the *Guardian*, and now chief suspect in the case.

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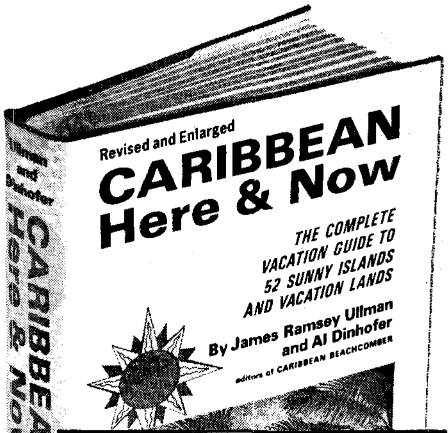
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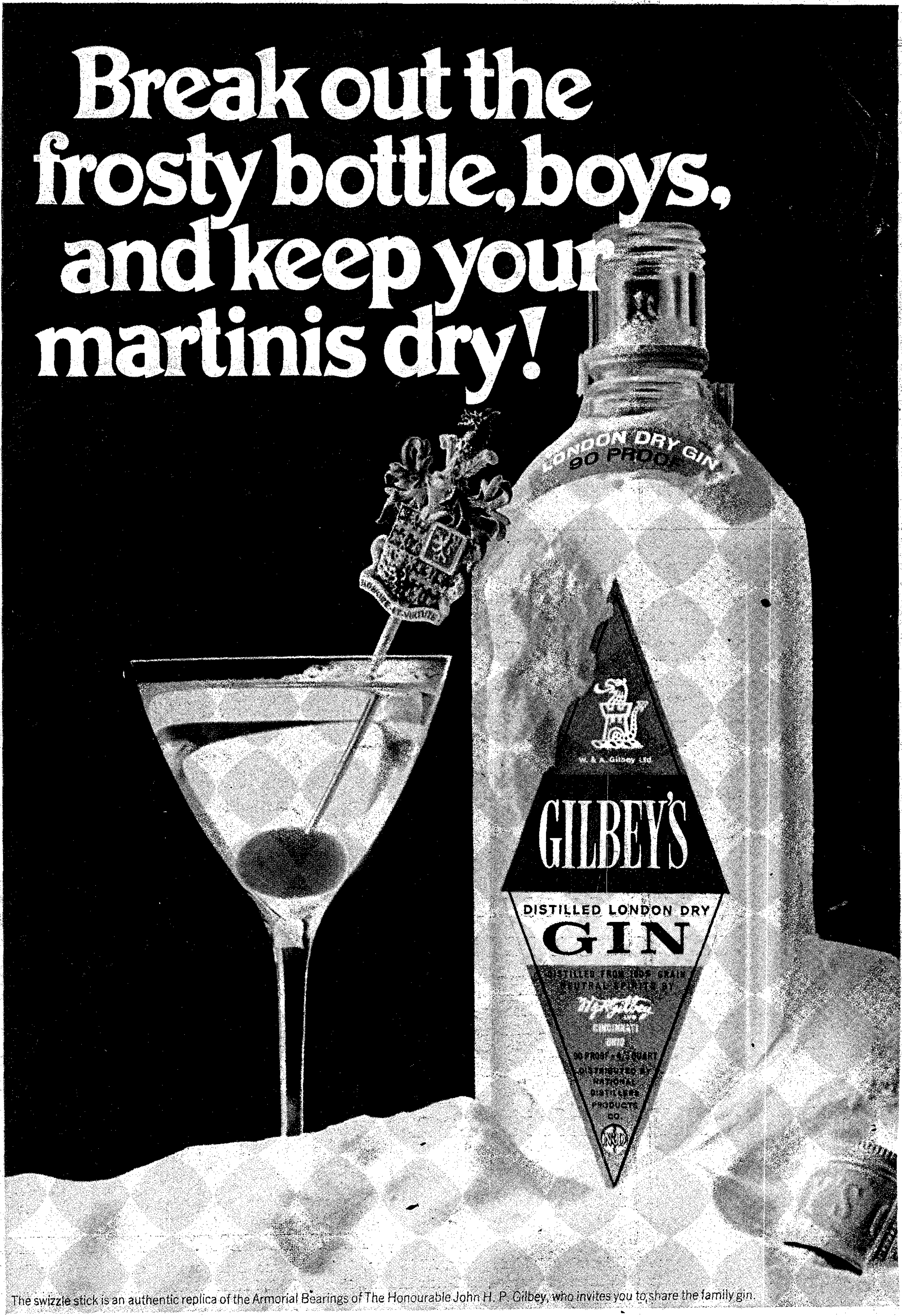
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